THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible]OST

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Whitman's
CHOCOLATE COVERED
FRUITS and NUTS
A Jolly
Whitman's
CHOCOLATE
Halloween
Pineapple
Picked ripe from the Hawaiian crop. In a shell of chocolate with a center of syrup.
Walnuts
Pick of the Chabertes from France—sweet, sound, whole nuts uniform in flavor. In clusters wrapped in chocolate.
Cherries
Favorite of all fruits in chocolate. An Italian tid bit floating in a fondant cordial.
Pecans
Perfect whole nuts from Texas, in clusters, imbedded in chocolate.
Strawberries
With the matchless flavor of the soil and the climate of Hood River Valley in Oregon. Also a liquid center.
Raisins
Selected giant clusters from California. Dipped in fondant and then in milk chocolate —forming a liquid center.
Almonds
Crisp and sweet, genuine Aetna nuts from Sicily. A perfect cluster of delights.
Brazil Nuts
A tropic favorite imbedded directly in the famous Whitman chocolate, without fondant.
Filberts
Delicately flavored nuts from Turkey where the best filberts grow. Clusters in chocolate.
Whitman's
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FRUITS and NUTS
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Mme. JACOBSON

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"I urge my clients to use only the soap blended of palm and olive oils—Palmolive. It provides that absolute skin cleanliness which must always be the foundation of beauty."

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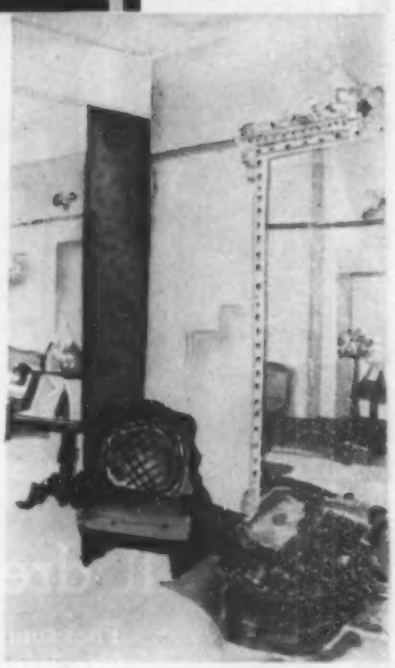

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THE MATCH KING

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

CONSIDER the match. It is a tiny splinter of chemically tipped wood, often given away as an advertisement for a hotel or a commodity, and treated with the lack of respect that usually attaches to a free article. Yet this trivial product is not only an essential to life and the pursuit of pleasure—get caught without one in an out-of-the-way place and you soon find out its value—but forms the foundation upon which a vast industry, reaching to the ends of the earth, has been reared.

The match business represents the most penetrating and highly organized of all world combines. Through actual and *de facto* monopolies, it affects the economic life, and therefore the real destiny, of scores of nations, big and little. Every other international trust is a piker alongside this mastodon, both in scope and aggregate of capital. Operating through 225 subsidiaries in every known country save Russia, it produces more than 75 per cent of all the matches made. Every third person of the 1,800,000,000 individuals who inhabit this globe of ours uses matches made by the Swedish Match Company or its foreign factories. No other concern and no other product reaches so many consumers.

PHOTO, BY ALMBERG & PREDNITZ, STOCKHOLM

Ivar Kreuger, the Match King, at His Desk in Stockholm

The match trust is remarkable for another reason. It is the child of the vision and organizing genius of Ivar Kreuger, the most outstanding, and at the same time, the least known of the postwar industrial titans. He has been referred to as "the Swedish Stinnes," as "Europe's mystery man," and as "the match king." The truth is that he qualifies for only one of these titles. He is acknowledged and undisputed arbiter of the match universe, but he is no Stinnes when appraised by the results of the acquisitive ambition—and this is the acid test.

The Bachelor King of Matchmakers

AS A MATTER of fact, Kreuger is the exact reverse of Stinnes in that his empire is no conglomeration of unrelated enterprises. Stinnes capitalized inflation. The moment the mark hardened, his doom was sealed. Like that ill-fated British poet, his name and fame are "writ in water." Kreuger has anchored his monster creation to stabilized money, including Yankee dollars, which are taking an increasingly conspicuous place in his almost endless chain of international financing, now largely sponsored by an American subsidiary.

Moreover, Kreuger, like Hoover, is an engineer. He has consistently applied engineer precision to the welding of his far-flung industry. He has acquired and coördinated an immense number of concerns, but they bear solely upon the production and safeguarding of a single industry, which is the match. Later on I shall pursue this contrast further. Since 1917, Kreuger has been a world force, but he has hidden his activities behind a singular aloofness. This beardless, almost boyish-looking bachelor of forty-nine—the greatest of all matchmakers has so far escaped one form of matchmaking—is a shy and modest person. Big business and finance in Stockholm, where he lives, London, Paris, Berlin, Amsterdam, and New York, know him. He darts here and there—whenever possible, by aeroplane—and a paragraph in the newspapers follows with the announcement of a purchase or an underwriting.

Exports

THIS, together with the ramified sale of his product, comprises his sole link with the public. He eludes the ship-news reporters and photographers, for his name is never in a passenger list. By refusing to be interviewed, he has become the center of a great deal of misinformation.

This article, therefore, is the first intimate revelation of the man and his methods, and likewise marks his initial appearance as interviewee. Curiously enough, as readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST may recall, it was my good fortune to have had the same experience with Hugo Stinnes. In each case a striking personality, long masked behind a name to conjure with, emerged.

To get the setting for Kreuger, and, through him, of the match trust, it is necessary to do two things: One is to explain why a country like Sweden, with a population less than Greater New York's, can be the mainspring of such far-reaching corporate power as is represented by the match combine. The other is to reveal the romance of the match, which began as a sort of industrial Cinderella and subsequently reigned over a wide domain of production and consumption.

Analyze international commodity movements and you discover that the industrial position of a country is largely judged by its volume of exports. In other words, actual competitive power is measured in terms of export efficiency. The smaller the country the greater its degree of dependence upon exports, and for obvious reasons. For one thing, the home market is necessarily limited. If expansion is to be effected, it must be brought about through the planting of products wherever the trade winds blow. If a smaller country cannot export goods on a big scale, it exports capital, as is the case, for example, with Holland and Switzerland.

Sweden is an illuminating illustration of how a small country—that is, small as compared with the major powers—can rise to a premier economic position through exports. More than 70 per cent of her industry depends for its substance on exports. Why does this state of affairs exist?

In the first place, you have the restricted home market. But this is only one of various contributory factors that have combined to enforce Sweden's position without and make the match trust possible. The high skill required for many quality products, based in the main on Swedish inventions, has brought about a high wage scale and a correspondingly high standard of living. Wages in the country that produced Charles XII are higher than in any other European land. Although rich in raw

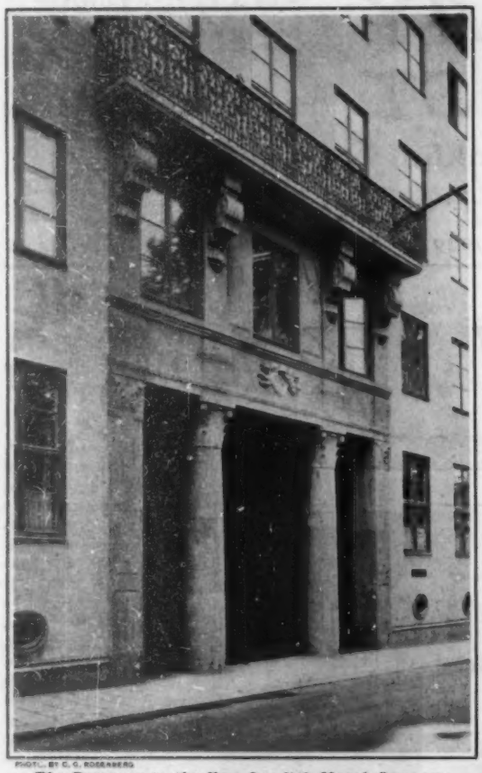


PHOTO BY C. G. ROSENBERG

The Entrance to the New Swedish Match Company Building at Stockholm

materials like iron ore and timber, Sweden lacks a national coal supply. She depends to a considerable degree upon water power. The winters are long and rigorous, and this source is available during only a part of the year. The cold climate necessitates expensive housing and heating. Long-distance hauls require heavy freight, while the somewhat remote geographical location of the kingdom is a considerable drawback.

Finally, there is the major incentive—here you tie up with matches—embodied in world tariffs. The customs discriminations against matches are more drastic than with almost any other product save spirits. Nearly every country seems to regard the match as a pet source of revenue, not entirely without political ramifications, as you will presently see.

Congreves

HENCE every important Swedish industry is what is termed an organization industry. This means that its international position is maintained through the setting up of subsidiaries. With these subsidiaries it is possible to produce inside tariff walls, thus obtaining customs immunity. At the same time, whatever native competition exists—there is very little in the match business—can be successfully met.

This explains the wide use of Swedish telephones, explosives—Nobel, the greatest of dynamite manufacturers, subsidized the greatest of peace foundations—ball bearings, cream separators, gas accumulators, electrical machinery and, last and biggest of all, matches. Though the production and distribution of these commodities is world-wide, the control, in every instance, remains in Sweden. Furthermore, whether in China, South Africa, Turkey, Germany or Japan—and this is particularly true of the match trust—the chief executives abroad are almost invariably Swedes. This was a leaf out of the German foreign-trade book and one, by the way, that we have only lately added to our overseas commercial lexicon.

So much for what might be termed the larger background. We are so inclined, literally, to take the match for granted, or rather for the asking, whether over a cigar counter or elsewhere, that we seldom pause to realize its place in the productive scheme and, what is more picturesque, its diverting history. Just as the first horseless carriage was derided, so was the first match not only looked at askance but its inventor regarded it as too trivial to be patented.

When our forefathers wanted to light a pipe, they used a paper spill kindled from the family fire or employed a tinder box. For more than a century the problem of devising a more rapid process of ignition occupied chemists and inventors in many countries. The progenitor of the modern match was the friction light devised in 1827 by John Walker, a British chemist of Stockton-on-Tees. He was the individual who overlooked the patent bet.

Walker's device consisted of small, flat, wooden splints about a quarter of an inch in width, tipped with a mixture of sulphide of antimony, chlorate of potash, gum and starch. These ingredients are still used in the head of the present-day safety match. Walker's friction matches were dipped in sulphur before the head was affixed, and were ignited by being drawn rapidly between two faces of folded sandpaper. Walker called his matches Congreves, after Sir William Congreve, an English artillery officer who invented the life-saving rocket. The word "Congreves" was applied to matches for a considerable period, not only in Sweden but in France and Germany. In the early 30's of the nineteenth century these primitive matches were made for the first time at the Bogge factory in Stockholm.

The phosphorus match represented the next era. Its head consisted of a mixture of phosphorus and chlorate of potash. They were highly inflammable and constituted a fire hazard. Workers engaged in their manufacture became infected and developed an incurable disease called phossy jaw. The phosphorus match was also used as a poison. More than one Edgar Wallace type of murder mystery of that era was traced to the employment of a phosphorus match to get an undesirable out of the way with malice aforethought. In consequence, various countries, including Sweden, enacted laws prohibiting the manufacture and sale of matches containing white or yellow phosphorus. The problem, therefore, was to produce a match without phosphorus and with a diminished fire risk.

In 1844, G. E. Pasch, a Swedish inventor, turned the trick by ingeniously excluding phosphorus from the match head and transferring it to a surface upon which the match could be easily struck and lighted. This invention was the base of the modern safety-match industry. The Pasch principle, however, was not complete. It remained for the two Lundström brothers—Johan Edward and Carl Frans—to perfect it. With these two unusual men we reach the real beginnings of the Swedish match industry and the starting point of a development upon which the sun today never sets.

An Industry With Little Change

ONE of these brothers was a full complement to the other, Johan Edward being an able chemist and Carl Frans a born business organizer. In 1844 they established a small factory in their native town of Jönköping, which became the cradle of the Swedish match industry. It is interesting to add that this plant, known in match history as "the old factory," was the nucleus of what is perhaps the largest institution of its kind in the world.

Carl Frans Lundström, like his latter-day successor, Ivar Kreuger, had big vision, for he early appreciated the possibilities of the international match market. In 1850 he formed a connection with Bryant & May, then, as now, Britain's leading match dealers. He also introduced the Jönköping matches into Germany. Before long Sweden and matches became synonymous terms. This connection still holds.

We now come to the first of the many distinctive features of the match industry. It is the only industrial activity touching all the people that was practically perfected at the start. A Swedish inventor, Alexander Lagerman, also of Jönköping, devised the matchmaking machine that is in use today with scarcely any improvements. Experts are amazed that his original equipment, set up at Jönköping in 1872, is still turning out a product technically perfect. The same is practically true of the match tip. Once the safety match was perfected, it held its own.

It means that the match business, unlike steel, dyes or textiles, carries no burden of constant research overhead. There have been changes in styles—for there are modes in matches as in clothes—but the industry, in all its fundamentals so far as production is concerned, is the same today in technic as in the 60's, when the combination of the Lundströms and Lagerman put it on a definite commercial status.

Another feature that maintains its original character is

(Continued on Page 233)

PHOTO BY C. G. ROSENBERG, STOCKHOLM

The Courtyard of the Swedish Match Company Building. Above—Mr. Kreuger as a Member of the South Africa Militia

ELSIE AND JANE

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

THE girl coming up from the sea walked as if she were alone in the world and glad of it. She did not hurry, but she was perfectly remote and absorbed in something that did not concern the chattering, idle groups under the big bright umbrellas; she was not even aware that her passing stopped some of the chatter as the beach crowd turned to look at her. She had grown accustomed to prolonged stares and audible comments: "One of the Klaife girls—daughter of Paul Klaife, the banker," and later, "One of the beautiful Klaife sisters," or "That's Elsie Klaife, Jane's sister," for it was generally acknowledged that Jane was more beautiful than Elsie.

Elsie was beautiful enough, even in her absurd short blue pants and white swimming shirt with a minimum of back in it. She was wide-shouldered, narrow-hipped, tall and hard and brown, with just enough flesh on her admirable bones to escape skinniness and still be fashionable.

Her hair was the color of her tanned skin, her eyes dark gray with flecks of green, and as for her features—well, the discerning and discriminating Belle Greene told her that her profile was exactly that of no less a person than Giovanna Tornabuoni, as painted by Ghirlandajo, except that her upper lip was a trifle shorter than La Giovanna's, which Miss Greene considered an improvement—"more modern, more provoking," she said.

Elsie did not undervalue her looks. She knew that she was more beautiful than most of the girls she knew, except Jane, and she loved Jane so much that she did not mind. She knew that her ears and her hands were more beautiful than Jane's, but she loved Jane so much she would gladly have traded with her.

As she came up from the sea she was thinking of Jane, and not happily. It is so hard for any young person to accept the fact that the people they love will not always do what they ought to do—it seems so unreasonable, so unnecessary. Not that the things Jane did were her own fault—Elsie would not concede that. They were always urged on her by somebody else, and Jane was too sweet, or too kind, or too good a sport to refuse. It made Elsie so furious! She frowned.

"Hi, Elsie. Where you taking that temper?" asked a languid voice at her side.

Elsie paused and relaxed. A young man—a very lazy young man—reclined in a beach chair at the side of her path, under an umbrella which colored his white flannels in stripes of orange and blue.

"Hi, Eddy," said Elsie, familiar, but not friendly. "That umbrella makes you look like a funny zebra. Been in yet?"

"Too much effort. This is one hot day."

"The water's just right."

"Sit down and tell me about it."

"Oh, I don't know."

"You don't like me today?"

"I'm not crazy about you any day."

Eddy grinned amiably. "I like you, you know, Elsie."

"It doesn't matter to me whether you like me or not."

"I'm aware of that. Sit down and let's have a real knock-down-and-drag-out. It makes me ache with fatigue to have you standing up so high over me. You going to the Parsons' lunch party for the visiting aristocracy?"

Elsie's interest quickened, and she forgot her rancor. She sat down on the sand beside Eddy. "Yes, I'm going. Who's the visitor exactly? Where'd the Parsons get him?"

"In India, hunting tigers or something, I believe. He's of very, very ancient lineage, I'm told, but not titled. He has some money, he's not looking for a rich wife, though I don't imagine he'd exactly hate one."

"Was it Very Hard? Were You Awfully in Love With Her?"

"I suppose the Parsons meant to marry Louise to him. Sometimes, Eddy, when I see Ma Parsons stalking her prey with an evil light in her eyes, I'm glad maman divorced father and married Phil Brooker, and lost interest in Jane and me. I'd hate an officious parent."

"Where is Jane? Is she going to the Parsons'?"

"No." Elsie rose quickly to her feet, the frown came back to her eyes. "I must run along. G'by."

She hurried into the dressing room, and in ten minutes she had taken her shower and changed into a sport dress of heavy white silk, sleeveless and short, woven white shoes, but no stockings, a green béret, bright as a maharajah's emerald; and she slipped out across the terrace without looking to see who might be in or beside the pool, down to the street and her own car. Two or three people tried to speak to her, but she ignored them—all except old Barstow Bard, who stood in her way.

"Have you heard about Louise Parsons?" he asked.

"Nothing special."

"She's all broken out with poison ivy and won't be at the luncheon." Barstow Bard giggled. "That'll give the other girls quite a chance."

"Oh, that's too bad!" said Elsie, and jockeyed the car deftly past him. "I'm so sorry," she added, and was gone. Even more than she disliked Eddy Lawrence did she hate old Bard with his everlasting titbits of news.

"I wish I'd run over him," she thought as her car zoomed down Bay Lane. "I could have pretended it was an accident. It would have been a blessing to the entire human race to get that louse out of it."

She parked her car in the shade of the trees which her great-grandfather, Jonathan Klaife, had planted by the side of the long gray house where his grandson Paul and two great-granddaughters now spent their idle summers. Paul Klaife had added many rooms to it, and an overlandscaped garden with a pergola and fountain, and clumps of box brought from all over Long Island, but he had never been able to destroy a certain solid homeliness in the lines of the building or the beauty of the old man's slow-growing, thick, black oaks. To be sure, what was once a comfortable farmhouse was now an elaborate and luxurious estate, but the farmhouse peered through all the elaboration and luxury, and belittled it. Elsie felt this dimly, and with it a certain kinship to that square-set, beak-nosed ancestor whose portrait hung on the staircase, and whose personality was once a countryside legend. There were times when Elsie would have liked to talk to her great-grandfather, about whom it had been written by one of his contemporaries:

> He spoke as he thought, and there was no indirection in his nature. He was steadfast, honest, and sometimes severe, but never without just cause. He could not endure that any man should deviate from the truth, and when he passed his own word he kept it fully and fairly. Though he did not excuse weakness and dishonesty in others, he kept a close watch over his knowledge of such frailties, save when the public weal demanded they be made known. Then he did not fear to speak openly and plainly so that none who heard could misunderstand his meaning.

As Elsie went upstairs she fancied that Jonathan's painted eyes looked at her with special meaning, and she paused a moment before him. "It's not so easy to keep a close mouth, you know, these days," she said to him, "when everyone blahs out everything and a whole lot more." She waited as if he might reply. "Oh, well ——" she said, shrugging at last, and went on.

A maid was coming out of her sister's room. "How's Miss Jane, Lena?" asked Elsie.

But before the servant could answer Jane replied weakly from within:

"I'm sunk, that's how I am. I'm sunk, I'm licked, my head's killing me. Where have you been?"

Silver Venetian blinds, half closed, gave Jane's room a cool twilight. Jane lay on a black-and-scarlet lacquer bed with apricot silk sheets and lace pillows. Her nightgown was apricot chiffon with scarlet flowers. The furniture of

the room was all black and scarlet, the walls light shimmering silver, with many mirrors. Yet she was not overpowered by this exotic background; her beauty shone against it, even in her languid pallor. She was a small, slim, rounded, boneless creature, and, even as Elsie, bore a haunting resemblance to a pictured beauty of another age—but not a medieval Italian belle. Jane was Emma, Lady Hamilton, in the wave of her hair, the shape of her eyes, the supreme cutting of her lips, and most of all in that strange warm allure which every man who knew the divine creature acknowledged and few resisted. Jane, too, was a charmer, but she did not often exert herself. Life was so easy for her that it bored her horribly.

"You don't look so sick," said Elsie. "I've been swimming. The water was just right, but the drag was awful."

"Who was at the beach?"

"I don't know—everybody. Louise Parsons has poison ivy."

Jane shrieked joyfully and sat up. "Not really!"

"I don't know. I heard it from Barstow Bard."

"He probably made it up to annoy the Parsons. But if it's true, it's too precious."

"I saw Eddy Lawrence. I told him you weren't going to the luncheon."

There was a pause. "Did you say why?"

"No."

There was another pause. "All right," said Jane. "I wish I could go, now. But honestly, when I move the least bit my head kills me."

Elsie looked at her helplessly. If she could only make Jane see how foolish, how silly, how stupid were the things she did. She opened her mouth, but said something quite different: "I suppose I must go along and dress."

"What will you wear?"

"Nothing special. You know the party's going to be a washout."

"Maybe not. You'd better wear the brown-and-orange chiffon and the orange hat. You're a riot in that."

"H'm. Yes," said Elsie, and went into her own room. It had old French landscape paper, prim cherry and pine furniture which had once belonged to Jonathan Klaife's wife, Amanda; there was a netted canopy and a blue-and-white coverlet on the bed which were Amanda's needlework.

"A dud of a room," Jane called it.

"You don't have to look at it," Elsie had replied. "I'd feel like a Japanese poodle in that mess of stuff you have."

She rang for her maid and was presently dressed in the fluttering brown-and-orange chiffon, with the thin orange hat a wide halo about her head, a flat, gold chain looped about her neck, a tiny purse of orange brocade and a huge chiffon handkerchief hung on her wrist.

The maid said, "You look lovely, Miss Elsie," and she answered absently, "Not so bad, Mary," then went back for a moment to Jane.

Jane was telephoning. "Maybe. . . . I don't know. . . . I'm not sure. . . . Perhaps. . . . I can't say positively now. . . ." These and like evasions. She winked naughtily at Elsie, put her hand over the mouthpiece, said, "It's Bill Glover, imagine!" and wound up the conversation neatly with: "I'll ring you up later and tell you what I've decided. G'by."

"Wants to get up a beach picnic for me, or a dinner party, or a luncheon at Shinnecock, or what have you. He's a pest. . . . Darling, you look good enough to bite. The visiting Englishman will fall dead at your feet. . . . Tell Louise to put yellow kitchen soap on the poison ivy. . . . Where are you going after the luncheon?"

"I d'know. I thought maybe I'd get some tennis. But I'll be home first. You going out?"

"I believe I'll stay in bed all day. I'm awfully sick and dizzy when I get up—I am really. And there's nothing I want to do."

Elsie made a desperate effort: "You can't be sure of liquor these days; you ought to be careful. Most of it's wood alcohol doctored up. It's dangerous." She went out quickly before Jane could reply. She knew very well that the liquor at last night's party was not bad. It was only that Jane had taken too much of it. Jane had gone madly, wildly tight—there was the plain fact. And Elsie had made her come home, and, refusing the chauffeur's help, practically dragged her out of the car and up the stairs and put her to bed and watched her go off into sodden sleep. She was glad that they had told the maids not to wait up; she hoped that the chauffeur, being old and trusted, might say nothing in the servants' hall, though she couldn't ask

She Hustled Mary to Get Out All Her Tennis Frocks and Tried on Three Before She Could Make Up Her Mind

him to be discreet, it was too humiliating.

"It's the worst bust Jane's ever done," thought Elsie gloomily on the way to the Parsons'. "Every time she goes a little deeper. Of course there's no need to care such a lot; everyone does it now and then—Pink Marsters and Jean Dale and Sallie Fulton and Edna Donahey, and practically all of the boys, except maybe Gil Rodd and Jim Hooker. And last night certainly was wild. All the same—Jane." Her meditation went miserably on—Jane was so lovely, Jane was so stunning, Jane could have anyone, do anything. Elsie frowned again as she went into the Parsons' famous château replica of Guillaume le Conquérant at Dives.

It was a big party. Elsie sighted her hostess at the end of the long drawing-room and drifted down, speaking to everyone as she went along.

Mrs. Parsons pounced at her: "My darling girl isn't this a crime about Louise the poor child is swollen out of all recognition you'd weep to see her but the doctor says it will soon go away providentially she hasn't much itching I'm frightfully susceptible to it myself and I'm keeping away from her so sorry Jane couldn't come I miss the dear child oh dear me you haven't met our guest do let me present Mr. Falette you know he's staying with us and ——" Someone else came up and the spate of her talk gushed over the newcomer.

Elsie glanced from under the dripping orange brim at Robert Falette, and felt a sudden lightening of mood. She knew at once that he was a good egg—a very good egg, indeed—and that she was going to get on with him. He looked somehow like an old friend—though he obviously wasn't old at all—and one to whom she could speak according to her thought.

"You don't look so English," she said. "You're too dark. Most Englishmen are sort of all-over rosy beige."

"My people were French, originally."

"Came over with dear old William the Conqueror." Elsie grinned. She knew that Mrs. Parsons had not spared her guest the architecture of her home. "And there was a subtle stirring within your soul when you saw this house, I dare say. Or maybe not?"

"This house? Oh, rather. Felt all my forefathers' longings to be up and doing."

They unconsciously moved apart from the others. "And what did you up and do?"

Falette gave a slight shrug. "Unpacked my toothbrush and played bridge. Fearful waste of a good morning."

"What's your game? Ride? Golf? Tennis?"

"Tennis and riding."

"I'll take you on for tennis this afternoon when the party's over, if Mrs. Parsons hasn't got you down for something else."

"Splendid. I think there's nothing planned."

"I'll see. Mrs. Parsons"—Elsie went back to her hostess—"do you want me to take Mr. Falette over to the club for tennis this afternoon? He needs exercise."

"My dear if you would it would be simply sweet because with Louise sick and you know how it is about my bridge and this morning"—she did not lower her voice—"there was nothing else to do with him and I felt he was bored but I simply cannot get up any enthusiasm for anything else."

"That's all right then. We can have some tennis and go to tea somewhere. I'll get another girl and Gil Rodd."

It was surprising how jolly she felt, with not another gloomy thought about Jane. She wasn't even surprised at her unusual interest in Robert Falette's entertainment; it seemed perfectly right and natural. The party wasn't a washout at all; it was a good party, the best she'd been to for a long time. She was glad she'd worn the orange-and-brown chiffon and the orange hat.

Waiters were passing through the crowd with trays of cold, pink cocktails, trays of savory slivers of anchovy, caviar and salmon, delicate, tiny, hot cheese puffs. Elsie shook her head no at the cocktails, but Robert Falette took one, tasted it and put it down.

"You were wise," he said. "They're sweet."

"I don't hold with liquor in the middle of the day," said Elsie. "Besides, it puts me off my tennis."

More cocktails came, and more. Elsie ate a cheese puff. The room was full now, the talk had gone up a note, was higher, faster, everyone laughed. Then the grilled doors into the dining room were flung open and there appeared a vista of small tables that ran right out onto the terrace—tables colorful with flowers and tinted Venetian glass, Spanish *metallo* dishes, bright silver.

"A swell café, this," said Elsie to Robert Falette.

"Can we sit together, do you think?" he asked anxiously.

Mrs. Parsons was leading the way to the tables. "Sit anywhere, as you like it," she was saying. "Choose your own crowd. I'm not competent I wouldn't even attempt place cards people always change them about anyway."

Elsie managed to beckon to Gilbert Rodd and Vida Denzil, and with Falette close at her elbow, she picked a table for four on the terrace shaded by the famous Parsons white wistaria, with an excellent view of the famous Parsons Italian garden and pool.

"Oh, Elsie, how clever of you!" cried Vida. "The best table and the guest of honor. Everybody'll hate you."

"Pretty smart footwork and headwork," grinned Gil Rodd.

Vida's eyes were aquamarine, her skin almost mahogany, her sleeveless dress heavy aquamarine crêpe, her hat a tight little felt matching the dress with miraculous perfectness. Her sunburnt fair hair curled up under her hat's edges. Gil Rodd was square and red-headed, not so tall as Falette. He was one of Elsie's best friends. Everyone thought they'd marry, but Elsie knew that Vida wanted him and she didn't, though she liked him enormously.

"We look awfully well together, the four of us," said Vida, batting her aquamarine eyes at Falette. "Elsie, you were a lamb to wear that frock; it goes perfectly with mine."

"The visiting fireman wants some tennis," said Elsie. "Shall we take him on after the party?"

"But, Mr. Falette, I'm a rabbit, absolutely!" cried Vida.

"She's a little liar," said Gil. "She's got a mean soft serve and a return swat like old McLoughlin."

"Oh, Gil, how can you!"

"She's pretty good," said Elsie. "We're all pretty good, speaking modestly. The only reason we didn't get into the Davis Cup matches was because—why was it, Gil?"

"Horrible envy on the part of Tilden and Wills, dirty work at the crossroads."

Robert Falette looked from one to another, smiling at the unaccustomed idiom, the casual manner, the friendliness. Most often he looked at Elsie. She was the loveliest girl he had seen in America, he thought; she had the look of pride, of character, of self-control. And she wasn't hard and spoiled and oversufficient like so many of the young girls—like this amusing little Vida creature, for instance. There was dignity in her beauty and her air in spite of her clipped, short speech, her offhand ease. It occurred to him that he could kiss Vida this minute if he wanted to lean over and do it, but that he couldn't kiss Elsie. And if he tried it, she'd probably knock him flat with the nearest plate.

They chattered on through the long luncheon, and gradually it was made known that Robert Falette's home was in Sussex—"silly Sussex"—that there was ivy on the front of the house, and a garden in what was once a moat, that he had four dogs, that he had been in America only a week and liked it enormously, and that his visit to the Parsons' was to be short.

Other things about Robert Falette, Elsie had discovered for herself—that when he looked at her she had an extraordinary sharp feeling of pleasure, when he spoke to her he seemed to leave unsaid, but understood, words too dearly familiar for the others to hear, and that once, when his hand inadvertently touched hers, she felt the thrill from her head to her toes.

She pulled herself up to listen to what he was saying. "My people are interested in a press in London. That's why I'm here really. I'm to go all over to see your big printing plants."

"Why, how funny," said Elsie. "I've got an uncle who makes some sort of printing machinery; it's considered very chi-chi! He's the Graneger Company."

Falette turned eagerly. "But that's one of the best, you know. I'm very keen to see his place."

"Dad'll give you a letter." A bright plan ran through her head. Maybe she could motor Robert to Uncle Dave's—it was only a little more than two hours out from New York. But she couldn't suggest this before Vida.

They were through at last, and it was half-past three. "We can't play tennis after all this food," said Gil. "I'm stuffed to the eyes and I passed up every other course."

"But we can all get into our tennis things and go over to the club and sit round for a little", said Elsie. "Shall we meet there in half an hour, say? I spose you're in your own cars?"

"Yes," chorused Gil and Vida.

"Then," said Elsie to Falette, "I'll come back and pick you up. Got a racket?"

He had brought two rackets, so that was all right. Everyone was streaming out now, and Mrs. Parsons was speeding them away, her thoughts on her afternoon bridge.

"So precious of you to look after Mr. Falette," she said to Elsie. "My dear I do appreciate it take him somewhere to dinner if you want to everything's so mixed up with Louise sick and he doesn't seem to care for cards and I had depended entirely on her playing with him or bring him back here if he's a bother I can always manage something."

"She'd never hand him over so slick if she didn't think Gil and I were as good as engaged," thought Elsie. Then, smoothly: "I'll ask Gil Rodd and some of the other men to take him about, Mrs. Parsons. Don't you worry." That would further reassure the poor old nut.

At home again, she hustled Mary to get out all her tennis frocks and tried on three before she could make up her mind. And she was fussy about her socks and shoes.

"I do wish you'd not smear that white cleaning stuff on the edges of the soles," she complained. Mary looked at her in astonishment. Jane's maid, Lena, was the one who had the hard mistress, Mary's job was a soft snap. And now here was Miss Elsie suddenly turning particular!

Elsie remembered that she had told Jane she'd look in, so when she was ready she softly opened the door. Jane was asleep, her head buried in the pillows. Elsie was glad; she didn't want to talk to anyone, she was too keyed up.

"I Believe I'll Stay in Bed All Day. I'm Awfully Sick and Dizzy When I Get Up—I Am Really. And There's Nothing I Want to Do"

As she went downstairs her heart seemed to swell up like a balloon, very light and high, and she did a little tap step on the hall rug to bring herself back to reality. Then she took her racket out and did a few smashing swipes and felt more normal.

She had instructed Falette to wait around near the Parsons' front door, and he was there, very swank with his club jacket, his woolly white sweater in his hand. He hopped in beside her.

"I say, this is awfully kind of you," he began. "I do need some exercise."

"We're early, and Vida's always late, and Gil is, too, usually. I'll run you round and let you take a look at the town, shall I?"

Followed a marvelous fifteen minutes. "Why, these old roads go back to 1600," said Falette. "And what jolly names they have—English names."

"I suppose you think we date only from day before yesterday. Not that it matters, does it? Though I like to remember that we live, my father and sister and I, in the house my great-grandfather built. I mean here—in town we've an apartment. When I go in the house, often I think of the others."

"The others? Yes, I see. You mean those who were there before you. I know that feeling. There's a whole line of grandfathers with their wives in our great hall, and I've imagined them there, living and talking and laughing, you know. And there are likenesses; my sister Maud is exactly like one of the first Falette ladies."

"Oh, you've a sister?"

"Two sisters, two brothers, one father, one mother, and a large assortment of aunts, uncles, cousins, and so forth. We're rather a large family and we get on awfully well—I mean, we like one another more than most families seem to. We have birthday rags and Christmas dinners, and so on, and they all go awf'ly well." There were pride and pleasure in his voice.

"That must be nice. My father and mother were divorced when Jane and I were six and seven, and mother married someone else, and father's a very busy man."

"You have lots of divorces over here, don't you?"

"You'd have lots more in England if the laws were easier. And also if it wasn't so hard for women to earn a decent living over there," she flung at him.

"That's true," headmitted. "You're not going to let me criticize your country, are you?"

"Not if there's any comeback." They grinned at each other understandingly. Never before in her life, Elsie thought, had she so liked to talk to a man. It was gorgeous, the way they got on.

Even after their ride they reached the club a few minutes before the others. Vida wanted to be Gil's partner and said so. Gil would have preferred Elsie, but could only look it. Elsie was pleased. "Mr. Falette and I'll lick tar out of you," she promised them as they went out to the court. Somehow she knew that her game would suit his. In this she was right. They fell into perfect effortless teamwork, supporting, anticipating each other as if they had played together for years. In vain did Vida shoot soft returns over the net, in vain did Gil whang his hard, deftly placed service at them. After the first set, which was theirs

(Continued on Page 191)

A Big Job for the President

By EDWARD G. LOWRY

FOR your diversion, I begin with the tales of the three bears, of the hardy mariner and of Private Thomas J. Rentz, who was finally unwound.

Under our system of government as successfully devised by the Fathers of the Republic and as altered and amended from time to time by us, the welfare of bears under the American flag is covered by constructive and benevolent legislation. The bear situation is well in hand. The present posture is this: The Department of Commerce, by specific statute enacted, is the guardian of the polar bears. The Department of the Interior is charged with the care—if any—of the grizzly bears. The Department of Agriculture, if it lives up to its legal responsibilities, looks with solicitude upon the upbringing and well-being of the little brown and black bears.

Item two: The hardy mariner does not go unobserved by watchful government eyes. He must obtain his domestic charts from the Department of Commerce, his foreign charts from the Navy Department, and his Nautical Almanac from the Naval Observatory—and he will in some circumstances get sailing directions from the Army. In a fog he may get radio signals from both the Navy and Commerce departments, and listen to foghorns and look for lights and buoys provided him by the Department of Commerce; if he sinks, his life is saved by the Treasury. He will anchor at the direction of the Army, who rely upon the Treasury to enforce their will. His boilers and lifeboats are inspected by the Department of Commerce; his crew is certificated by one bureau in Commerce, signed off in the presence of another, and inspected at sailing by the Treasury, and, on arrival, by the Department of Labor. I got that story from President Hoover. Such discoveries when he was Secretary of Commerce made him restless. He thought something ought to be done about it.

President Hoover and the Representatives of Forty-Six Nations Celebrate the Ratification of the Kellogg Treaty Against War

Now you may read, if you will, the incredible story of the unwinding of Private Thomas J. Rentz—a true story too:

On August 2, 1912, Private Thomas J. Rentz, United States Army, in the recruiting service, stationed at Atlanta, Georgia, addressed a letter—through military channels—to the Adjutant General.

"Recruiting Station, U. S. Army,
"3 Carnegie Way
"23½ Whitehall St., Atlanta, Ga.,
"August 2, 1912.

"The Adjutant General, U. S. Army,
"Washington, D. C.

"Through the recruiting officer, U. S. A., Atlanta, Ga.

"Sir: I respectfully request that I be granted my discharge from the Army by purchase, in accordance with G. O. No. 90, par. 2, W. D., 1911.

"I have an opportunity to better my condition by reentering civil life, and I desire to do so as early as possible, as I intend to get married, and my present pay is not sufficient to support a wife.

"I am offered a position with Story & Clark Piano Co., of this city, at a salary of $75.00 per month, with a good chance of promotion, as you will see by letter inclosed from the above-named firm.

"My prior service is as follows: 3 years 102nd Co., C. A. C. My present enlistment expires April 25, 1914.

"Very respectfully,
"THOMAS J. RENTZ,
"Private G. S. Infantry."

After Their First Meeting the President Took the Farm Board Out on the White House Lawn to be Photographed

The enlisted man's commanding officer approved the request by indorsement on the back of the communication applying for discharge, the file number of the recruiting office at Atlanta was placed on the back of the first fold, and the subject of the letter briefed, in accordance with Army Regulations. This appears on the back of the communication;

"File with 1321953. Rec'd Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 2, 1912. 5892.

"Atlanta, Ga., August 2, 1912.

"Adjutant General's Office, War Department. Aug. 5, 1912. 1941619.

"Rentz, Thomas J., Pvt. G. S. Inf.

"Requests permission to purchase discharge. States service and reasons.

S. O. Aug. 6/12. F.D.T. S.O. 184 Par. 10 Aug. 6, 1912.

"1 inclo. A. G. Received A. G. O., Aug. 4, 1912.

"1st Indorsement.

"Recruiting Station, U. S. Army, Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 2, 1912.

"Respectfully forwarded to The Adjutant General, U. S. Army, Washington, D. C. Approval recommended.

"I have interviewed Story & Clark Piano Co., and find that the position mentioned is in good faith.

"Due soldier for clothing not drawn in kind, $87.27.

"Last paid to include July 31, 1912. Due the United States, nothing. Statement of service herein is correct. Character 'Excellent.'

"JAMES A. GALLOGLY,
"1st Lieut. C. A. Corps, R. O."

Without going into detail in regard to the various steps and operations in connection with the handling of this communication in the Mail and Record Division of the War Department, it will suffice to show below a sample of the record written in that division as follows:

"Received A. G. O., Aug. 4, 1912. 1631953.

"Adjutant General's Office, War Department. Aug. 5, 1912. 1941619.

"Subject: Thomas J. Rentz, Priv., G. S. Infty. From self. Rectg. Station, U. S. A., Atlanta, Ga.

"Date of communication: Aug. 2, 1912.

"Purport of communication: Requests discharge by purchase under G. O. 90, par. 2, W.D., 1911, to enable him to accept a position in civil life.

"Forwd. Aug. 2/12, by the R. O. (1st Lt. J. A. Gallogly, C.A.C.), recommending.

"Number of inclosures: 1.

"Book mark: (9.25 J. C. V.)

"Date of reply or final disposition: Aug. 6, 1912.

"Record card: Each clerk signs his initials to steps taken by him."

This correspondence, after passing through the usual routine in the Mail and Record Division, was taken by the messenger service to the Enlisted Men's Division and thrown in the box on the desk of T. B. Bevans, who at that time received and distributed all mail sent to the division.

The following outline shows the course of this piece of correspondence, tracing the various steps and processes only from the time the communication was received in the Enlisted Men's Division until it was signed by the Adjutant General.

Operation No. 1. Mr. Bevans, distributing clerk—salary $1200—took the jacket from the box, removed the papers from the jacket, took off the rubber band holding the papers together, wrote on the record card the time he received the case, and then unfolded Private Rentz's letter and examined it.

Operation No. 2. Mr. Bevans, noting that it would be necessary to have a report from the Rolls Division of the status of Private Rentz, placed on the record card a request for such report, with a notation of the time, as follows:

"Rolls Division: For report.

"Morton, T. H."

Operation No. 3. Mr. Bevans then selected from a file containing jackets numbered according to the rooms with which he has need for communication a jacket containing the number of the room occupied by the Rolls Division. He placed a rubber band around the correspondence, put it within the jacket, and threw the package in his "out" mail box.

Operation No. 4. The messenger carried the correspondence to the Rolls Division and threw it in the "in" box on the desk of Mr. Huckleberry, a reviewing clerk.

Operation No. 5. Mr. Huckleberry—salary $1200—examined the papers to determine whether they needed special attention by particular clerks. This paper needed no special treatment, and was thrown by Mr. Huckleberry into a box on his desk containing miscellaneous cases, from which they are taken from time to time by searchers.

Operation No. 6. Mr. Dimond, searcher—salary $1200—walked from his desk in Room No. 58 to the distributing box in Room No. 60 and selected one case from the collection of cases therein, for the purpose of making appropriate search.

Operation No. 7. Mr. Dimond then examined the case to ascertain the nature and extent of the report desired, and searched the records to obtain the requisite information. His search involved a consultation of the contract of enlistment of the enlisted man and the muster roll of his company for May and June, 1912.

Operation No. 8. Upon conclusion of Mr. Dimond's examination of the enlistment papers and muster roll, he returned to his desk and wrote in longhand the following report on the record card:

"E. M. Div.

"Thomas J. Rentz enl. Mch. 1, 1908; and was disch'd Feb. 28, 1911, by expr. of service, pvt. 102d Co., C.A.C. Char. excellent. "Reenl. Apr. 26, 1911, and was present June 30, 1912. pvt. Gen'l. Serv. Inf. at Atlanta, Ga.

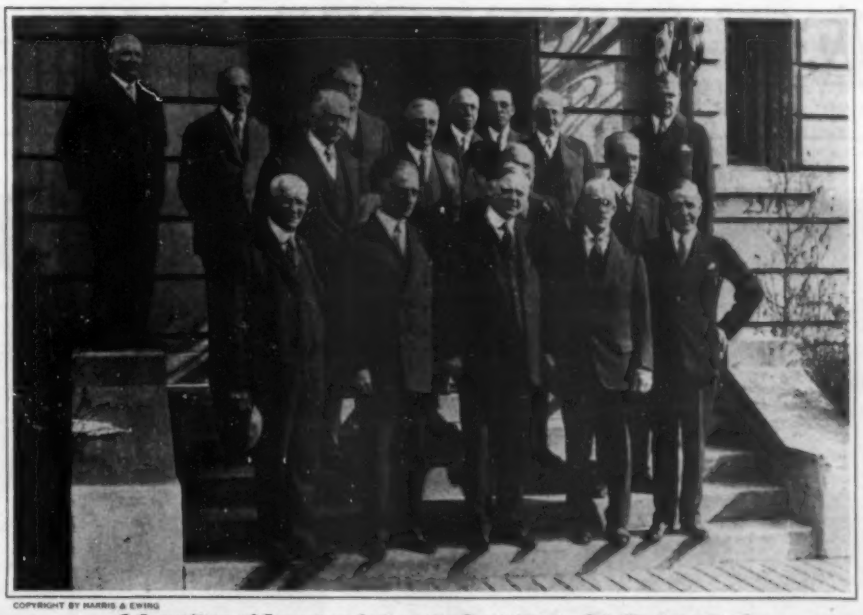
"Stafford.
"G. C. D."

Mr. Dimond then wrote below the indorsement the time of conclusion—"2:57."

Operation No. 9. After writing the above indorsement, Mr. Dimond blotted the indorsement, gathered the papers together, placed a rubber band around the same, and walked over to the desk of Mr. Sattes, to whom he delivered the papers for the purpose of review.

Operation No. 10. Mr. Sattes, reviewing clerk—salary $1600—examined the papers and report to determine whether the report was adequate to the case and whether it was correctly framed.

Operation No. 11. Mr. Sattes gathered together the papers after his examination, put a rubber band around them, selected a reversible jacket from his box file and inclosed the papers in them, throwing the jacket in the "out" box.



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A Committee of Exporters Call on the President to Ask His Support of American Foreign Trade

Operation No. 12. The jacket was transmitted by the messenger service to Room No. 43 and thrown in the box on desk of T. B. Bevans.

Operation No. 13. Mr. Bevans examined the papers, wrote on the record card the time—3:20—he received them, and, noting that the man was in the recruiting service, wrote on the record card the following indorsement, with a notation of the time—3:25:

"3:20.

"Recruiting Division: For remark.

"Morton. "F. A.

"3:25."

Operation No. 14. Mr. Bevans then selected a jacket from his file and placed the papers therein for transmission to the Recruiting Division.

Operation No. 15. The messenger service transported the correspondence to the Recruiting Division and placed it in the box on the desk of Mr. Hughes.

Operation No. 16. Mr. Hughes, clerk—salary $1200—examined the papers and wrote on the record card the following:

"To Col. Kernan, A. G., to ascertain if there is any objection.

"3:35. "J. D. H."

Operation No. 17. Mr. Hughes then noted the time of his writing the above indorsement.

Operation No. 18. Mr. Hughes sent the papers by special messenger to Colonel Kernan, the adjutant general in charge of recruiting matters.

Operation No. 19. Colonel Kernan noted in writing his approval on the record card as follows:

"No objection. M., A. G."

Operation No. 20. The card and correspondence were taken back to the Recruiting Division by special messenger.

Operation No. 21. Mr. Hughes wrote on the record card the following indorsement, with a notation of the time:

"To E. M. Div. "Shelton,

"4:00. "J. D. H.

"4:05."

Operation No. 22. Carried by messenger to the Enlisted Men's Division and placed in mail box of Mr. Bevans.

Operation No. 23. Mr. Bevans examined the papers, noted on record card time of receipt, and handed them to Mr. Wilson, assistant chief of the division.

Operation No. 24. Mr. Wilson—salary $1800—examined the case to see whether all relevant requirements of laws and regulations governing discharge by purchase had been complied with. His examination showing that the case had met all the requirements, he handed it to Mr. Tillman to prepare a special order.

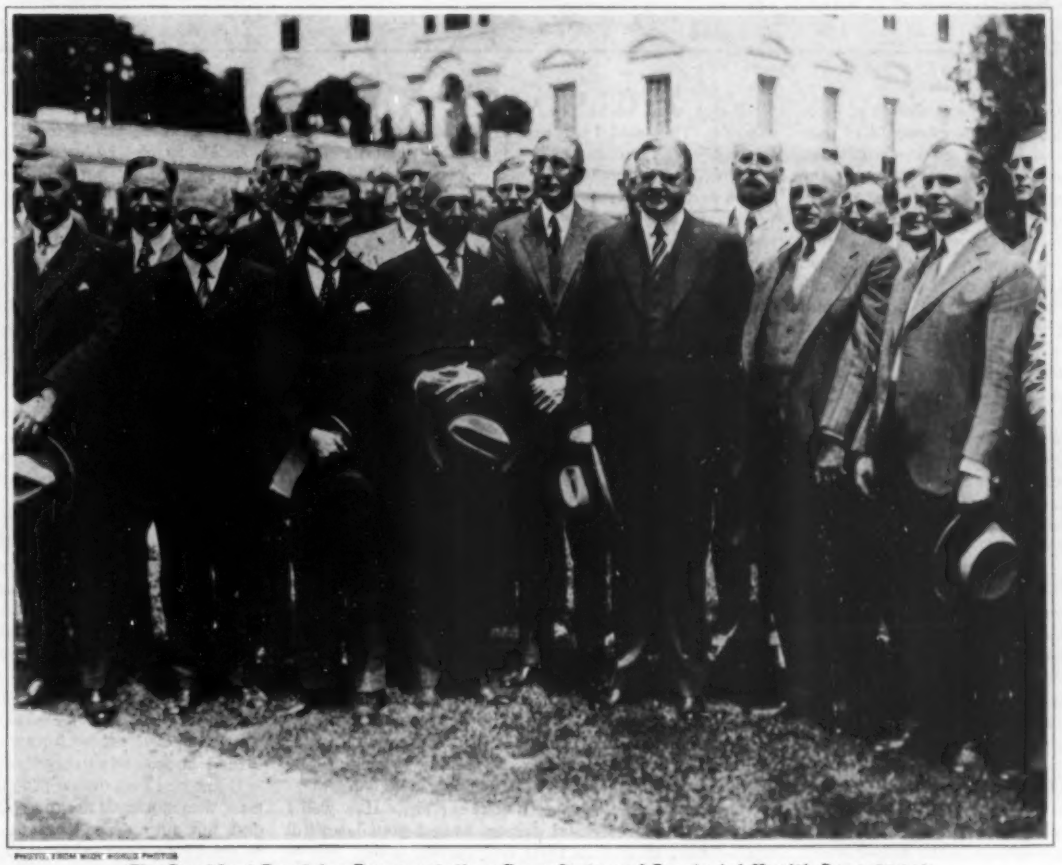
Operation No. 25. Mr. Tillman—salary $1400—prepared the following draft of an order:

"WAR DEPARTMENT,
"Washington,
August —, 1912

"Memorandum for "Special orders No.—

"Par. Private Thomas J. Rentz, general service, Infantry, recruiting station, 3 Carnegie Way, Atlanta, Georgia, will be discharged from the

(Continued on Page 211)



PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

The President Receiving Representatives From State and Provincial Health Departments

SECRET ENVOY

By MAUDE PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

"You're a Very Smart Woman"

ON THE four-poster bed lay a gown of cloth of gold. Spread out beside it were undergarments of pale filmy chiffon and lace. Fragile stockings matched the extravagantly high-heeled slippers, from which the shoe-trees had that very moment been extracted.

Diane More, coming hurriedly into the room with a bath robe flung over her shoulders, surveyed these preparations without changing her expression of distress. She glanced at the tall spare back of Maggie Lennihan as the elderly maid straightened the assortment of powders and perfumes on the near-by dressing table, and she drew a deep breath.

"Oh, Maggie, I don't want to go out tonight! I'd give anything in the world if I hadn't promised Mrs. Procter to dine there."

"I know, Miss Diane; but you did promise." Her voice was as serene as her thin, lined face. "And it will do you good to get away from yourself. It's quarter to eight. If you're going to get there at half-past you'd better start dressing. It's quite a long way."

"Will you telephone for a taxi? No, don't! I can't afford a taxi."

Maggie disregarded this. She picked up the transmitter from the table beside the bed and called the familiar number. After she had given instructions for a cab to arrive promptly at quarter past, she turned to her young mistress.

"However else do you think you'd go? You couldn't very well walk." She looked down at the slender gold slipper which Diane was reluctantly putting over a stockinged foot. "Besides, you can charge it. Your credit's still good."

"But it won't be, long. Oh, Maggie, what am I going to do?"

"Don't worry any more about it, dear. Something will happen. Maybe you'll find someone at the dinner who'll rent the house. That would help."

"But I went to all the real-estate people again this morning. They said it was practically impossible to rent in December, and besides, the heating wasn't modern and the new people all wanted to live right in the center of Washington and not way out in Georgetown."

"Maybe they're wrong. Anyway you can always borrow money on it to tide you over."

The shoehorn dropped from Diane's hand onto the bare floor. At its clatter Maggie turned around. She held a small lace handkerchief in one gaunt hand and a crystal atomizer in the other.

"You'd better hurry with your dressing." She spoke with the firmness which she had used toward Diane ever since she had taught her to dress herself, at the age of five, more than twenty years ago. The pale golden hair, which was now cut modishly short, had then hung in long curls around her diminutive pointed face, and she had reduced her adoring parents, though not her nurse, to a state of subjection. But through all the changes and vicissitudes of their life since then, Maggie's calm maternal affection had remained unchanged.

In response to the other's insistence, the girl put on one garment after another, but she did not speak. She could not bring herself to tell even Maggie of the humiliating experiences of that afternoon.

The first two bankers to whom she had gone had received her with the utmost courtesy, but when she had told them of her desire to borrow money they had pointed out that this was impossible, as the house was already mortgaged. The third man, on whom she had counted most, had evaded the issue as long as possible by reminiscing about her father.

"He was the finest type of public servant. How well I remember those delightful dinners he and your beautiful mother used to give in their Georgetown home. We've never had a more able man down here." But when she had returned to the subject of business he had said: "I'd do anything in my power for Senator More's daughter, if it were left to me. Unfortunately a banker is not allowed to let his judgment be swayed by personal considerations. My directors would insist upon sound security"—and so on.

She had thanked him charmingly, although the earth had seemed to drop away from her as he had bowed her out of his office. In talking to him, as well as to the others, she had endeavored to treat the matter of a loan as one of no serious consequence. In proof of her successful acting, each one had made some joking allusion to her desire for additional pearls for her necklace, or a new sable coat, or possible losses at bridge.

"That's what comes of having a few expensive clothes left," she had reflected bitterly.

As she had walked slowly up the street, unable to think what she could do next, her attention had been attracted toward a sign reading,

ALFRED GINSBROUCK. LOANS.

In desperation she had gone in. A stenographer was busily typing in the sparsely furnished room. She had not glanced up.

"I would like to see Mr. Ginsbrouck." Diane's voice was always pleasant, but when she so desired it carried authority.

As the girl turned around from her work her indifference vanished. "I'll see if he's busy."

She had disappeared through a door at the back, but returned immediately to say that he was free for ten minutes.

Diane had found herself facing a shrewd-featured young man, who motioned her to a seat on the opposite side of the desk but did not rise from his swivel chair. He had kept on smoking a cigar as she explained her errand. When she had finished he began to cross-examine her. In contrast

to the men whom she had consulted earlier, Ginsbrouck showed no surprise at her need of money. He showed interest only in her reasons for needing it. Nor had she maintained with him the pose of indifference with which she had deceived her friends. Perhaps because he was a stranger and obviously not a member of her social world, she had told him the truth about her sudden poverty.

Her name meant nothing to him, she realized; so she had explained even that. Her father, Livingstone More, had been in the Senate for six years and afterward a member of the President's cabinet. Her mother had been the daughter of the Austrian ambassador. They had met and married in Washington. As children, Diane and her younger brother Felix had lived there, spending some of their holidays abroad. After her father's death their mother had taken them back to her native country. Two years ago she, too, had died and the children determined to return to the scene of their happy untroubled youth. At first this plan had been thwarted by the illness of Felix. The doctors had advised a year in the mountains of Switzerland. At the end of that time they had declared him cured, and he had insisted upon coming back and entering college in his own country. Diane had returned to the big old-fashioned house in Georgetown, which her father had willed to Felix and her jointly. The rest of his property had all been left to their mother.

"And I suppose she lost it all when Austria collapsed?" Ginsbrouck interposed.

"Yes. Everything. But we didn't think much about it at the time, because our aunt—father's sister—who had never married, sent us a very generous allowance when she heard about it. But three months ago—the very week after my brother had started to college—she died suddenly of heart failure. When her will was probated they found that she had left almost everything to founding an orphan asylum for little girls near her country place in New Jersey. She had made the will years ago, you see, when we were still well off, and as she had never liked my mother very much she had just ignored us. Afterward her attitude changed, but I suppose she didn't realize she'd die so soon and put off making a new will. Anyway I got a letter this morning from the lawyer saying that, beginning a year from now, Felix and I would receive a hundred dollars a month from the estate."

"Which would be about half enough to pay for one such dress as you've got on," said the astute young man.

"Oh, it's not a matter of clothes! It's this terrible feeling of helplessness. I've not been trained to do anything useful. I can learn in time, of course, but I'm so afraid that if my brother finds out how desperately poor we are he'll leave school and go to work. And he isn't strong enough to stand it."

Ginsbrouck resumed his questions. His nature was practical, it appeared, and not sentimental. He asked her if she were a good linguist.

"I speak half a dozen languages. And I sing a little and play the piano. But what good is that when it comes to earning money? Why, I don't think I'm well enough educated in the conventional sense to even get a job as governess."

"Somehow I can't quite picture you as a governess." His dark eyes took in every detail of her smart street costume. "And I see you've already sold your pearls."

She put her hand up to her necklace. Her color deepened. "I hope your eyes are better than those of my friends. I don't think any of them have guessed these are imitation. But I did that long ago."

In the end, after all the humiliation of baring her secrets to Mr. Ginsbrouck, he, too, had declined to help her. She had been so carried away by his interest and his intuitive perception of her difficulties that it had not occurred to her that he would fail to find some way out.

The stenographer had knocked at the door and announced that a gentleman was waiting for him. He had told Diane good-by in his quick brusque way, quite as if hearing life stories was a part of his everyday routine. And although this time he did rise and he did take the cigar out of his mouth, she was so bewildered by his dismissal that she had gone blindly into the street and signaled to the first cab she had seen before she had realized that she could no longer afford this luxury.

She had rapped on the pane and told the driver to stop. "It's such a nice evening I think I'll walk the rest of the way," she explained automatically, although there was no reason to assume that he was interested in her explanations, especially as she had paid the fare and added a tip.

When she had finally returned home on foot she was tired physically as well as mentally. Maggie had tea waiting for her and had made her lie down and rest for an hour. All the time that she had been stretched out on the chaise longue, however, she had been listening for the sound of the doorbell, eager and yet apprehensive for the arrival of the telegram which would answer the message she had sent at noon to her brother. His letter in the morning's post had spoken of a slight cold which had kept him in the infirmary for a few days. Although he had mentioned it casually, only by way of explaining his silence, Diane was not convinced. She knew too well that he shared her talent for speaking lightly, even gayly, of the most vital and devastating affairs.

When at last the bell had rung it had seemed an interminable time before she heard the front door open. She ran into the upper hall, pulling her peignoir about her as she leaned over the railing and the draft of cold air struck her. She saw that the ponderous rheumatic colored cook, who would have to be dismissed at the end of the week, was signing for something. Maggie was in another part of

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When His Gaze Met Hers She Deliberately Unpinned the Orchids and Held Them Outstretched as She Sank Into the First Available Chair

MEN AT WORK

By ANNE CAMERON

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"Where'd You Get That?" "It Followed Me. It Don't Belong to Nobody. It's a Wild Goat"

THERE was no doubt about it, the old bus was acting worse and worse. They'd never get to California at this rate. Pete, who was driving, raised his troubled young eyes to the grade ahead and saw another red flag. More construction work! Whenever he stopped for a steam shovel or a grader, he had to get out and crank up again, and usually the car wouldn't start. He'd just like to have a dollar for every time they'd been pulled out of one-way roads today so people could get by. Darn the old tub!

His mother, sitting beside him, held on to her hat and smiled cheerfully through the broken windshield at the dusky laborers in the road as the car bumped and jolted past them. But Pete wasn't smiling. He was gripping the wheel with one hand, holding the clutch in low with the other, to keep it from snapping forward into reverse, as it often did. That wouldn't be a nice thing to happen here. They rounded the curve, and then, as if it had done all that could be expected of it, and more, the car came to a stop.

"Get out and put a rock behind the wheel," said Pete wearily to his younger brother and sister, drowsing in the back seat. Then he crawled under the car as familiarly as a ground squirrel into its hole.

A motorist, coming up the hill with that burst of speed which follows the passing of a trying detour, swerved over to one side as he came around the curve.

"What's the matter with you?" he called out. "Do you want to get bumped down that canyon?"

"Aw, shut up," retorted Pete, sticking his head out.

"He pretty near ran over your legs," said Mrs. Allen indignantly. "I guess this curve ain't a very good place to stop, Petey. We ought to have a sign like the road gangs use. Say, you kids run back and get one of them round red ones from that place we just passed where they're working. Hustle!"

"Maybe they won't give it to us," demurred Bunny, who was eleven.

"Take it. They won't see you. If they catch you, just ask for the lend of it for a few minutes till we get the car fixed."

The children came back promptly with a round red sign that bore the terse item, Men at Work. Mrs. Allen set it up at a suitable distance behind Peter and settled back comfortably on the running board, as pleased as a child jerking back a dummy purse from the sidewalk, when a driver, having slowed his speed for the sign, looked around with a puzzled stare that loosened to a grin when he saw no verification of it but a pair of legs sticking out from under a stalled car.

"April fool!" called Buster.

"Are we going to keep the sign, mom?" asked Bunny.

Mrs. Allen averred her willingness to tell the world that nobody needed it any worse than they did.

"Here comes somebody else," said Bunny excitedly. "It's my turn to yell at them, Buster."

But the yelling was all done by the man in the car, which stopped suddenly beside them. Hard words fell around their heads like bowlders in a blast. He was a large, red-faced man with matted red hair on his chest and on his bare arms, and he leaped out demanding a fight with the cockeyed this and that and the other who had stolen his signs and thereby all but wiped out his road gang.

"I guess I'm the party you're looking for," said Mrs. Allen, scared, but smiling.

He backed off. "I don't fight with women. I'll settle with your man." He bent over and took hold of Pete's foot, which protruded from under the car. "Come out here and take what's coming to you."

Pete crawled out and stood with his back to the car, a skinny boy of fourteen, with freckles standing out against the green terror of his face, and his chin wabbling. The road boss dropped his clenched fist.

"I don't hit kids, neither. Where's your old man?"

"He's dead."

"That lets him out too." He recovered his tin sign. "Wha'd you want to steal this for, anyhow?"

"We needed it," said Mrs. Allen simply.

"Wha'd you pick out a place like this for to make repairs?"

"We didn't. The car stopped on us."

"Well, you better get it started in a hurry."

Mrs. Allen lost patience. "Gosh, ain't we doing the best we can?"

He looked the car over critically. "How far have you come in that thing?"

"Let's see." Mrs. Allen struggled to separate this particular car from its predecessors. "I think it was Illinois. But it was laid up all last winter back in Nebraska."

"Yeh? Too bad you didn't leave her lay."

"I have to get to California. Bunny—she's the one with the harmonica—come out, Bunny; he's not going to hurt you—she wants to be a child star in the movies, and I guess I'll let her. Pete—the one that's under the car—he wants to work at the lion farm, and I thought maybe I'd pack oranges. But, my land, if we keep on breaking down like we've done today, I don't know when we're going to get there. I sure wish you'd let us keep that sign, mister. We got a lot of use for it."

He handed it back to her and grinned, as men had a way of doing when they looked into her sunburned, lazy face. One of her eyebrows was cocked whimsically, and there was in her red cheek a ready dimple that looked as if it needed dusting out, but dirt is, after all, not a permanent disfigurement.

"Thank you," she said fervently. "That'll be a big help. Have you got a extra red lantern we could put up nights?"

"I guess maybe I can find one."

"Buster, walk back with the gentleman and get it."

The road boss looked back at her. "Hurry up and get out of here."

"Sure. We're going right away."

But when he came back with his crew the next morning the car was still there, with a row of beds stretched out beside it, giving the lie to the Men-at-Work sign. The red lantern burned on uselessly in the sunlight over four sleeping forms. He honked his horn furiously. Pete and Mrs. Allen sat up, yawning.

"Hi, what's the matter with you? This ain't no auto camp! It's road under construction!" he said violently. "I told you last night to get t'ell out of here!"

"We'll get out as fast as we can," said Mrs. Allen, climbing out of her blankets. "It ain't our fault the car won't go."

"Why wasn't you up at daylight working on it?"

She turned on him with the air of a patient woman tried beyond her deserts: "If you'd been awake half the night scared to death for fear one of your kids would roll out of bed into the Grand Canyon, or whatever that gully down there is, maybe you'd sleep in too."

"Missis, I got a crew of twenty men running up time here, and I'm liable to lose my job for it. You gotta get that car out of the way, that's all."

"Well, you show us how to do it."

He followed Pete over to the car and scowled as he poked the engine here and there. "Might be most anything wrong with it."

"Yes, sir," said Pete resignedly. "There is."

Mrs. Allen was routing the younger children out of bed and tossing the bedding into the car. A rumbling sound came up the canyon. The foreman cocked his head, and the men waiting in the truck grinned appreciatively.

"Here comes the steam shovel, missis, and it's gotta work on this here bank. You're obstructing traffic and you gotta move on," he said desperately.

"Ain't we trying to?"

"Tell you what I'll do: I'll give you ten dollars if you'll let me shove your car over the bank. That's more than it's worth."

"I should say not! I'm going to trade it in on another car."

"They won't allow you ten cents on it."

"That's what I told you, mom," said Pete, joining the group. "You'll have to trade in that ring."

Mrs. Allen's face clouded. "I s'pose I've got to, but I do hate to give it up." She held out a plump hand adorned by a ring set with a solitaire.

"Hmph," said the foreman. "What do you call it?"

"It's a diamond. It's sort of dirty now, but it sparkles a lot when I get it rubbed up."

"Where'd you get it?"

"A gentleman I met last winter gave it to me. He was real well off, but he was pretty old and didn't care much about traveling, so I decided not to marry him after all."

"Didn't he want his ring back?"

Mrs. Allen's left eyebrow lifted humorously. "Wantin' ain't gettin'."

"I don't know much about jew'lry, but if I was you I'd trade that in on any car I could get, and not be too particular. That's my advice."

The steam shovel stopped and the engineer joined the group. "What's the matter, Kelly?" he asked.

"That," answered Kelly, pointing contemptuously to the car with his thumb. "It's held us up for an hour already, and me catching hell all the time from the boss for not pushing the job faster!"

"Why don't you tow them up to the summit and get them out of the way?"

"That's an idea!" Mr. Kelly grinned at Mrs. Allen. "Hop into your car, folks. We're going to give you a ride."

"You'll have to wait till we've et."

"Wait, nothing. Step lively now, the whole gang of you, or I'll have you arrested."

They fastened a rope from the derelict to the truck and the procession started. The Allens waved jovial farewells.

"Don't stop till you get them over the crest," cautioned the steam-shovel engineer, "or they'll roll back on us."

Kelly got out at the summit and untied the rope. "Take my advice, missis, and trade that ring in on a new car the first town you come to."

"That's what I say, mom," said Pete feelingly. "You can get a swell car for it, most likely."

"Well, don't set your hopes too high," said Kelly, with an oblique glance at the ring. "But they'll take most anything for a used car these days, and maybe it will sparkle better if you clean it. Got any metal polish?"

"Never use it," said Pete briefly.

"Well, gasoline is pretty good." Kelly turned to Pete: "Now, kid, I'm going to back around behind you and give you a shove. Leave everything open and set her in low, and maybe she'll catch. Work fast on the curves, stay on your own side of the road, and say your prayers. You ought to roll clean down to the valley. Ready?"

Pete nodded. The truck pushed them a few yards and they started off slowly. Pete shifted from low to second impatiently. They commenced to gather momentum. Faster and faster they went. At first the children shrieked joyously, but after a look over the brink at the river, twisting along the bottom of the canyon like a tangled tinsel cord, they began to whimper. Pete tried vainly to shift back to second.

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. Allen. "There goes my hat with the cherries!"

"I've lost my harmonica!" wailed Bunny above the deafening squeaks and rattles. "It bumped right out of my mouth. Back up and get it, Petey!"

But Pete did not answer. With wide brown eyes staring, and hands gripping the wheel, he was contending with the curves in the road. His cap blew off and his long, greasy hair whipped his cheeks.

"Oh, Pete, stop it!" his mother yelled in his ear.

"Brakes won't hold," he yelled back, watching the road unblinkingly.

"We didn't know how lucky we was when we was stalled," she whimpered. Her words met some obstruction in her mouth and she clutched at her lips. "I'm losing my teeth," she said thickly.

Curve succeeded curve. They met a car that scuttled in close to the bank to let them pass. Mrs. Allen let go of her mouth and pressed heavily on the horn, and it bawled aloud as if conscious of the common peril. Time and space telescoped. Finally they came to a short rise which checked them considerably, and after that they eased down into a level valley and came to rest in a pasture, crashing the gate and sending a herd of cows galumphing across the stubble with tails waving like pennants. Mrs. Allen turned around and counted her children. Her upper lip wagged with unfamiliar, flaccid lines. She put her hand to her mouth in alarm.

"I've swallered my plate!" she gasped.

Pete raised his head wearily. He had thrown himself face down on the grass. "Maybe you lost it out of the car. A lot of things flew past me."

"No, I know just when I swallered it." She prodded her ample torso. "I can feel it right here, just like a lump."

"What'll it do to you?" asked Bunny.

"I don't know, but I think I better get to bed and rest. You kids build a fire and get some breakfast. Maybe I'll feel better when I've et."

With solemn faces Bunny and Pete spread out a blanket. She lay down and closed her eyes.

"Hustle around and get something cooked," she said testily. "Them teeth are used to eating regular, and if you don't get something in me for them to chew pretty soon they're liable to begin on my stomach."

They hastily brought her coffee and canned beans, and she ate what seemed to her enough to keep the teeth out of mischief for an hour or so. Then she dropped asleep, and was awakened an hour later by the sound of Pete cranking the car. It started immediately. He stared at it incredulously.

"Golly, that shaking up was just what she needed."

Mrs. Allen's face brightened. "Maybe it'll carry us the rest of the way, after all."

Pete shook his head.

"But look at the way she come down that mountain," persisted his mother. "I'll bet we made forty miles an hour."

"More, but it ain't downhill all the way to California. . . . Bunny, pack up the dishes and get ready to go. Where's Buster?"

"Over there, playing with some goats."

They hallooed and beckoned, and Buster came across the field, alternately leading and pushing a goat.

"Where'd you get that?" Mrs. Allen demanded.

"It followed me. It don't belong to nobody. It's a wild goat."

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Pete Crawled Out and Stood With His Back to the Car, a Skinny Boy of Fourteen, With Freckles Standing Out Against the Green Terror of His Face, and His Chin Wabbling

This Strong-Man Business

By Joe Lambert

As Told to Charles J. V. Murphy

MY EARLIEST recollections extend, with clarity, no farther back—I suppose I was about seven years old then—than a gypsy camp located somewhere in the Kentucky hills. But I remember the camp vividly, with its soiled, stinking tents huddled on the bank of the most beautiful stream I ever saw, as if they had been cast precipitously down the slope and hung desperately upon the first obstruction they met. And as clearly as if it were only yesterday, I remember trying to chin myself upon a broomstick braced between a branch and the trunk of a tree, at the stream's edge, while Joe—I knew him only as that—stood underneath me, within easy reaching distance of my tender back, proving its accessibility every now and then by bringing a whip smartly across the seat of my pants.

"Pull up! Pull up!" he would shriek.

Although my muscles were breaking, I would strive to lift my chin across the broomstick, knowing full well that if I failed the whip would fall all the more savagely and, more likely than not, I would be sent to bed without my supper—my bed in those days consisting of a hole burrowed in the sawdust that lay two feet deep on the floor of the tent, with two layers of canvas to keep out the dampness.

He was a brute of a man, this Joe, a vicious, brawling Hungarian. Everyone in the camp hated and feared him. Still, in time my arms became stronger, the skin of my back less sensitive; and though his abuses never slackened, I came to accept Joe and his whip as an inescapable penance for being born. So I took retreat in learning what he had to teach me.

Joe Lambert

Years later, when I was billed as the strongest man of my weight in the world, when I was appearing regularly on the best-known stages in the United States and Europe, I still carried freshly the memory of Joe, the broomstick and the whip in my mind. If a lift seemed too hard and my muscles too fatigued, this vision had a habit of swimming before my eyes; it shut out the audience, driving me into making a final, and almost invariably a successful, try.

The Smith, a Mighty Man Was He

IT WAS Joe who really caused me to become a strong man, and for this, I suppose, I should be grateful to him. Even though my father and mother were famed throughout Europe for their strength, so much misfortune had intervened since my birth that it is scarcely likely, had not Joe taken me in hand, that I would have continued in their honorable profession. With what he taught me and what I was later able to learn myself, I was more than able to take my place in that esteemed company of strong men—the great Louis Cyr, one of the strongest men that ever lived, veritably Mahomet's mountain on the hoof; August Johnson, the Terrible Swede; Apollon, the dean of French giants; the exquisitely molded Sandow, with whom Professor Attila taught the world the meaning of physical culture; the Saxon brothers, the burly Horace Barre, and many others too numerous to mention here. To be true, they were all much mightier than I; my weight never exceeded one hundred and thirty-eight pounds, while most of them had a gross displacement of twice that; but within my weight I more than held my own, and they held me in esteem for it.

How I came to fall into Joe's hands I do not know for sure; but traveling from city to city, country to country, circus to circus, meeting people who remembered a bit of the background, I have been able to piece together what seems to be the true story of my start in life. My father, Karl Lambert, was born in Strasburg, in Alsace-Lorraine, and my mother was born in Germany. I have learned they first met when my father, at the age of seventeen, journeyed to the little village in Germany where she lived and got a job as a blacksmith. They were married not long afterward and they made, I have been told, one of the mightiest couples on earth—he weighed three hundred and ten pounds, stood six feet six inches in his bare feet, and his biceps measured twenty-four inches around, the largest in all Europe; my mother, just before I was born, weighed only one hundred pounds less and was stronger than most men.

It was as a blacksmith that my father first became renowned as a strong man. To impress customers, he got into the habit of carrying his anvils—one weighing two hundred and fifteen pounds and the other one hundred and seventy-five pounds—around the shop. Needless to say, this feat accomplished its purpose; from all over the countryside men who boasted of their strength came to compete with him, always for small wagers, and I chronicle here with pride the fact that he was never bested—not even when a farmer one day led into the shop a huge black stallion, weighing two thousand five hundred pounds, and challenged my father to shoe the beast.

"If you can do it," the farmer said, "you'll do something that no other blacksmith has even dared to try." The stallion was a ferocious-looking animal, apparently as nasty as it was large, and my father naturally looked upon it with some doubt. "This is the eighteenth blacksmith shop I've visited," the farmer added, "and the last blacksmith told me that you are the only man who can shoe him. Of course," he contributed tauntingly, "if you are afraid to try ——"

That settled it. My father ordered the owner to lead the horse into the shop; meanwhile he busied himself with the bellows, got the shoes ready and eyed the animal. Until then the stallion seemed meek enough; but there was now a desperate redness in its eyes, a nervous tenseness in its frame. The moment my father laid his hand on its hind leg the beast lashed out with both feet and cut up very savagely indeed. One of its blows cast my father ten feet, and he fell with a terrible bellow of rage and pain.

With no thought of further injury, my father charged in like a football player making a tackle. He grabbed one of these pile-driving rear legs in his mighty hands. Bending swiftly, he braced his back under the horse's belly and then jerked the whole hind end off the floor, robbing the beast of leverage. With the horse in that position, he shod him.

About the time he was twenty-five years old, my father decided to become a professional strong man, so he cast his lot with Karl Witzelberger, one of the strongest men in Austria; he weighed, stripped, two hundred and sixty-eight pounds, and was one of the few men, in his day, who could equal Karl Lambert. My father bought a broken-down circus which was stranded in an adjoining village. The equipment consisted of six wagons, twelve horses, one middle-aged brown bear in a fair state of preservation, two flea-bitten monkeys, a leopard that had little to live for, and an elephant that had already lived its little too long. The impoverished owner was glad enough to get it off his hands, and father accepted it for what it was—a start, at least, in the show business and a serviceable back drop for his weight lifting.

In February, 1880, my father brought his circus to the United States. He had neglected to obtain meteorological information in advance and arrived in Boston, circus, animals and all, in the dead of a real, old-fashioned New England winter. Of money he had little—certainly not enough to support the whole troupe in hotels and the equipment in storage. In a driving snowstorm he led the circus from the wharf, through the streets of Boston, to the outskirts. Drifts continually halted the wheels; the fagged animals could scarcely drag their burdens; but my father, wallowing behind, like a general hustling his troops into an attack, kept the hapless group in march, freeing wagons with his mighty shoulders when they became bogged, cheering up his party when they lost heart. I have heard many stories of the hardships encountered by the early American pioneers, but few covered wagons could have endured many more hardships than those encountered by this circus caravan on its trip from Boston.

Fattened for the Sacrifice

TOWARD the end of the day they found a sheltered place near the bank of the Charles River, somewhere near Waltham. Here they pitched their tents, and, fatigued and cold, prepared to await the coming of spring. How long that would be none of them knew; but all of them, accustomed to the less rigorous winters of Europe, were agreed it would not be long. Which brings us to the proper point, I believe, of introducing me. On April 7, 1880, shortly after dawn, in the midst of a snowstorm, I was born. The event took place in the tent they had made their home.

FROM THE PRIVATE COLLECTION OF PROFESSOR DESBONNET, PARIS

"Apollon," the Dean of French Giants, and His Wife, Mrs. Louis Uni

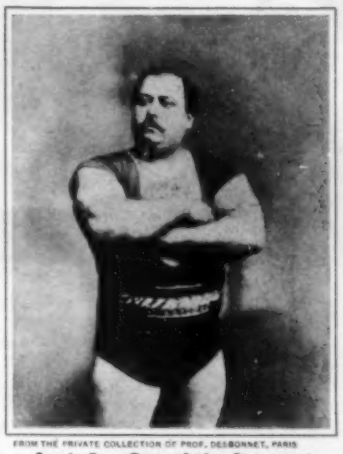
The American adventure was not a success from any angle and both my father and mother died before I was a year old. As far as I have been able to piece the story together, I was stolen by the gypsies with whom I was later found, and with them I remained until I was eight years old. The parting was the first holiday of my life.

For some weeks before, Joe had been treating me with a rare kindness. For the first time in my memory my hair was regularly combed; I was fed well and told to get "very fat and plump." Meanwhile my physical education continued apace; I was taught to do handsprings and somersaults, to walk on my hands, to chin myself a dozen times without stopping, and do tricks with a brass dumb-bell. The meaning of this broke clearly one morning. I was dressed in a very beautiful pink dress—it was years before I escaped from that association—and brought before a group of strange men. Minus his whip, Joe made me do my tricks on the broomstick trapeze, and from the cheers of the men I knew that I had done them well.

Then I saw money passed after much talking, and one of the men came up to me and said: "Now you will join my circus." He had bought me with a high bid of forty dollars. I started to run, but Joe caught me. "You are to go with him," he said, lifting his hand as if to strike me. So I went gladly; there was no need for me to stop for anything, for I had nothing that was my own and the pink dress was the only real garment I remembered ever having, my other clothes having been fashioned from worn-out canvas. I turned around once, in time to see Joe shake his fist at me; and that was the last I ever saw of him.

Happy as I was to escape him, I soon learned that the circus was little better than the gypsy caravan; certainly the food was no better or more plenteous; there was a woman who beat me savagely, and I was even deprived of my pink dress during the day, being allowed to wear it only when I did my tricks, so that it would last longer. It was a very small circus—no more than five wagons, as I recall, and a dozen ill-assorted performers, the star of whom was the so-called high-wire performer, a hard-drinking gentleman who spent far more time with his jug of whisky than his trapeze; lucky for him that the wire was never very high and the net was stout, otherwise he would have been killed a dozen times over. A few months after I had been taken into this circus and made to do my tricks in one of the side shows, I noticed that a very tall man had come to watch me perform several times. He seemed to be a very kindly person and when he stopped to talk to me I was glad.

"How would you like to join my circus?" he asked me. As I remember, I assured him that I would. He asked me to point out my tent and promised to return that night. Long after everyone else had gone to sleep, I kept my eyes open and was soon rewarded by seeing the flap open. "Take my hand," the man said. I took it, and as I look back upon this incident I wonder that I was not frightened. We walked for a long time; when I grew tired he would carry me; finally we came to another circus—much larger than the one I had left; there seemed to be twenty fires glowing in the darkness, and a whole host of wagons swayed upward in the shadows—and there he turned me over to a woman.



FROM THE PRIVATE COLLECTION OF PROF. DESBONNET, PARIS

Louis Cyr, One of the Strongest Men That Ever Lived

Happy Days With the Circus

"TAKE good care of him, Margaret," he said. "He is going to be a star some day." Then he prepared some hot soup for me and bade me good night. Thus came the first remembered kindness of my life, and thus was it first given directness and connected with the past. I have often wished I knew that man's name—so many things I did in those days have fled my memory—but he quit the circus not long afterward to go to sea, and he never came back. He was a canvas man—in the social scheme of the circus little better than a hanger-on—but in the brief time I knew him he always loomed higher in my estimation than even the Big Boss, for all the latter's magnificent red coat, white breeches, glossy knee-high boots and the most penetrating voice it has been my pleasure to hear in fifty years of trouping in a business in which a powerful voice is a real social asset.

The eleven years I spent with this circus were happy ones. Contrasted with such shows as Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey, Hagenback, Wallace, it could scarcely qualify as one of their side shows; it possessed but seven wagons, a total of twenty performers, one big tent, and its menagerie boasted of a single lion, leopard, panther and three elephants, all of which were so old and civilized, even domesticated, that the tenderest child could wander with impunity among them even before breakfast.

In all the time I was with this circus on the road, never once did it entrain; always we lived on the road, making camp wherever night overtook us, sleeping either in the wagons or in the tents. It was like a great family of nomads on the march; we cooked our own food—and good, wholesome food it was—and we even carried one or two cows to supply newborn babies with fresh milk. In this fashion did I travel all over the United States, seeing it from the back yard, to be sure, but from this changing observation post watching the nation expand.

It was a grand way of traveling; there was no rush, no painful scrambling in and out of stuffy trains. The blatant arrival at each town, the final grouping together of the four canvas men who played in the band, invariably concluded by a frantic search for the inebriated trombone player, the unloading of the wagons at the fair grounds, the piping voices of the barkers warming up to their spiels—all these things betokened the arrival of a new adventure, and I never lacked excitement.

I was growing stronger. Bill Wentzel, the tight-rope walker, took me under his wing and taught me many tricks, for it is an unwritten rule of the circus that there shall be no parasites. One of the first tricks I learned was to turn a somersault from the flying trapeze. This I learned to do by swinging from a horizontal bar, turning a full loop in mid-air, and spinning into the hands of Wentzel, who hung suspended by his knees from another bar that swung, with proper nicety of timing, to meet me. Another trick was to revolve as fast as I could at the end of a twisted rope I gripped in my teeth.

In a sense, both of these tricks were difficult; it took me no less than eight years, practicing two and three times a day, to perfect a double somersault on the trapeze, but neither of them was particularly dangerous. Even if I should make a mistake and fall, there was little chance of hurt; the net absorbed many a forty-foot fall with no damage other than a scraped shoulder.

My one regret in those days, especially when I reached the age of twelve, was the Big Boss' insistence that I continue to dress as a girl. I did not realize that my daring, masqueraded in dainty crêpe de chine, was enhanced; that the spectacle of a slender little girl flying unconcernedly among the trapezes was a good show. Myself, I felt humiliated, and I deeply resented being billed as Tessie, the Girl Prodigy, the Wonder Contralto of the Flying Trapeze.

Fortunately life is so topsy-turvy in most circuses that I was never compelled to submit to much kidding from the other boys in the show; such masquerading was common to them, for they saw their fathers transformed in a twinkling to wild men from Borneo and sword swallowers, and their mothers become dashing equestriennes. Besides, I had meanwhile reached the status of a regular performer; my salary was twenty dollars a month, my costumes were provided for, and I had my own cot in a tent. As for the town boys who came to see the circus and with whom I sometimes fraternized, I was more than a match for them, and the few that undertook to call me "sissy" speedily repented their rashness. The years passed happily enough. I was never lonely, for Bill Wentzel was very kind to me. I recall that people used to stop me after the show and say: "Poor kid, you ought to be in school." But I had noticed, on the other hand, how eagerly the schoolboys came to the circus, and this, regrettably, gave me a false sense of contentment. Moreover, I had learned to read; Señor Alvarez—whose real name was Flaherty—the knife-thrower, used to spell out the words in the dime thrillers that were his one great weakness.

Later on I left the circus and journeyed through Germany and Austria, gathering the story of my father's life. Once this was accomplished, I returned to Berlin and prepared to sail for home. But chance led me into a gymnasium one day, and when I emerged my plans were completely changed. I definitely decided to be a strong man. I was then eighteen years old; I had taken good care of myself; despite the fact I weighed no more than one hundred and twenty-five pounds, I was really very powerful. At that time Professor Desbonnet was internationally known as a student of strength. He had developed Apollon, one of the strongest men of all Europe; his gymnasium was a famous meeting place for the Big Muscle Boys. With my ambition already settled, nothing was left but to go to the professor and formally apply for admission to his class. This he granted.

PHOTO. BY ELMORE, N. Y. C.

Mrs. Joe Lambert

The Rendezvous of the Big Muscle Boys

OF ALL the gymnasiums in which I have been, that was about the strangest. It was not the huge collection of dumb-bells and bar bells, trophies and medals, that made it celebrated; Professor Attila's Broadway palace was more elegant. Rather it was the collection of strong men who gathered there. There was, of course, the swaggering Apollon, whose real name was Louis Uni. In him, until Louis Cyr barged out of Canada and journeyed to England, a gentle-faced Colossus who treated records like so many scraps of paper, Professor Desbonnet thought the age of Samsons, Titans and Herculeses had been revived.

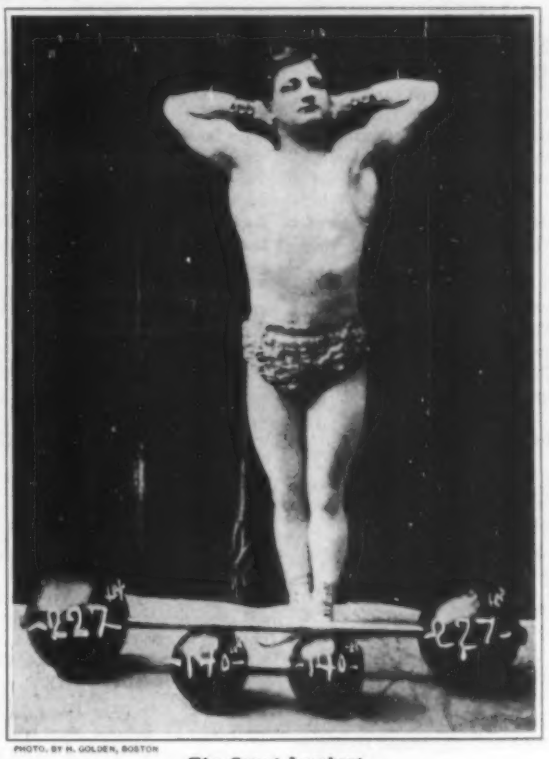


PHOTO. BY H. GOLDEN, BOSTON

The Great Lambert

Apollon stood six feet two inches in his bare feet. He weighed two hundred and seventy-five pounds before breakfast and considerably more after breakfast; his forearm measured nineteen inches and his biceps twenty-two. With these two catapults he could toss huge dumb-bells, which would have flattened the spines of most men, as easily as if they were toy balloons. One of his tricks was to toy with a two-hundred-and-fifty-pound dumb-bell in his right hand. Casually he would lower this to the floor, fasten iron balls, weighing three hundred pounds in all, to each end, and then whip the whole collection overhead with a single, unbroken motion. Believe me, that was a trick that caused the eyes of the waspish-waisted

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PEARLS

By THOMAS McMORROW

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

"Pardon Me for Asking. How Does Your Account Stand With the Little Shop? Are You Clear of Obligations or are You Still in Debt to the Business?"

MR. HENRY RICHART is the presiding genius of the auction room above the Bowery Diamond Exchange. His style is florid but effective; I don't know that his reading of the poets has made him a full man, but it has made him a ready one; he has always on the tip of his tongue a rounded and melodious quotation to which he lends a musical barytone. He was putting up a magnificent black pearl on an afternoon when I entered.

"Here is a gem, gentlemen, 'softly lucent as a rounded moon.' Show it to our patrons, Samuel. . . . What is your pleasure, gentlemen? Here is a gem from 'Where the gorgeous East with richest hand showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.' What is your pleasure?"

"Ten thousand dollars."

"Do let Mr. Levey look at it again, Samuel. . . . Are you quite serious, Mr. Levey? Ten thousand dollars! Mr. Ornstein is indignant, Mr. Levey; he will say fifteen. Twelve—twelve thousand dollars! No, sir, it is not your bid, but it is your turn. Thirteen? Ah, I have already fourteen from one of the wise men of the East Side. You may say fifteen now, sir."

"Isn't that a Mexican pearl, Mr. Richart? You remarked about the East."

"Poetically speaking, Mr. Rothchild. You will decide that, and no one in New York more competent. We warrant only good title in the seller.

"Some asked how pearls did grow, and where;
Then spoke I to my girl,
To part her lips, and showed them there
The quarrelets of pearl.

"I trust that answers your query, Mr. Rothchild? And now I will take your bid. . . . Patience, gentlemen, until we hear from Mr. Rothchild. . . . Sixteen, sir? Sixteen is the last word on the great black pearl, gentlemen—sixteen thousand dollars!"

I was present by appointment with my friend Beekman Brown—whom you know if you know gems and jewelry in New York—and now I saw his shock of gray hair across the room, half a head above his neighbors. The vigilant glance of Mr. Richart—flickering over the crowd like a bat, hovering at men who could buy if they would, darting from far side to side in quest of bidders who could not quickly strike hands and pool their interests—queried me while I worked my way to Brown. His hopes and fears were idle in my instance; it was not for a mere amateur of jewels like me to contend with the strong men of the profession when the prize that made their eyes to glitter was a gem fit for a crown.

Brown is always curt, but now he was cavalier; I could not see that he was bidding, but his gray-blue eyes remained on the auctioneer while he gave me his hand aside. "Hello, Case."

"Twenty thousand dollars," intoned Mr. Richart, becoming even more poetical and time filling while the intending buyers scowled in calculation, seeking resolution, trying to attune themselves to the propitious moment for a final offer. "Higher, Samuel, please. . . . Behold it, gentlemen!

"No radiant pearl which crested Fortune wears,
No gem that twinkling hangs from Beauty's ears. . . .

"Twenty-one! I have it twice, gentlemen—twenty-three! Come, I'm going to sell it; who'll pronounce sentence? Twenty-three five—twenty-four! I'm going to sell, gentlemen, and for a mere song. That pearl, in London, wouldn't fetch a shilling less than eight thousand pounds, on my word. I saw a black pearl of full five grain less, and not so fine, sell in London for five thousand pounds:

"And saw below me, fold on fold,
Gray to pearl and pearl to gold,
This London like a land of old,
The land of Eldorado.

"Twenty-four five, and thank you, Mr. Levey. Going! I'm going to sell, on my word. Twenty-four five once—twenty-six! Twenty-six is the bid, sir? Twenty-six! Are you all done? Twenty-six thousand dollars and the great black pearl is —— I'll do it, gentlemen! No more? Mr. Ornstein? Mr. Rothchild? . . . Sold! Sold to Mr. Beekman Brown. Point the finger of scorn at me, gentlemen. Thirty years an auctioneer, and I sell the finest black pearl I ever saw to the closest buyer in New York. My congratulations, Mr. Brown."

"Which means, I take it, Richart," grumbled Beekman Brown, making his way to the desk under the stand, "that you think I'm pitifully stuck." Beekman Brown, director of the Jewelers' League, is a suspicious character, one of the elders, hard-bitten, wise and wary. He disposed his gaunt form at the desk and his long and lined face was composed to grimness as he wrote a thumping check.

"It's odd that you should be the one to buy it, Mr. Brown," said a voice beside us—a voice that was naturally light and probably diffident, but that now had forced depth and a note of manly aggressiveness. Over the tops of his gold-rimmed glasses Brown looked at the man who had spoken—a young chap, tall, skinny, feet spread widely and head cocked aside as he lit a cigarette.

"Anything to oblige, Jewett," he rumbled, returning to his task. "Shake hands with my friend Case."

He said to me a half hour later, when we were in his office on West Forty-fifth Street, in the quarters of the league: "Did you take any special notice of that young fellow I introduced to you down there?"

"Should I have done so?" I asked. "He impressed me very lightly, I must confess, having no warning."

"You got him right; he's a lightweight. But he happens to be important in the affair that I wanted to talk to you about, the affair that was finished just now in the throne room of the learned and foxy Mr. Richart."

He tilted the black pearl onto paper. It was perfectly spherical and rolled as slowly and lazily as a ball at pool, exhibiting tints of dull purple, hints of green and an occasional suggestion of wine red; it was a trifle more than half an inch in diameter and weighed sixty-eight grains.

"Superb," I breathed.

"Rather nice, eh, Case? Pshaw, I was mad to buy it. I can't afford it—not that I can't turn it over as easily as turning my hand. And probably shall, now that I've had the fun of owning it. If I were to speak to you very candidly, Case, I'd say that there is a rather nice pearl. Oh, I won't say that I didn't know what I was doing; there's a black pearl in London that should weigh within three grains of this dark angel, and if I can bring them together—and perhaps Richart didn't give me chills and fever when he began his mooning about London. Well, I've got it. Rather nice, eh, Case?" He was exhilarated.

The pearl was still and black. "As coal," I said feebly.

"Good, though hardly original," he agreed, getting out the cigars; he was in a mood for discourse, dissertation. "You take two bits of anthracite and turn them on a lathe and—with that iridescence—you can tell some people they're black pearls. The iridescence is mechanical; it isn't a matter of coloring or material, but of the faint wavy lines on the surface of the gem. If I were to print that pearl in wax, the wax would gleam too. Mexican, I'd say; the pearl takes its color from the shell of the oyster, and Mexican shell is black."

"How old is that pearl, Brown?"

He chuckled, finding the right savor in the question. "I'll tell you this much, Case: The pearl you're looking at first saw the light of day within the past three months."

"Ah, just up from the fishery. No history, eh? But I can see that it's young and fresh. I know that pearls fall sick and grow old and die. I know that they sicken when worn by some women, and are restored to health when transferred to others. Very temperamental of them."

"Romance, Case," snorted Brown. "It's true that the pearl comes perfect from the shell, but it deteriorates very slowly when properly cared for, and the passage of fifty years should still find it in the pink and velvet. They certainly can't be treated like the everlasting crystal gems. If a woman's skin exudes acid her pearls will suffer. As for pearls preferring blondes—well, a pearl necklace will bring almost any sick woman back to health and high spirits, but she can't do as much for the pearls. Pearls won't stand abuse; their beauty is only skin-deep."

Brown talked pearls, with a coaxing touch of a finger nail now and then to the great dark gem between us.

I have said that you know Brown if you know the world of jewels. You know, for instance, that one of our great banking houses sent him to the Far East not long ago to pass on the safety of a loan of twenty millions that the bankers contemplated making on an Oriental potentate's hoard of gems, a delicate and complimenting mission, since the prince was borrowing to fight a war. That, of course, was behind the curtain. If your interest in gems is only æsthetic, you will still remember Brown as the man who frustrated the gigantic scheme of Berezov the Diamond Maker, an affair that had publicity. He appears before congressional committees in Washington to speak of the pearling industry of the Middle West, urging that the pearl-mussel banks be husbanded and the price of pearls maintained in the interest of future generations; when the tariff is being repaired and improved, he, too, champions the American workman. Through his agents in the gem trades abroad he is an invaluable customs guard, and he sees that detected smugglers get the front page, to encourage the others; a millionaire seeking to bring in some jeweled trifle worth a very few hundred thousand dollars is likely to be accosted by a Federal agent with exasperatingly accurate information—had from Brown—and told to stand and deliver.

Brown retired years ago with a snug fortune made as a gem broker and laments the fact that he is now more busy than ever; to believe him, he would far rather be aboard his motor yacht with his colored man, Gibbons, the world before him where to choose. But he must enjoy his work, since he is not driven to it; particularly when it is of a detective aspect, like his celebrated struggle with Berezov.

He has been good enough to let me turn some of his experiences to use in my own nonessential industry, though he distrusts the Muse, having failed to find in her a docile servant of the League.

"No romancing about rascals, Case—letting on that they're wonderful chaps, when they're merely short sports."

"Virtue triumphant," I suggested. "And you know it, if you know that stupidity is not a virtue. But you don't have to know anything in your business."

Brown is a hectoring and intolerant man, urbane to a mere acquaintance and relaxing in the society of a friend.

He meditated, puffing smoke, shaping his tale. Brown's stuff generally appears in the newspapers, and his style is fine for them, putting the whole story in the first burst, with a long tail of explanations if anybody cares for the details. Let me venture to order his account of the great black pearl by another and not less worthy convention, beginning it with his presence in the office of the jewelry appraiser in the customhouse on an afternoon some two months before our meeting.

"I'd Like to Learn Something of This Box. Where Did You Get It, Mr. Leary?"

"What do you think of this, Mr. Brown?" asked the appraiser, handing him a little silver box. Scenting a challenge, Brown examined the box with care.

It was something more than two inches square by an inch deep. The carved design—elephants and bamboo clumps—was not particularly good, but the box was unmistakably an Oriental antique. A number of colored stones were set in the lid; in the center was a large gray stone, and about it were spaced four red stones of about two carats each and four blue and four green stones of like size. It seemed to Brown that the box was Chinese, since none of the stones was faceted.

"I don't specialize in colored stones," said Brown, "but my sidewalk opinion is that the red stones are Cape rubies"—meaning South African garnets—"and the green ones are garnets again—Ural garnets." He didn't bother with the blue stones, which could have been of no great value.

"And the big gray one in the middle?"

"Oh, semiprecious."

"Look on the underside of the lid."

Pasted to the underside was a bit of worn rice paper on which was written: "Black Pearl, Ratti-26."

"This has been a jewel box," said Brown, "and housed a remarkable gem in its time. The ratti, as I remember it, is an East Indian measure approximating three pearl grains, which would make the black pearl referred to here about seventy-eight grains. If it was of fine quality, a base of ten dollars per grain would be within reason, and that, when multiplied by the square of seventy-eight—or 6084—would put the value of the black pearl at some sixty thousand dollars. Phew, Uncle Sam lost quite a fee when the box was brought in without the pearl."

"Think he did, eh?" chuckled the appraiser. He pointed to a row of eleven lustrous white pearls before him on his table. "Here's a lot I've valued at twenty-five hundred dollars, but maybe you'll call them semiprecious too."

"Clever, aren't you, though?" grumbled Brown, restudying the large and dull gray stone. "Yes, it's a pearl; it's the seventy-eight grainer referred to inside. Worn and faded out of all likeness; it's a hundred years old if it's a day. But what's there to grin about? It's only a semiprecious now. I wouldn't give you an American ten-dollar bill for it, unless a faker could do something with it."

"He might," conceded the appraiser, "but I must value it as is, and I'm letting the box by at a hundred dollars. . . . Ho, out there! Send in that man who's waiting to see me about these pearls!"

Brown departed, having halted on the threshold to let a gentleman enter whose aspect was vaguely familiar to him—a handsome and amiable person some forty years of age, sleek, smartly dressed, with mustache of military curtness and large and humorsome eyes of reddish brown.

In his office a few weeks later, Brown, leafing over a catalogue of the learned Richart, saw the little silver box described—an item in that afternoon's sale. Mr. Richart, who could talk of pearls in the tongues of poets and angels, also did not know one when he saw one: "Small silver jewel case, old Oriental, incrusted with twelve colored stones and polished dark gray hematite." Brown, who didn't like to leave appraisers laughing when he said good-by, went at once to the auction room and bid in the box, paying for it the exorbitant sum of two hundred and twenty-five dollars; he was

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ONCE AN ENGLISHMAN—

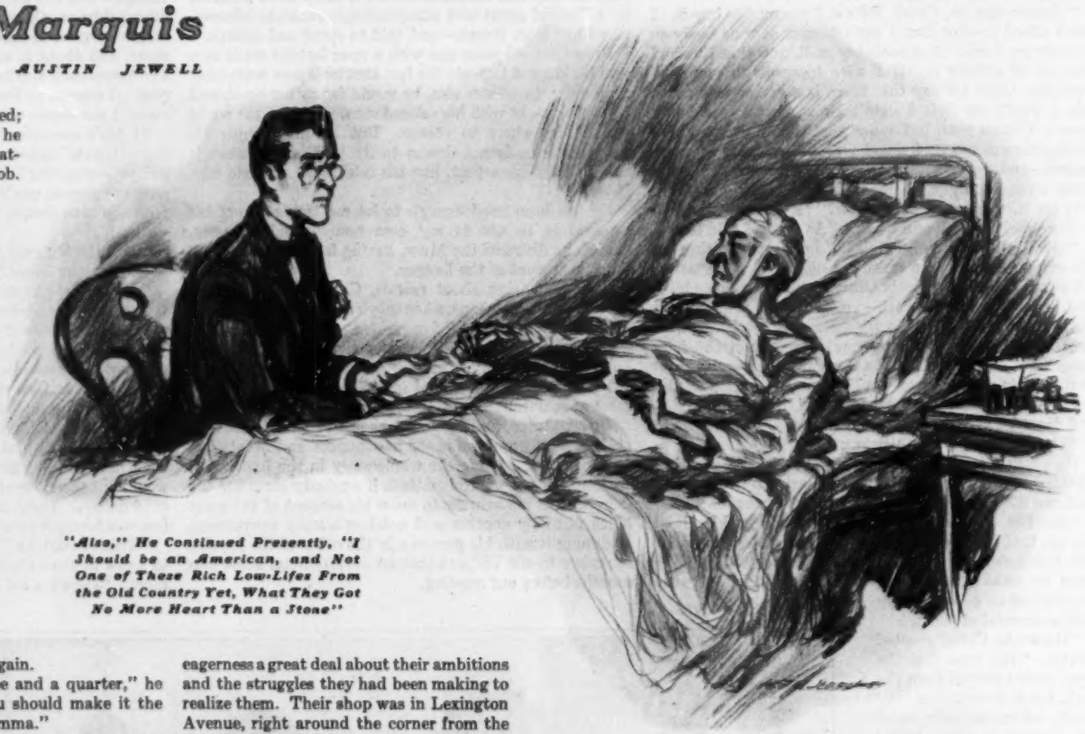
By Don Marquis

ILLUSTRATED BY AUSTIN JEWELL

MR. COHEN seemed preoccupied; it was apparent to me that he found it hard to keep his attention fixed upon his immediate job.

"Inseam, thirty-three," he said. Then he frowned at the dent he had pinched into the tape measure with his thumb-nail and corrected himself. "Make it thirty-three and a quarter, momma."

"Thoity-three and a quarter," said Mrs. Cohen, writing down the figures on a form. Like many other New Yorkers of Irish, Jewish, German, Italian descent, Mrs. Cohen said "thoity" when she meant "thirty," and "verse" when she meant "voice," and so on—a peculiar twist which they have picked up from native New Yorkers of American descent. Possibly it came originally from the Dutch settlers, and perhaps they got it from the Indians along with the real estate itself. I wondered how Mr. Cohen had escaped it, since he and his wife agreed on most other locutions.



"Also," He Continued Presently, "I Should be an American, and Not One of These Rich Low-Lifes From the Old Country Yet, What They Got No More Heart Than a Stone"

Mr. Cohen contradicted himself again.

"No, momma, it ain't thirty-three and a quarter," he said, still staring at the tape; "you should make it the inseam thirty-three and a eight', momma."

Mrs. Cohen, who was assisting him in measuring me for a suit of clothes, gazed at him with a justifiable, mild reproof in her fine dark eyes.

"Well, which it is, poppa?" she inquired. "Because maybe dozens of the doctor's patients would be already ringing the telephone to pieces with this here flu while you are yet making up your mind."

And she flashed her white teeth at me in a friendly smile. Mrs. Cohen must have been a very pretty girl, and in spite of a life of hard work, she had managed to carry more than a reminiscence of her youthful good looks into the early forties with her.

Mr. Cohen knelt in front of me and measured again, sighing; and even the bald spot at the crown of his head looked worried as he sighed.

"Thirty-three and, positively, you should make it a eight'," he said, and rose. For an appreciable instant he seemed to lose himself utterly, and the expression on his face was what an elder school of literature would have described as "hunted." But he quickly recovered himself and measured me for the coat and waistcoat with only one or two more lapses.

I wondered why Mr. Cohen, usually so bright and cheery, seemed to descry some hovering doom with his inward vision, and what sort of doom it might be. His personality was one that I could not easily associate either with crime or romance, or with anything except willing service and contented industry.

"How is business, Mrs. Cohen?" I ventured.

"Doctor Bennet, it is never before so good," she cried. With a look at her husband she palpably begged him to cheer up, adding: "Ain't it, now, poppa, honest?"

"Wonderful, momma—wonderful," murmured Mr. Cohen. He just missed saying "vunderful." His murmur turned into another sigh, and I thought he dodged his wife's challenging look.

"All the while he sighs out from himself like that," commented Mrs. Cohen, making her challenge more direct; "yet never has times been so good by us!"

At this reference to their prosperity, Mr. Cohen inexplicably uttered still another sigh, as if the prosperity itself somehow made his situation worse. Here was a man in some kind of trouble, very real to himself, which he was not sharing with his wife. Mr. Cohen's was one of those open and candid natures to which concealment does not come readily; and I wondered how long it would be before his wife got the truth out of him.

I was curious myself. I had known the Cohens five or six years, and they had confided to me with a pleasing eagerness a great deal about their ambitions and the struggles they had been making to realize them. Their shop was in Lexington Avenue, right around the corner from the old brownstone house in Sixty-second Street where I lived and had my office; they had been cleaning, pressing and repairing my clothing ever since I had been in the neighborhood. Mr. Cohen wished eventually to make clothing for a select trade, rather than continue all his life merely to press and repair it. The present season marked an epoch for him; he was beginning to succeed in shifting the character of his business; he should have been happy. The suit I had ordered would be the first of his making for me, and I was glad to be able to give him my trade. It was not merely that I liked the Cohens, but it is part of my policy as a general practitioner to do as much trading as I can in my immediate neighborhood. I had helped usher into the world young Philip Cohen, the latest arrival of their three children, five years before; they always sent for me when there was need of a doctor, and they asked my advice about a good many things besides.

Mr. Henderson

I was not surprised when Mrs. Cohen called at my office a couple of days after I had been measured, and said wearily, as she sat down:

"Doctor, maybe you should give me something I should put it in poppa's coffee. For days now he ain't got sleep, and I'm scared it might be coming a nervous break-up."

I demurred about the coffee, intimating that I could not prescribe for a patient unless he were apprised and willing.

"He don't eat," she went on. "Even my *metzelsuppe* and my *gefüllte Fische* what he always liked so much, he don't eat it no more. It is from his mind he worries. If he should maybe go to sleep a minute, he has it these here, now, nightmares."

"Tell him to come and see me," I said.

"A million times already I have said it," replied Mrs. Cohen; "and he says to me he ain't got nothing he should go by a doctor for. Neither he won't tell me what is eating on him."

"I'll talk to him when I come in to get my suit fitted," I said. "I won't tell him that you spoke to me."

"Doctor," said Mrs. Cohen, after a moment's brooding silence, lifting eloquent eyes full of fears and tears, "might they could make a man arrested for something his poppa done it in the old country—something from old times yet?"

"Why, no, of course not," I reassured her.

"Because he is afraid from something in the old country," she explained; "something from old times. Something his poppa was in it, and his poppa's poppa was in it, and he is scared it is coming to get him. I listen when he has it the nightmares."

It seemed that there were a number of newspaper clippings that figured somehow—she did not know how—in the case. She had tried to get a look at them, she said, but Cohen was too crafty for her. He kept them in a big leather pocketbook; and the pocketbook was on his person in the daytime and under his pillow at night. Twice she had attempted to abstract it from beneath the pillow, but he had detected and rebuked her.

"Was Mr. Cohen born in the old country?" I asked.

"England," she replied.

"But I thought he was a *Landsmann* of yours."

She shook her head.

"He took it the name Cohen from my poppa while he was yet a young feller," she said; "he lived by us and worked by us, and my poppa is always crazy what everybody should forget the old country and be from up-to-date American in ways and notions. So he took it the name Cohen what it should make him up-to-date American."

Mr. Cohen's own father, she said, had also urged Americanism on the son. He, too, had disliked the old country. She had never known her husband's father, or why he had come to New York with his small boy, but she was vaguely afraid that it was through him that her husband was threatened now.

It was Europe which obscurely menaced. One thought one had escaped it, but it came again. It had come again ten years ago, with the war. Cohen had gone in 1917 to fight for America, but he had had no impulse to go in 1914 to fight for England.

"The only thing in England what he remembers it or likes it from a boy already," she told me, "is when this King James should come out of this here, now, palace of his dressed up in his red suit and holler at them it is now time to change the soldiers."

This puzzled me at first, but as she elaborated I finally understood that she was giving her own impression, derived from Mr. Cohen's remote childish memories, of the picturesque ceremony of changing the guard at St. James's Palace. Cohen, I gathered from her, always so thrilled with the narration that for a moment he would forget he was an American.

"But I guess this feller James is like all them kings," she hazarded; "maybe this King James could be a low-life too? What?"

I equivocated by saying I had never heard or read of a King James who was any better than he should be, and she left.

When I went in two days later for my fitting, I was sorry I had not called sooner. Mr. Cohen's appearance shocked me. His black hair had that discouraged, lifeless look of hair that hangs from a restless head. His eyes, that had danced merrily aforetime, were dull; the lines of his face no longer described and bounded semicircles of jollity, for all the planes sagged downward in despair; his complexion had lost its ruddy swarthiness and turned ashen; his shoulders, always a little stooped by his trade, were bent still more under the burden of his secret grief; this man of forty-five looked sixty at least. Whatever the doom that pursued and harried, it was gaining on its quarry. The first thing I said was:

"See here; you ought to go away for a while."

I meant it as a suggestion for a vacation and a rest, but I saw instantly that he had construed it in relation to his obscure trouble.

"Where should I go to?" he inquired, with a considering blink of the eyes, as if the possibility of flight was a not unwelcome notion. Then he realized that he had been on the point of giving himself away, and added, a little crossly: "I got no time to take it the holidays, y'understand; neither I ain't got any reason to."

I was surprised at his crossness; I had known him as the most amiable person in the world. But this morning we almost quarreled. It was about my coat.

"Mr. Cohen," I said, "you've cut this for two buttons. I ordered a three-button coat."

"The cut of the coat is absolutely correct, y'understand," said Mr. Cohen, not at all mildly. "It is perfect."

"It fits," I said, "but I ordered a three-button coat."

"Doctor, you got it the stomach coming onto you," he replied; "and the coat is cut, positively, so it will make you the young man's figure again, y'understand—I make it the long lines from the collar down with the two-button cut. Should I make it the three-button cut, the lines would make it a picture by how big and roundabout your stomach becomes."

"But ——"

"Now, doctor," he interrupted me, "do me the favor to realize I know it, my business, positively, just so good like you know it the doctor business!"

He faced me truculently with the piece of chalk in his hands with which he had been dabbing marks on the material. I saw that he was ready to fight about this matter. Part of this anger—for it amounted to anger—was due to his overwrought condition; part of it was an assertion of his artist's egotism. But he looked angry enough to run me through with his big shears, and his pale face had reddened again.

"Doctor ——" He paused, took from his mouth a handful of pins that had hampered his utterance, and threw them passionately against the wall. "Should I tell you the kind of pills you give it to my family?" he shouted at me. "No! Neither should you tell me, y'understand, the kind of cut I give it to your coat! Positively not!"

While he did a little dance of temperament, I looked in the long mirror, and decided not to quarrel. In the first place, I perceived, he was quite right about the cut of the coat; in the second place, to row with a patient in his mental condition could certainly have no healing influence. I gave way, and he calmed and became contrite at once. But as I was leaving he returned to the idea of going away:

"A man couldn't run away from nothing what he carries it along with him all the time," he said sadly.

II

BUT there was a period when I thought perhaps he had run away from whatever it was that was worrying him. Days passed by, and I got no suit or any notice that it had been finished, so finally I called at the shop. I found Mrs. Cohen almost beside herself with anxiety. Her husband had been missing for forty-eight hours.

"*Oi! Oi!*" she wailed. "Murderers has got him! These here gunmen and *gonophs* has kidnaped him! *Oi! Oi!*"

Little Philip was wailing with her. Manny, the twelve-year-old boy, was trying to conceal his alarm, and digging his fists into his eyes nevertheless.

"Now, mother," said Florence, the daughter, who was striving desperately, I saw, against the family panic, "we don't really know anything yet. He may be all right; we may hear any minute."

Florence was seventeen. She had scarcely a trace of her parents' habits of speech, but a good deal more than a trace of her mother's good looks.

"Them bloodsuckers from the old country robs him and makes him dead already!" cried Mrs. Cohen, rocking back and forth.

Florence frowned consideringly, attempting to take command of this situation and extract any possible hope from it.

"Mother," she said, "you know he was terribly worried about something. Maybe he's just gone somewhere for a day or two to get away from it and think it out, and we'll hear from him soon." She patted her mother's hand sympathetically.

It appeared possible to me that Mr. Cohen had fled from whatever fate he felt to be dogging him, and they would hear from him shortly, and I joined with Florence in presenting this view to Mrs. Cohen. But she was not to be comforted. She had notified the police; she had done all that she could, without result, and she was nearly distracted. She felt that the unknown thing which had menaced him had closed in upon him at last, and her fears were all the more distressing because she had not known the nature of the menace.

I left, very much worried for the Cohens myself. But, happily for the peace of this family, their alarm was not to endure much longer. Mr. Cohen had not run away; his fears had not been strong enough for that. He had been most prosaically bumped out of consciousness by a taxicab not more than seven or eight blocks from his own shop. That same day I received a telephone call from an interne in one of the larger hospitals. A patient in a free emergency ward had been asking for me. His right arm had been broken at the wrist. At first they had feared a fractured skull, but later had determined that the injuries to his head amounted to nothing worse than a severe concussion. He had passed through a period of aphasia, when he could not tell his own name, but had just come to himself and demanded me.

It was Mr. Cohen. As soon as I reached the hospital I got him into a private room, with a nurse of his own.

"Now I'll telephone for your wife," I said.

To my surprise, he negatived that.

"You should wait a little," he said. "First off I got troubles I should tell it to some friend, doctor, what maybe he could give me some advice how to dodge it."

But after getting this near to the point, he shied away from it again into silence. I suggested, idly, to give him time to reach his story at his own gait, that he would probably collect some damages for his injuries.

"I ain't got the chance of one of these here now Chinamen you hear about," he said. "Maybe you couldn't believe it, but it wasn't nobody's fault but mine. That taxicab I walk right against it already, like I was a sucker."

He had been thinking about "this here, now, jam what I am in," as he put it; crossing the street against the traffic lights, and the taxi driver was not to be blamed at all.

"This here jam ——" he began; and then his gaze wavered away from mine again. Finally from beneath his pillow he took the big leather pocketbook, stuffed with newspaper clippings, which his wife had mentioned to me. He had had it restored to him by the hospital people as soon as he had come to himself.

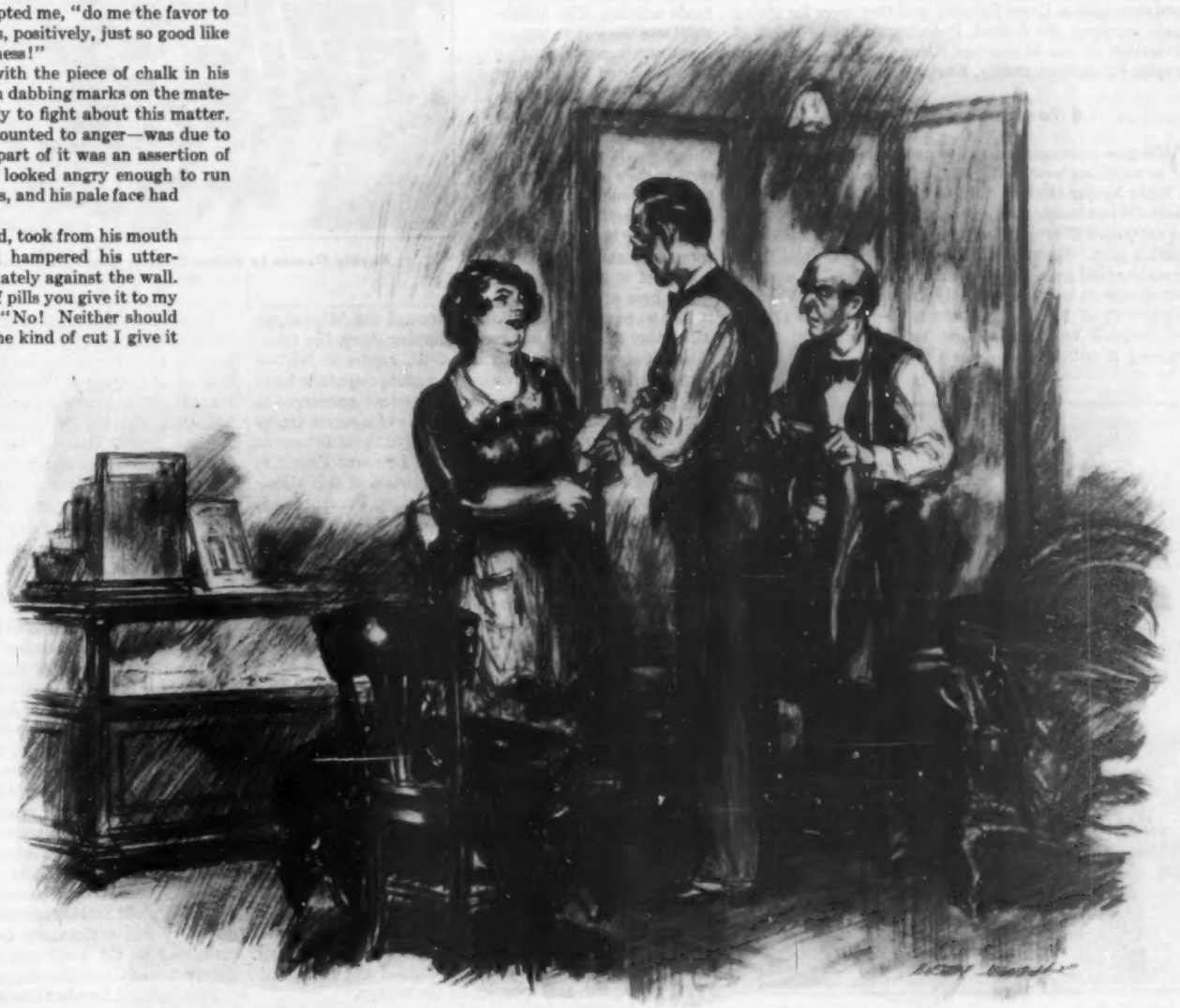
His fingers fumbling with the clippings, he blurted out: "Doctor, I am an earl already!"

"A what?" I did not think I had heard correctly.

"An earl yet, by England," he said, lifting timorous eyes to mine.

I went to the foot of his bed and looked at his chart. His temperature had been written down as only one degree

(Continued on Page 90)



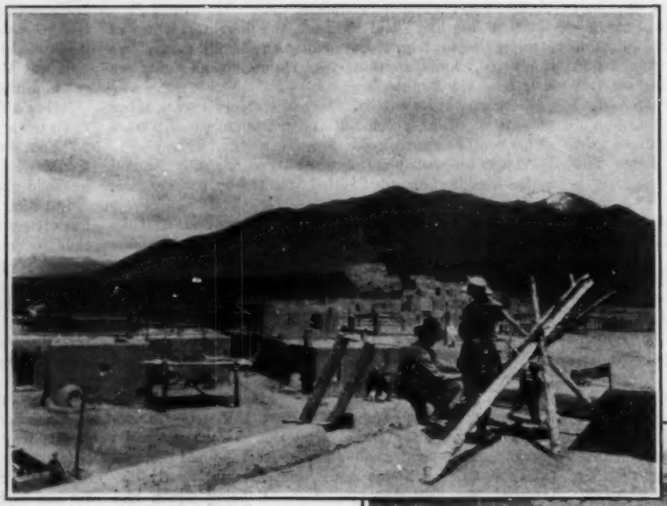
"How is Business, Mrs. Cohen?" I Ventured. "Doctor Bennet, it is Never Before So Good," She Cried

TRAVEL NOTES—By Garet Garrett

WESTWEGO, LOUISIANA.

HERE you have crossed the Mississippi. Here it is you pick up the Old Spanish Trail. And what a lot of history we have forgotten. Our own history, that is to say, as by a series of blind events it disentangled itself from Old World history and became an American story.

For title to the colonial region of the United States we fought the War of Independence. In the treaty of peace with Great Britain—1783—our national boundaries were set as follows: On the east, the Atlantic seaboard; on the north, the Canadian border, running through the middle of the Great Lakes; on the west, the Mississippi River. For the southern boundary, lay a ruler along the base line of Georgia and push it left until it touches the Mississippi. All south of that line was Spanish. All west of the Mississippi was Spanish, called the Louisiana Province; what was not Spanish to the southwest was Mexican. For more than two hundred years every important war in Europe had involved a change of claim or title to vast, unexplored portions of the North American continent. At the close of the Seven Years' War England took from France all her North American colonies and divided the continent between herself and Spain. But when, in 1783, we were negotiating our peace with Great Britain, it happened that France and Spain were friends. The French thought they might have a good deal to say about what the Americans should get, having assisted them to win the War of Independence against Great Britain; and they were for giving Spain anything she desired, including exclusive rights of navigation on the Mississippi River. This was of course to spite her ancient enemy, England.



Taos Indian Pueblo, Near Santa Fé, New Mexico

A Passageway to the Gulf

OUR peace commissioners did not claim the Mississippi or anything west of it, yet they balked at the thought of Spain having the sole right to navigate that waterway. Spain did not insist, nor had she any reason to insist, since she controlled the mouth of the river. New Orleans was a Spanish port. Spain also owned that strip of land lying across the Gulf from New Orleans to Florida. The western part of this strip was commonly known as West Florida. The history of Florida had been this—that until 1763 it was Spanish by right of first settlement, then Spain swapped it with England for Cuba, and later England swapped it back to Spain for the Bahamas.

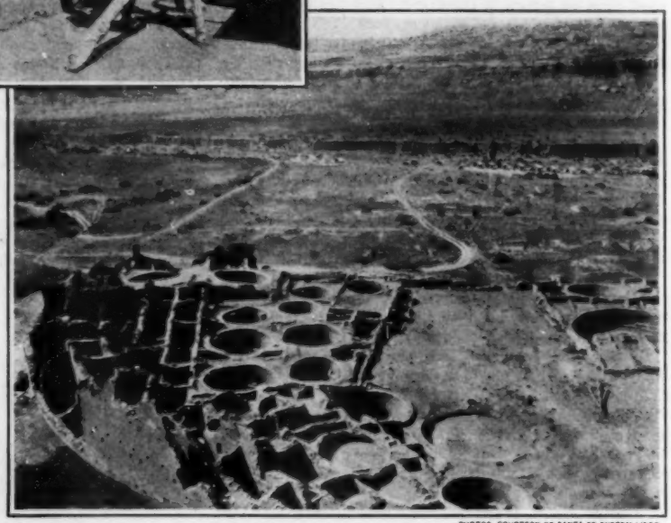
So we were landlocked on the bottom. We had no free access to the Gulf. This was, of course, before railroads. Rivers were the trade arteries. The Mississippi was the way to the sea for all commerce originating in the United States west of the Alleghany Mountains; and as this commerce had to pass through New Orleans, which was a foreign port, a certain situation was bound to develop. In those days people were not friendly to one another's commerce and believed in taking of it all the toll it would bear at points where it had to pass. As we filled out toward the Mississippi, with more and more commerce slipping down the Ohio-Mississippi water route to the Gulf, economic friction increased; and there was already an acute dispute in hand with Spain over her treatment of American commerce at New Orleans when, in 1800, news came of a secret treaty in which Napoleon Bonaparte had obliged Spain to re-cede to France all that territory known as Louisana Province, which included New Orleans. The ground of this action was that, years before, England had obliged France to cede it to Spain.

Now American feeling was intense. New Orleans a French port, with Napoleon playing the rôle of Alexander in the world! Thomas Jefferson was President. He proposed to buy New Orleans from Napoleon, together with a narrow strip of land to the west along the Gulf coast, and induced the Congress secretly to vote two millions of dollars for that purpose. The state of the American mind may be imagined from a paragraph out of Jefferson's inaugural message, 1801. He said: "If now France is not disposed to cede New Orleans to us, we have only one course open to us—namely, to unite with Great Britain and a second time drive France from America."

The American commissioners who approached Napoleon with an offer of two millions for New Orleans and a small band of Gulf coast land were for many days puzzled by his attitude. He seemed indifferent or unwilling to discuss it. Then suddenly he amazed them by offering to sell the whole Louisiana Province for fifteen millions. They had no instructions on which to act; it would take weeks by ship's mail to get any. So they bought it on the spot and brought it home. The only problem after that was to sell it to the Congress. That body grumbled and fumed, at length consented, and brought up the money.

The explanation of Napoleon's part is quite clear. He was in a rage against England. It had once compelled France to hand Louisiana Province over to Spain. Successively it had stripped France of Canada, Cape Breton, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and the richest portions of Asia. He, Napoleon, had just recovered Louisiana Province from Spain. But no sooner had it become again a French possession than England was prepared to invade it. He understood she had at that moment twenty warships in the Gulf of Mexico. He could not hope to defend it. The next best thing was to sell it to the Americans.

His fury at these facts raised him to a plane of high vision and he made this extraordinary prophecy: "This accession of territory strengthens forever the power of the United States. I have just given to England a maritime rival that will sooner or later humble her pride."



PHOTOS, COURTESY OF SANTA FE SYSTEM LINES

Pueblo Bonito in Chaco Canyon National Monument, Northeast of Gallup, New Mexico

Louisiana Province at that time was very vaguely defined. Beginning at New Orleans, it was bounded on the east by the Mississippi, on the west by high mountains, and on the south by Spanish and Mexican claims. It turned out to contain Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Wyoming. Northern California, and, debatably, Oregon and Washington. And all that part of what now is the United States would undoubtedly have become British—perhaps forever—if Napoleon had tried to defend Louisiana Province; for, of course, the British could have conquered it.

Rounding Out the Nation

FLORIDA was ceded to us by Spain in 1819. The Spanish and Mexican claims to the south of Louisiana Province disappeared by another story. In 1836 Texas declared her independence of Mexico and elected Gen. Sam Houston president. The American Government recognized Texas as an independent state. Nine years later Texas petitioned the United States to annex her, and the United States did. That brought on war with Mexico, because Mexico had never conceded the independence of Texas. In the treaty of peace at the end of a short war, Mexico ceded to the United States all that territory which now is Nevada, Utah, New Mexico and California, and we paid her fifteen millions of dollars. The Northwest Territory, then so called, containing Oregon and Washington, the United States claimed by right of prior settlement, discovery and exploration, besides that it was probably contained in the Louisiana Purchase. The only other claimant was Great Britain, and she waived her rights.

Thus by luck, by what now seems to have been inevitable in the shape of events, by fumbling and by an intuition of statesmanship rising to genius, was rounded out that

Tower Building, San Antonio, Texas. Ivy-Covered Walls of the Alamo Mission are in the Foreground

geographically ideal political estate which is at last America. Much of it was unexplored when we acquired it. Europe's comment on the Louisiana Purchase was that we were a little, egregious people gone land mad. It was many years before we could see it whole ourselves. Indeed, that we are only now beginning to do.

LAFAYETTE, LOUISIANA.

Three hours west of the Mississippi lies the Teche country. For sentimental loveliness it is rare in all the range of Nature's sweet exertions. Here she was in a gentle, languorous mood, with a kind of musing affection for her work. You are caught in it, as by a spell, and wonder why, of all possible environments, this had not been the first preferred.

In the Country of Evangeline

THE trees—cypresses, pecans, moss-draped live oaks—how different they are from busy Northern trees! They live at leisure to a great fullness and are much respected. In one place the engineers split the transcontinental highway to save a live oak. All forms of life seem responsively tender. Nowhere a harsh vista. The sounds are lyrical and soft. Even the names: Bayou Teche, Vermilion River. If people were meant only to be happy, the whole world should be like this.

And now that you think of it, was it not here a people came seeking the place of happiness? Who were they? For twenty or thirty miles a name has been passing on the signboards—Evangeline. She was the girl who went on a long journey in search of her lover. Gabriel, wasn't it? Gabriel was the lover. Now you remember the poem, by

PHOTO. FROM ALL YEAR CLUB OF SO. CALIFORNIA

Palm Trees Like Sentinels Stand on Both Sides of This Los Angeles Street

Longfellow, in your McGuffey's Reader. Evangeline and Gabriel—who were they and how did they get parted? That also comes. They were of the Acadians, exiled from Nova Scotia when England stripped France of her North American colonies. The Acadians, yes; they were the people who came here seeking the place of happiness. Now you will be looking for the name "Evangeline." There it is. Hotel Evangeline. There it is again, and again. Evangeline sweets. Evangeline food products. Thus, poor Evangeline in her own Teche country! What if there should be an Evangeline cigarette and sweet Constancy herself smoking one! If not, how soon?

The Evangeline Hotel is nice. She would have liked it. In the lobby is a large painting of her. After all, this is a comely thought we have to name hotels for the celebrities of history, fiction, and poetry who belonged to that neighborhood. In the coffee shop are Evangeline post cards. One shows her sitting at a spinning wheel under an oak on the bank of the Bayou Teche, waiting for her Gabriel. Also a leaflet, saying:

"The spirit of Evangeline appeals to you to take an active interest in the completion of the Longfellow-Evangeline National Memorial Park by taking your membership out today and having your name rest in the corner stone of this Great Memorial."

The man at the desk has about him an air of local authenticity. So you ask him: "Who were the Acadians?"

"The Acadians," he says—"why they first settled the country around here."

"Yes, but who were they?"

"I don't just remember who they were in the beginning. I ought to know too. My great-grandfather settled here. He wasn't Acadian."

"Well, did Evangeline sit there spinning, under the tree, waiting for her lover, as it is in the post card?"

"That I'm not sure of. But that is the tree. I know that. Where the two of them met—Evangeline and Gabriel. It's there yet."

"But what's the story of the picture on the post card?"

"Oh, I see. Well, maybe they made it up. If you are interested, go to St. Martinville. The Acadians still live there, like they always did, and if you can talk to them they will show you Evangeline's grave in the churchyard."

The Evangeline Oak, Where She Met Her Faithless Gabriel

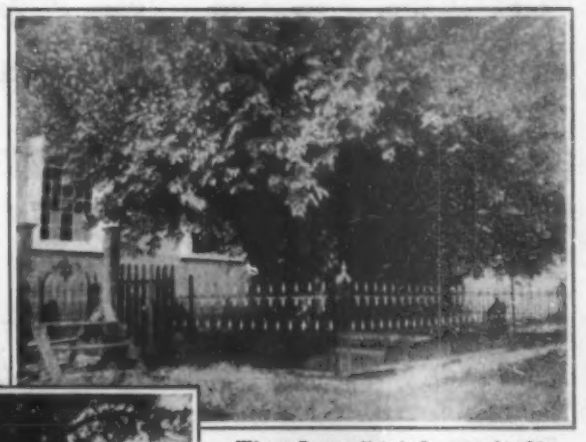
By his explicit directions, all unnecessary, you come to it easily. A woman is scrubbing the church floor.

"Where is the grave of Evangeline, please?"

She rises and stares in the helpless-minded manner of one who is accosted in a strange tongue. She is Acadian, speaking the language the Acadians brought with them from Nova Scotia, now going on two centuries ago, and no other. It is a kind of French. But surely she will understand the name if you say it slowly—that and nothing else.

"Evangeline?" with the interrogative inflection.

"Ah! We, we."



Where Evangeline is Supposed to Lie. A Churchyard in St. Martinville, La.

And she leads you to a tiny burying ground at the side of the church. It is there. Evangeline is there. She points to a certain spot. An unmarked grave. A place where a grave may be, and just room for it. There!

The Truth About Gabriel

THEN about Gabriel? Where was he put? How shall you ask? What would be a kind of French for it? You say, indicating the whole of the tiny graveyard, "Ici Gabriel—we?" Meaning that here somewhere perhaps is Gabriel also; though you see there had not been a place for him at Evangeline's side. Twice you try it. Suddenly the woman is scandalized and in her own tongue voluble. Her gestures tell it. Gabriel went away and nobody cared.

Now that comes back. You remember the truth about Gabriel. He was of the other principle—inconstant. Romantically speaking, poor stuff. And you get it all straight when you come to the tree. Nailed thereon is a large board sign, and it reads like this:

HISTORIC EVANGELINE OAK

Here after many days of fruitless searching, Evangeline, exiled from Nova Scotia and separated from her lover, Gabriel, found him. Hearing that he had not been faithful, sorrow overcame her mind. She wandered up and down the banks of the Bayou Teche, picking beautiful flowers and babbling of Gabriel until death claimed her in 1765. . . . For above facts call at our factory office. [Signed by a food manufacturing company.]

There is still the mystery of the post card. It is propounded to the druggist, whose soda fountain thrives on the trade of sentimental tourists.

"Evangeline met her lover Gabriel at that oak tree on the bayou. Hearing he had married another girl, she lost her reason on the spot and presently died. Those are the facts?"

"Right."

"Then how about this post card? Evangeline at a spinning wheel under the oak patiently waiting for

(Continued on Page 165)

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF SANTA FE SYSTEM LINES

A Saddle Party at the Grand Canyon

RAILROAD SPEED

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

CAPTAIN SHUBAEL BOWRING felt the need of Eddie Rodd's counsel from the time the Ariel's anchor was first aweigh; and yet Eddie, present in the body, was actually as far off as the sand spits of the moon, since he was still before the mast, and Shube was going master.

The young captain showed from the first loosing of the topsails that he meant to win a reputation as a cracker-on, a driving captain. No sooner were bow fast and stern fast cast off than he had the topgallant sails sheeted home. Topsails were set already. Steer small and save all, was the ship's slogan. The Ariel's captain, with all the impatience of his twenty years, would not so much as heave to to drop the pilot, but landed him on the tug's forecastle at the end of the port spanker vang.

"He's a hard case, this Old Man, I can see that," the sailmaker muttered behind his hand to Eddie Rodd. "He's going to stick out for railroad speed." He smote his thigh. "They do be flinging them out of the cradle onto the quarter-deck now," he chortled.

"Don't you argue that this Old Man doesn't know his business," Eddie Rodd replied. "He learned quick, that's all. He was always first into the rigging, and he'd go where the heavier men couldn't go. And he's got now where heavy men like you and me can't go," Eddie added. "Maybe he's a little weak on the stars still, but he's good enough. I said to him four years ago when we were shipmates, 'You stick to me, boy, and I will make you captain of a clipper ship or hang you dead.' Well, here he is."

"And here you are. He learns it all from you, and you still before the mast."

Eddie Rodd gave a pull at the main lee braces. He laughed a little scornfully. He was a splendid, supple figure in white ducks, a checked shirt, and around his neck a red handkerchief knotted in a reef knot with flowing points. He had gold earrings in his ears—a present from his uncle, the slaver captain.

"What would I be doing aft?" Eddie Rodd said.

Captain Shube, his red hair in a truculent bang over one turquoise-blue eye, was standing by the weather wheel. He had a monstrous Manila cigar—of the brand called Fencepost, a dollar a hundred—smoldering in one corner of his mouth; and he was wishing mightily that he could have Eddie Rodd aft, where he could be whispered to in a pinch. Eddie had brought him up, hoisted him up to his eminence by the slack of his pants; and yet, strange enough, all the time Eddie, for himself, had continued to ask, 'Where can I have the most fun in the shortest time?' Jolly times, pretty girls, full glasses and plenty of tobacco, that was Eddie Rodd's notion of the sailor's paradise. A gentleman for a day, and a dog for a year, such was Eddie Rodd's manifest destiny, and so, no doubt, it would go with him till the watches were called for the last time. He earned his money like a horse and spent it like an ass, and so he said himself. Hand, reef, steer, tar, slush, swear, chew tobacco, and drink rum—here was the whole duty of a seaman as Eddie Rodd conceived it.

"Maybe You Know Whether or Not I Can Shoot for a Mark," Captain Shube Shouted to the Gang of Black Beards Clustered Round the Mainmast

And yet, that first night, when Captain Shube was wakened out of his first sleep by the mate, Larkin, punching him timidly in the short ribs, his first thought was of Eddie. He wished he had him in the bunk across the way.

"What is it?"

"Wind's stronger, and the visibility's low," the mate muttered. And added in a thick voice that the ship had just leaped half her length out of water like a flying fish.

Captain Shube slid sideways off that mattress of pig's hair that he had brought to sea with him when he shipped as cabin boy eight years ago. For one fearful second it occurred to him that he was still that boy; but in the same second he knew that he was master—master of the ship Ariel, on a circuitous voyage, with a bearded mate looking to him for orders. He had a lost, desolated feeling; and he thought of his mother, that valiant soul—an abominable coward, she called herself, with a burdensome reputation for courage.

He poked his head through the cabin hatch. The ship was heeling over well. Captain Shube had never before experienced this flashing terror of the unknown. Unreasonably, it seemed to him that the ship was headed for the crack of doom. It was like walking fast through a strange house, and no telling when a man might not bring up against the edge of a door. The ship's forefoot was lost in steamy foam and blurry darkness; she dropped into a hollow with a slobbering plunge and a rattle of yards; there was a mysterious slam-banging somewhere, a cold blast, a yell—and then above all that, Captain Shube heard Eddie Rodd pounding on the forescuttle, and his distant, jovial, irresponsible voice bellowing:

"Star-bowlines ahoy! Eight bells, bulls. Shake a leg. Do you hear the news? Eight bells. Bear a hand. The Dutch have taken Holland and the wind can't blow."

Captain Shube moved forward like a man in a dream—and he had dreamed such dreams as this—and when, stopping by the galley door, he stared up at the press of black canvas, an affrighted voice shrieked in his ear, "Shoal water—hard alee!"

All the blood dropped out of his heart. Then, instantly he knew it was the steward's—Scopy Knower's—parrot, a gray bird, citizen of Africa—but there had been conviction in those tones. Shoal water. What if the parrot were a prophet? Nonsense. He knew to a hair where he was. All the same, for these tingling heartbeats he felt as if he had been scooped out clean, as if ship sense had departed from him, as if he was nothing but a phantom that men had appointed to be master of a ship.

And Eddie Rodd, powerful and secure, had gone below. Nothing could frighten the indomitable Rodd, because he chose to consider the world, men, ships, as nothing better than a hoax. And Rodd had seen too many marvels to be staggered by one more. He had seen holy men in India sleeping standing with their arms raised over their heads. He had slept under a cow tree in Guatemala, which yielded a quart of milk a day, as good as the best cow's milk. He had traded with woolly Papuans who thought that Salem tin cups and tumblers were no more than queer shells and cowries that grew on the sand spits of the moon. He had seen a hen in China that laid an egg bigger than the hen itself. And he had danced with the women warriors of Kajeli, himself clad in a bright calico morning gown, with horse pistols stuck in his belt, and his partners painted in beautiful alternating red and white rings on arms, legs and torso. Eddie was a traveled man, resourceful and disdainful; and Captain Shube, full to the throat with black forebodings, wished he had the man at his elbow. But the captain of a ship cannot take counsel of the able seamen.

"Shall I strike the topsails, sir?" the mate, Larkin, was calling in his ear.

"Strike 'em, no," Captain Shube heard the seaman inside him replying in a harsh, strong voice without the first hint of uncertainty.

"Railroad speed, Mr. Larkin. I wouldn't want to baby her so early.

"The rigging's gorramighty slack," the mate said.

"We'll set it up tomorrow."

"There's five or six knots in this mainmast. Have you seen them, sir, close together, right down against the deck?"

"Those'll be useful in case we have to let that mast go by the board," Shube Bowring said dryly.

He had got hold of himself and struck the pitch for his first voyage. Railroad speed, the one and only ambition of a master mariner. A record passage. That meant carrying hard and watching sharp, it meant steering small, not losing an inch; it meant a wet forecastle, wet clothes, a wet ship every way; it was exasperating and precarious work, and not made easier to grown men by the sight of that youth, not yet of age, coolly walking the quarter-deck with a cigar between his teeth.

But they hung on with a little better grace when they reflected that they meant to desert the ship at San Francisco and head for the gold mines. The ship was just a means of transportation. Squire Overlock and Twing Foster even had along with them a patent gold washer. This was the great gold year, and everything in the ship shape that would keep water partially out was waddling round the Horn, to and from the fabled gold fields. Just inside the Falklands, the Ariel spoke a ship that was bringing home eight barrels of dust—pure yellow dust that had been brushed out of the rocks of Feather River like brushing meal out of a crib. A passenger in a red waistcoat rolled on the deck a lump of gold as big as a stocking egg, pure gold, and worn smooth as satin; and there was more gold in quart bottles and elkskin purses.

Sight of the gold played havoc with the discipline of the Ariel's crew. It reminded them that as soon as they landed in San Francisco they would be rich, at no man's beck and call, let alone the nod of a youth like Shubael Bowring. They didn't mind carrying sail, but they showed plainly their abhorrence of the tar brush and the slush bucket; they didn't mean to pick oakum any longer in the watches on deck, and they told one another that that was a job fit only for paupers in poorhouses, not for miners, men of substance. Squire Overlock one peaceful afternoon, long before the ship was up with the Horn, stayed in his bunk rather than demean himself by application to such trivial duties.

Captain Shube appeared at Overlock's bedside, with a newly lighted Fencepost at a dread angle. He stared at Overlock's recumbent form curtained away by a fold or two of dirty yellow cheesecloth hanging at the bunk side, and asked gently, "Are you sick?"

Overlock nodded, and Captain Shube's finger descended on his pulse. The captain was haunted by a memory. Half a dozen years ago, Squire Overlock had given him a hiding for stealing apples. The squire had been a man of some substance then, or a little before then; the panic of '37 had really started him on the downward path; but now the mines no doubt would put him on his feet again.

"Yes, it's a bad pulse. What I call a slippery pulse," Captain Shube said with his same gentleness. "You've got symptoms of the sleeping sickness, Overlock. Beriberi. Step on deck a minute."

Captain Shube stepped aft to have a look into Parsons. Presently he came on deck, followed by Scopy Knower, who bore bandages, log line, a towel and a catch basin. Captain Shube himself had a case of thumb lancets.

"I've got to bleed you, Overlock," he announced. "Just roll your sleeve up, my man."

"I'm feeling better," Overlock protested.

"I want you to feel better still."

"I tell you there's nothing the matter with me," the frightened Overlock cried in louder tones.

"I can cure that, too," Captain Shube said, and shoved his man down onto a tub stationed bottom up near the mainmast.

He set Scopy Knower to rubbing the man's arm hard with a towel, while he, Captain Shube, deliberated over his case of lancets. He didn't know too well, certainly, how to breathe a vein. He had never bled a man in his life. The ticklish question of precisely where to insert the lancet was not answered with sufficient clearness for a novice in Parsons. Yet a captain must be all things to his crew—master, doctor, clergyman and undertaker. As luck would have it, Overlock had been bled before, and Captain Shube's sharp eye picked out the scar. He put his tongue in his cheek and advanced the lancet. It was like a man running for port in thick weather—out in his reckoning, lost, fearful of borrowing too close onto a shoal, or making danger on the wrong bow; and then opportunely picking up the pilot boat.

"Hold still. Hold still, you bell hanger, or I'll have it in an artery," Shube muttered; and yet for the life of him he couldn't put out of mind the image of that apple orchard, and Overlock's fingers twisted in his collar.

He gave the man a broom handle to hold hard in his fingers, made a thrust, and took twenty ounces, Scopy Knower holding the catch basin. Arch Crockett carried the waxen-faced Overlock below and put him in his bunk again.

"It may be sleeping sickness," the captain said to Mapes, the second mate, "or it may be Cape fever, or it may be California fever. Anyway, blood letting's the only cure. Let me know if any more cases of it break out. I wouldn't want to give it the run of the ship."

Mapes himself, it chanced unhappily, was the next case. Captain Bowring caught him asleep on his feet, one gravy-eyed watch, and sent him reeling forward to the foc'sle, disrated. Eddie Rodd was sent for.

"Bring your things aft, Rodd. You're second mate now," Shubael told him. Rodd was thunderstruck.

"I, sir?"

"You, yes."

"I'd rather stay before the mast," Eddie muttered sheepishly.

"I want you aft. You put your things into the room next to Mr. Larkin's."

If he had stuck a knife between Eddie's shoulders, he could hardly have served him worse. This putting the rod of authority into Eddie's hands was distasteful and detestable to his democratic soul. The Old Man must be trying to make a monkey of him, he concluded. He moped and sulked. Ship's etiquette allowed speech between them now, but a gulf, Shube found, was fixed, wider than that which separated cabin from foc'sle. Eddie Rodd conducted himself darkly and discreetly; he was an efficient second mate, but he did not invite the Old Man's confidences. Willy-nilly, he received them.

"They're hazing me," Captain Shube told him in the middle of the night. "They think they can impose on me, and they have imposed on me. By ginger, Eddie, and you know they have. They've been dropping spikes and tar

(Continued on Page 129)

The Ariel Hove Her Lee Gunwale Under With a Sound of Thunder; Hung Quaking, With Her Rail Under, and the Helm Jammed

THE MONGLER

By Oma Almona Davies

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

IT WAS an assortment of French mixed—referring to confections, not to specimens of nationality—which precipitated crisis in the lives of Lydia Eggenschwiller and Joshua Schnepp. Young Mr. Schnepp had entered the meetinghouse during Preacher Beimesderfer's thirdly and had seated himself decorously enough near the stove in the rear. During the fourthly and fifthly his bright hazel eye had flitted indecorously enough from one feminine head to another. It lingered finally upon a head about which a long finger of sunlight was spinning a golden halo. The omen seemed propitious, particularly since just across the aisle from the halo sat young Mr. Elam Wennerling, who was having his own difficulty in restraining his eyes from the spinning process. Mr. Schnepp rose with alacrity during the sixthly and tiptoed out of the door. During the eighthly he tiptoed back, piously followed the gleam, and seated himself by the side of the lady with the halo.

Miss Lydia Eggenschwiller agitated within her heavenly orbit and gazed at him with pink surprise. She agitated still more as Mr. Schnepp extracted from the pocket nearest her a paper bag festal with red and green stripes without and with pink and white confections within.

Therefrom sprang confusion; the bag rustled and Mr. Elam Wennerling rustled, his reproachful eyes festered upon Miss Lydia, who, though her hands were tightly folded, was undeniably blushing. The bag rustled again, and Mr. Solomon Eggenschwiller, father to Lydia, rustled. He turned about in his pew—the second toward the front—and his round green eye leaped as an agate from Miss Lydia to the bag and back to Miss Lydia. Whereupon Miss Lydia smiled—rather, her throat contracted and her lips for the quiver of a second trembled out of control. The result was the same; all smiles looked alike to Mr. Eggenschwiller. He sat quite still for a moment while all his strength rushed into the bristles upon the back of his neck; then he rose and with the grace of the jungle pachyderm trod three steps down the aisle and lowered himself into the inadequate space beside the sprightly Joshua Schnepp. Mr. Schnepp thereupon pleasantly proffered the bag to Mr. Eggenschwiller. Mr. Eggenschwiller trumpeted aloud.

The protracted meeting was finished at last. Miss Lydia was finished; Mr. Elam Wennerling wilted swiftly into the night; Mr. Eggenschwiller got him into the aisle and there turned broadside upon his bottled prey.

"Don't you know this here's the house of God yet?"

"To be sure," responded Mr. Schnepp in polite surprise. "Didn't you? Mebbe not, though. I seen you sleeping a while back."

Mr. Eggenschwiller fell back a trifle; through the aperture thus made Mr. Schnepp slid neatly. "Take it with; it's yourn," he called back to Miss Lydia. He meant the bag, which reposed upon the seat, its mouth yawning prettily.

"Leave it set!" thundered Mr. Eggenschwiller. "And git home with you!" The admonition was unnecessary; Miss Lydia would not have touched the criminal packet for the world. She shuddered past it and past her father. Mr. Eggenschwiller gazed at the sacrilegious object with the fearful strength of a strong man roused; then, with the fearful strength of a strong man, swept it from the seat into his pocket. "It's no good fur to make a waste anyhow," he ground behind his teeth.

He was still grinding half an hour later as he prowled distemperedly the family lair. For the ninth time he stubbed his toe in a worn place in the rag carpet of the large kitchen. Each time he stubbed, he ground afresh.

"Fetching wittles into the meetinghouse yet! Making the sacerd presinks a place of merchandise! If I'd of done him right, I'd of scored him out with whips!"

"But you never had no whips by you," interposed Mrs. Eggenschwiller casually, and tilted upward her round face like an empty platter to receive further crumbs of entertainment. Her gusty husband was the one dramatic factor of her life; for one essentially casual she had attained no mean skill in goading him adroitly in his moments of high passion and thus prolonging the diversion.

The Hour Was Upon the Gallant Joshua When He Must Tell a Girl Who Cared Much for Him That He Didn't Care for Her in the Slightest

But Mr. Eggenschwiller upon this occasion needed no goading. He swung upon his daughter. "Just you leave me ketch you making eyes ower this mongler ag'in and I will see oncet if I make public examples of you or what."

"But I wasn't making no eyes." Miss Lydia in her corner clutched her handkerchief damply. "I tell you I ain't seen him but twicet before, oncet on the prayer meeting and oncet on Sadie Beiler's party. And both times I come home with Elam along." Her tears sped afresh.

"And you see that you stay by Elam from this time whenceforwards," admonished her father sternly.

"A mongler oncet? What's that ag'in now?" goaded Mrs. Eggenschwiller.

"It ain't nothing. Not nothing. A mongler is a dog where ain't any breed. It's a dog where is all breeds," explained Mr. Eggenschwiller lucidly. "It's an animal where comes from no place and ain't worth nothing."

"This Schnepp couldn't be no mongler then," informed Mrs. Eggenschwiller casually, "fur he comes from someplace a'ready. He comes from Flathead ower. And he could be worth somepin, if his Uncle Noah inherits to him."

Mr. Eggenschwiller had again reached the worn place, but this time he did not stub his toe. He stood jungle-still and gazed down upon his mate.

"Where was you gitting all them informations?"

"Ain't it Flathead I was born at?" brightly inquired Mrs. Eggenschwiller.

Her spouse still stood; his head was thrust forward now and his nose twitched slightly.

"And Noah Schnepp he must be more than four scores." Mrs. Eggenschwiller uptilted her platter, but she got no more crumbs that night—no, not so much as would have tempted a mongrel dog. The refreshing night breeze had borne Mr. Eggenschwiller a faint, enticing scent, and all his energies were now engaged in the process of stalking it. "It's time fur the bed," he announced. "I might have to go on Flathead tomorrow—on business."

Mr. Eggenschwiller returned from his business trip the following afternoon in a silent abstraction of good humor. Extraordinarily successful the trip must have been, for upon the day thereafter he did an extraordinary thing. Mrs. Eggenschwiller entering her husband's dry-goods emporium was surprised to see a strange young man pushing a strange desk into a corner behind one of the plate-glass windows. She was more surprised when she recognized him as the young man Schnepp.

"Schnepp," said her husband's voice behind her, "meet missus. This young man here," explained Mr. Eggenschwiller expansively, "was going to waste away ten dollars per the month fur such a little room off Espenshade, and I says what's the use of that, I says, when you can git office room off me fur the half of that, I says."

"I guess, too," murmured Mrs. Eggenschwiller.

"Real estates he's in," further expanded Mr. Eggenschwiller.

"I guess, too," murmured Mrs. Eggenschwiller.

"Suits me all right," said the young man alertly. "I know it ain't any place in town where I'd ketch so many people as right here on Mr. Eggenschwiller's store."

"I guess, too," murmured Mrs. Eggenschwiller. She had her platter full; she could hold no more; she backed to the door, skittered down the street and emptied it into her daughter's amazed ears. By the supper hour she was ready for more, much more.

"Och, leave me eat my wittles oncet!" The green agates popped at her over pouched cheeks. "If you want fur to jaw his histories out of him, I will inwite him oncet here fur to eat along."

Mr. Eggenschwiller invited the young man not once but many times for supper during that month and the next. He was a most engaging, alert young man; everything about him was engaging, everything was alert. His crisp, curling hair was alert; his eyes were extraordinarily so; his lips were always ready with smile and quick response.

"It wonders me what is this here real estates," Mrs. Eggenschwiller prodded upon the occasion of his second visit. "We ain't never had none around here before."

"It's one of them wrestling games." Her guest's white teeth flashed. "You push and the other feller pulls and then you push again, and put something over—mebbe."

"But," his host speared toward the potato dish, "now your Uncle Noah gets such an age, I should think he would want you anyhow by him."

"He don't want nobody by him," laughed young Schnepp, "and nobody wants to be by him neither."

The potato upright on his knife like a hostage to fortune, Mr. Eggenschwiller from behind it eyed his guest with cold penetration. "Then I guess he ain't fur inheriting to you, mebbe."

"Well, I'm relationed the closest," responded the young man carelessly.

Mr. Eggenschwiller did not notice that the potato had not been peeled. He bit largely and relishfully through the skin and all.

At the conclusion of this same visit he remarked to the young man: "Now what's a use of paying out fur a fancy room off the hotel? We got a room here we would leave you have fur a half the price."

Mr. Schnepp expressed his thanks but declined, unconsciously shaking a free leg as he did so; he had paid his rent for a month in advance, he said. Thereupon he encountered Miss Lydia's eyes upon him for the first time in smiling approval. He was not surprised; he was used, very used,

to the eyes of young ladies in smiling approval. He had been mildly puzzled, indeed, that she hadn't looked that way at him before—shy, he had told himself. His scheme was beginning to work.

Oh, yes, Mr. Schnepp had his schemes; honest enough schemes but—schemes. His sort—with the crisp hair, the quick eyes, the flashing teeth, the upturning toes—was bound to have. Mr. Schnepp had not without canny calculation selected Yingstown as the community which should eventually support him as its wealthiest citizen. He knew that the Yings River had been selected as a dam site, therefore more workmen, more houses for rent and sale; also better irrigation, therefore more activity in farm lands. He knew also that just below Yingstown the possibilities were favorable for an interstate bridge, thus linking the community with one of the main trunk lines. Mr. Schnepp was dealing in futures, it is true, when for these and other reasons he had decided to be the first bona fide real-estate operator in Yingstown. In the meantime and for the present, well, young Mr. Schnepp had some small schemes, scarcely more than tentative ideas really, but they were worth playing with anyway just to tide along until the large possibilities became realities.

Who, for instance, he had analyzed, causes most of the turnovers in real estate? Business men and young couples getting married. In a small town particularly the latter—particularly the latter. Marriage—home—house. House—lot. Hustle up, then, the grand institution of marriage, the foundation of society, the safeguard of democracy, and you hustle, by the same token, activity in real estate.

And how hustle? The obvious method in his particular case could not be credited to the sagacity of Mr. Schnepp; it had rather been thrust upon his attention through certain delicate situations in which he had found himself involved in his former home in the district of Flathead. Upon a peaceful Sabbath afternoon one redhead, Dunkleberger by name, had dragged his shrieking betrothed from Mr. Schnepp's good-looking roadster to a vehicle of doubtful integrity and had rushed her forthwith to the parsonage. Another, a rash youth named Leibensperger, had waylaid Mr. Schnepp from behind an osage-orange hedge after he had innocently treated a tubby female to milk shake in the drug store, and but for the grace of a stuck cartridge Mr. Schnepp's legs might have ceased to be as good-looking as they at present were. The inevitable result of these episodes in his career and others of less dramatic value had been to force upon Mr. Schnepp's alert mind the conclusion that in the matter of betrothed and near-betrothed couples he himself was perhaps as grand an instigator of matrimony as had ever existed. Matrimony, houses and lots.

Personally Mr. Schnepp disliked curly hair and high coloring, but if in this meager interim of waiting for large opportunities to evolve he could coldly and ruthlessly translate hair and coloring into small opportunities he would coldly and ruthlessly do so and thank Providence piously for their possession. His was not the nature to overlook any side line, however small.

No, the idea was amusing and it was worth trying, involving as it did negligible expenditure of funds. His first outlay of twenty cents % Miss Lydia Eggenschwiller had earned him at once a dividend of agitated, not to say fearful, glances from one Elam Wennerling, with whom, he had understood, she had been deeply involved for some three years. A fair prospect, but because of the youth's unaggressive nature, only fair. Mr. Schnepp resolved, however, to devote some intensive work to this case, for Mr. Wennerling, he had ascertained, was amply able to purchase real estate at once and for cash.

From two other prospects by the end of the first six weeks he had netted more substantial reward: From one Conrad Heisenfrecker he had already upon each encounter the tribute of an up-thumbed nose with all its implication of unlimited contempt; and from a certain Eli Hulsebus he had the rare encouragement of vile epithet and personal threat. In regard to the Hulsebus matter, indeed, he was seriously considering the advisability of a small option upon a cottage before which he had upon three different occasions noted Mr. Hulsebus in rapt absorption. It may be noted in passing that with Mr. Schnepp's genius for tapping all possible lines of resource, he had tapped in Mr. Eggenschwiller a remarkable artesian well of information. Mr. Eggenschwiller spouted regularly and for considerable periods of time each day.

Mr. Eggenschwiller indeed by the end of the second month was fain to relieve himself of considerable spouting within the precincts of his own household.

"A body could think my store was a darn-swang female gab house or what!" he burst forth. "Such a mess of gushy females I could never have believed could be born at the one town a'ready. At his deck they hang from morning, noon and night yet."

"Then I guess it makes the good trade, not?" prodded his spouse. "New dresses they get; that I have took notice to myself."

"And how do they get them? Into my door they come and they stop by his desk still. Then they plague me to show them some goods, mebbe, then out they go, a-stoppin' by his desk ag'in. Back they come packin'; and mebbe they buy a piece goods, and I say 'Now you want the thread, not?' But, no, they don't want no thread—and back they come, behind an hour mebbe, fur the thread. Till I can git a gingham dress sold it can take me a day anyhow, and it is a wear on both my floors and both my patience yet."

"Put him out then," advised Mrs. Eggenschwiller. "Too much of an upmixing he is making anyhow among the young people."

"Trying fur to git him off our Lyddy, I reckon," chortled Mr. Eggenschwiller. "Here last night if I didn't ketch him buying her salt-water taffy ag'in. Yes, and that dumb Wennerling seen him too. Och, yes, it goes good fur the slow Dutch boys fur to have a stir-around show them oncet how to make with the girls."

"Salt water, he says!" Mrs. Eggenschwiller laid down her sock and stabbed her darning needle toward her spouse. "A ten-cent poke of salt water he could buy fur our Lyddy mebbe, but on the top of it he could turn around and ask Myrtie Showalter fur her companies on the strawberry social. And strawberries at fifteen per the plate yet."

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Mr. Eggenschwiller Swung Upon His Daughter. "Just You Leave Me Ketch You Making Eyes Ower This Mongler Ag'in and I Will See Oncet if I Make Public Examples of You or What"

THE GOOD OLD TIMES

The Undergraduate

By Christian Gauss

Dean of the College, Princeton University

NOT very long ago a friend of mine—one of that fine, hearty type who believes in being a Yale man and shaming the devil—told me his troubles. He was far from satisfied with the way things were going presently at New Haven, or, for that matter, at any of the American colleges. We were all in a bad way. He had no particular criticism to make of the teaching; this did not greatly interest him. "But undergraduates," he held—and on this point he was positive—"are not the men they used to be." His grievances were virtually those which all such alumni hold. The present generation of students in college is undersized, overdressed, collegiate, sophisticated, rebellious. Their manners are bad. Instead of spending their time with their classmates in manly fashion, they spend their week-ends in New York. They are no longer sufficiently interested to attend athletic mass meetings. The sad and indifferent young man has invaded the campuses, and it is all summed up in the bitter phrase—they lack college spirit. The public tends to sympathize with the alumnus and repeats his complaints.

When the old graduate returns to his college and finds everything changed, his attitude illustrates the working of a law of psychology. He tells you first of all that undergraduates are younger now than they were in his time. This, we have seen, is a mistake. He tells you also that they are smaller. I recall one such enthusiast who insisted to me that present-day graduates were "runty." Here he is more seriously in error, for where physical examinations and measurements in the colleges have continued over any long stretch of time, they indicate, if anything, that the average freshman is somewhat taller. This, sociologists tell us, is a natural consequence of better food and living conditions and a lessening of hard labor for the young. It is not so much the physique of the undergraduate that has changed as it is the perspective in which the alumnus sees him. It is safe, therefore, to discount slightly such criticisms made by old graduates.

Homesick Men of the World

WE MIGHT begin by saying a few words for the much abused undergraduate on the ever-recurring charges of collegiatism and oversophistication. With the disappearance of the isolated college and the reduction of American life to a more general common denominator, the modern undergraduate as a rule does not wish to be, much less to appear to be, a collegian. In his own opinion, he and the man of the world are as like as two peas. He abhors the collegiate; and if he is so, there is this extenuating circumstance in his favor: He is so in spite of himself.

As for sophistication, there is, to be sure, too much of it among modern youth, but it must also be remembered that the sophisticated youth is the one most in evidence. He has received more than his fair share of the public's attention. The great mass of freshmen are merely the normal products of modern American social conditions. They are still human; if you prick them they bleed. One thing adds to their difficulties: They are away from home, often for the first time. To some, now, as formerly, this is an invitation to adventure; but at a time when all of them are accused of oversophistication, it is only fair to say that to many this comes as a very real deprivation. There are boys in every entering class in every college who still suffer from homesickness, some of them acutely. A boy who last June in a small community was a prominent member of the graduating class in his local high school, praised and admired by parents and townspeople, idealized by one or more young ladies, suffers when, in October, he finds all this suddenly taken from him and sees himself hopelessly submerged in a strange crowd, many of whose members he must recognize as his superiors. He is faced even today with a very difficult problem of adjustment, and, during this period particularly, he deserves a certain amount of that sympathetic encouragement which we give to the young as they struggle to attain self-reliance and maturity.

Another fact should be remembered before the public draws its final conclusion about the undergraduate. The ordinary man reads about and sees the collegian on his least attractive side. Whatever may be said about the decline of class and college spirit—and much can be said on this score—it is still true that the undergraduate is at his worst in a crowd. This is particularly true when the crowd, as at football games and commencement reunions, includes a large number of these same alumni who are often among his bitterest critics. If we ourselves are to see things in correct perspective, however, it would be idle to imagine that disorders at commencement constitute a recent phenomenon.

A Departed Custom. Princeton Sophomores and Freshmen Battle in the Annual Class Rush. Freshmen Then Were Obliged to Wear Black Jerseys and Corduroy Trousers

Above—Undergraduates of the Golden Nineties After a Snowball Fight Between Sophomores and Freshmen

At Left—"Fireman, Save My Child." Princeton Sophomores Have a Little Impromptu Fun at the Expense of Freshmen

Precedence

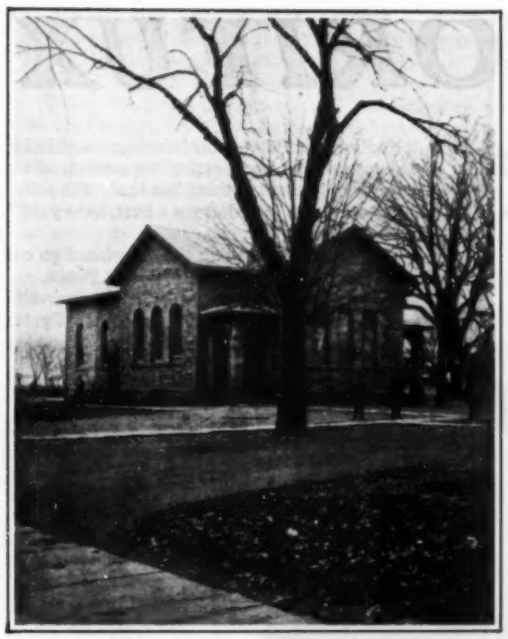
EARLY in the eighteenth century they had become so serious that Harvard was compelled to pass an act for "preventing extravagances." That it was ineffectual is proved by another statute passed a little later "for preventing the Excesses, Immoralities and Disorders of the Commencements." In the first half of the nineteenth century we are told that at Cambridge:

> The entire Common, then an unenclosed dust plain, was completely covered on Commencement Day and the night preceding and following it with drinking stands, dancing booths, mountebank shows and gambling tables; and I have never heard such a horrid din, tumult, and jargon of oath, shout, scream, fiddle, quarreling and drunkenness as on those two nights.

Brown, Dartmouth, and Yale tell much the same story, and President Maclean of Princeton adds to the drinking and other noisy nuisances, playing for pennies and testing the speed of their horses. He himself remembered witnessing a bull-baiting on the college grounds "while the exercises were going on in the church."

The most serious grievance of the old graduate against his successor of today is that he lacks interest in college life. This, in a sense, is the one true count against him in the long indictment. It is, however, a curious fact that the same persons who accuse the undergraduate of being collegiate, in the very same breath accuse him of lacking college spirit. They cannot have it both ways. It is the modern undergraduate's abhorrence of the collegiate that has resulted in his balking at old college customs and in his lessening regard for college traditions.

We do not sufficiently remember that college life in this country is older even than our government. It originated far back in Colonial times among the sons of the men accustomed to the class distinctions prevalent in the monarchies from which they or their fathers had come. Even if the life was simple and hard, it was not necessarily democratic. Quite the contrary. In the eighteenth century, for instance, every undergraduate was addressed as Sir Smith or Sir Jones. The names of all members of the classes at Harvard and Yale were at one time listed and they were seated at commons and commencement and at all functions, not in alphabetical order or in the order of their proficiency in their studies, but in the order of the "gentility" of their families. The son of a cobbler, even though he led his class in his studies, would have to take his place down



In the "Good Old Days" Undergraduates Were Required to Worship Here Daily at Five in the Morning and After Dinner in the Evening

at the foot, below the scions of our landed gentry and members of our Colonial aristocracy. This continued until the eve of the Revolution—at Yale until 1768 and at Harvard until 1772. Even at the newer Colonial colleges like Princeton, where this stratification of social classes was possibly not quite so rigid, there was no lack of "deference to superiors." The section on Orders and Customs in the rules governing deportment at Princeton in 1760 was printed in the appendix to the Latin grammar, and the Princeton historian, Varnum Lansing Collins, gives this digest:

Students are to keep their hats off "about ten rods to the President and about five to the tutors"; they must "rise up and make obeisance" when the President enters or leaves the prayer hall, and when he mounts into the pulpit on Sundays. When walking with a superior, an inferior "shall give him the highest place." When first coming into the presence of a superior, or speaking to him, inferiors "shall respect by pulling their Hats"; if overtaking or meeting a superior on the stairs, "shall stop, giving him the banister side"; if called or spoken to by a superior they must "give a direct pertinent answer, concluding with sir"; they are to treat strangers and townspeople "with all proper complaisance & good manners"; and they are forbidden to address anyone by a nickname.

All these older colleges insisted on good form, and the rules and regulations promulgated by faculties and trustees themselves were numerous and definite. The college, like some little European court, was a hierarchy in which the rights and privileges of every class were fixed and generally respected. No freshman or sophomore, for instance, dreamed of pretending to a senior's prerogatives.

Branding the Yearlings

UNLIKE Oxford and Cambridge, these purely Colonial colleges had few or no fellows, no porters or scouts, and the faculties, therefore, early turned over to seniors the enforcement of such laws of precedence. That enforcement was jealously carried out with regard to all privileges, save, possibly, those of the faculty. What might be called the enabling act at Yale, which is quite similar to those at Harvard and Princeton, read as follows: It was the duty of seniors

. . . to teach Freshmen the laws, usages, and customs of the College. To this end they are empowered to order the whole Freshman Class, or any particular member of it, to appear, in order to be instructed or reproved, at such time and place as they shall appoint; when and where every Freshman shall attend, answer all proper questions, and behave decently.

This duty, first recognized as an obligation of seniors, was later devolved upon the only too willing sophomores, who took it over with a pitiless solemnity and interpreted it as a privilege to abuse *ad lib.* the untutored freshman.

All this gave the college a picturesqueness and a distinct sense of isolation from the civil life around it, and in spite of its somewhat aristocratic cast there was much that could be said for it. Usages and, in many cases, dress indicated the varying status and ranks of the members of the scholastic hierarchy. They were distinctive of the college, and indicated that life there was, or should be, a different thing from life in the social whirl. There are those who hold, perhaps mistakenly, that the little dark-colored caps which the freshmen still wear are a relic of the tonsure of the young medieval monk and indicate a temporary withdrawal from civil life. This had its appropriateness, and the best customs, like the freshman uniform, were those which indicated and insisted upon that hierarchy in the household of learning of which the entering student had become a part.

If this was the origin of the oldest college customs, it was also the origin of hazing. Even twenty years ago at Princeton groups of sophomores would still band together in supposedly awe-inspiring uniforms, with coats of orange and black and enormous "horse hats" like those worn by British grenadiers, to corral the freshmen in the so-called Circus Maximus or on the steps of the debating halls and induct them into the ways of college life. They would make them turn up their corduroy trousers above the knee, turn their coats inside out and then solemnly put them through their college paces. Some of these pranks, like forcing the neophyte to milk the sprocket of a bicycle, to give the college cheer or sing the college song, were innocent enough and amusing in a boyish way; though occasionally they degenerated into unedifying abuses and cruelties. It was not altogether a bad thing to show some freshmen their place, as there are a few recalcitrants even today who never learn it. It welded the classes together and helped make that college spirit which has never developed in the European universities or even in the English colleges to the same degree. Such sophomore "horsing uniforms," and freshmen uniforms with the exception of the cap, have largely disappeared from the older Eastern colleges and seem to be by way of disappearing everywhere. When the old graduate complains that college customs are vanishing, the facts bear out his complaint. It should, however, be some slight consolation for him to remember that hazing, which in the days before the World War still took cruel and vicious forms, is disappearing as well.

In connection with public disorders a recent encounter between undergraduates at Brown and the local police of Providence and a really minor disturbance at New Haven have brought a shower of criticism on the colleges. The public has concluded that rowdyism and rebelliousness are modern phenomena. It would be almost impossible to make a more grievous mistake. Considering the larger numbers now enrolled, in comparison with what occurred in the past, this may be said to be a minor, almost negligible, problem in the colleges of today.

Riot and Revolution Disappear

IT IS an old saying that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. It often does more; it makes him a bad one. This was the inevitable consequence of the unnecessarily hard conditions of student life in the days of our puritanism and our poverty. How frequently in those days he was in revolt may be seen from the fact that at Harvard the undergraduates had a regular meeting place under what they called the Rebellion Tree, to which they repaired to discuss their grievances and lay their plans for revolt.

PHOTO. FROM STUDENTS' PHOTO. SERVICE, PRINCETON, N. J.

A Present-Day Undergraduate's Room in One of the Princeton Dormitories. At Left—Princeton Sophomores Used to Prevent the Freshman Class From Having its Picture Taken by Hurling Flour and Water on the First-Year Men

PHOTO. BY ORREN JACK TURNER

The history of all the older colleges is dotted with such uprisings, which in modern parlance would be featured as walkouts or strikes. At Princeton the worst of many of these rebellions occurred in 1817. As a result, 117 men, or more than half the college, were suspended. It took Princeton decades fully to recover from this civil war of faculty and students. Among a good many others, there was one even under the beloved president, James McCosh. There was one at Williams in the time of Mark Hopkins; Yale had its full share, in some of which fatalities occurred, and the Great Rebellion at Dartmouth took place in 1842. The most serious one at Harvard was probably that of 1834, under the highly able president, Josiah Quincy. In that year a freshman from the South refused to recite to his Greek instructor, Dunkin, and was insolent. President Quincy gave him the opportunity to apologize or withdraw. He withdrew. A conscientious Harvard historian gives the following account of what happened:

Mobs tore Dunkin's room to pieces, smashed his furniture, and broke his windows. They set off torpedoes in chapel and promoted an almost continuous disorder in recitations. Finally all the sophomores but three went on strike and were sent home. The juniors wore crape on their left arms and burned President Quincy in effigy. Rioting was incessant, the breaking of windows and the smashing of furniture continued. Legal proceedings for assault and trespass were brought against some of the ringleaders. For the eight weeks from the 19th of May to the end of the college year, the university work was practically discontinued, "the students being occupied with their various class meetings and the instructors attending the frequent sessions of the Faculty."

But even aside from such mob violence, it may safely be said that the undergraduates of the

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AUX ALLIES GLORIEUX

By Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

THE *train omnibus* that leaves Paris in the early morning and that arrives at its destination, fifty miles away, at nightfall, had just arrived at Égalité-sur-Ourcq. The station master hurried to the exit to take up the tickets, and the station master's wife took down flag and horn from over the mantelpiece and went out to superintend the departure of the train. A dozen or so black-garbed peasant women got down, each with a basket under her arm or a pair of fowls tied together by the feet in her hand, surrendered their tickets and went through the gate.

The station master waved his hand, his wife blew upon her horn, the engine shrieked, and the train took up its clattering journey once more, while several collarless men, a brightly dressed girl or two, and a soldier in a dirty blue uniform looked out of the car windows and waved their hands to those who had descended.

Égalité-sur-Ourcq was not an important town, but it was a large one. It was on the main automobile road from Paris to Germany and Switzerland, but it was too far from Paris to make it a stopping place for luncheon, and not far enough to make it a place to spend the night. The town had no manufactures other than a sawmill and a decrepit hat factory. It had, however, one claim to immortality. An American division had been destroyed there during the German retreat to the Vesle, there was an American cemetery in the neighborhood, and there was a small but steady stream of visitors, especially during the summer, who came to look upon these placid fields and pleasant parklike woods, and wonder if the war had been but a nightmare after all.

The black-garbed women with their baskets hurried down the narrow road that led to the town, the station master slammed shut the gate, and his wife rolled up her red flag and went back to her kitchen. The driver of the lone taxi in the rear of the station took down his sign—"Battlefields. American Cemetery. English Spoken"—and was about to put it into the rear of the car when his eye was attracted by a lone man who had just then appeared.

The newcomer was dressed in a suit that had once been smart, but was now merging very closely on the shabby. He wore a derby hat and carried a cane, yet his shoes were broken across the toes.

The taxi driver threw in his sign and was about to shut the door, but the fact that the other man still lingered arrested his attention. Ah! The man in the derby hat was nearer now, and the driver could see that he was an American. The driver did not address him in English; he knew the type.

"*Taxi, monsieur?*" he inquired.

"Where's Pierce?" replied the man in the derby, making a motion with his hand as though he disdained to speak a tongue that was not his own. "Ain't he around here no more?"

The taxi driver gasped. "English Spoken" does not include the American vernacular.

"Er—cemetery, battlefields, Hill 210?" he suggested.

The man in the derby hat made another gesture—one of impatience this time.

"Er—Cemetery, Battlefields, Hill 210?" He Suggested. The Man in the Derby Hat Made Another Gesture—One of Impatience This Time

"*Qu'est-ce qu'il fait, Pierce; il meurt ou quoi?*"

"Eh-eh!" gasped the taxi driver. "*Non, il est là—il est là!*" He pointed.

A third man, as though he had heard his name called, emerged from the baggage room.

"*On me demande?*" he asked; then, seeing the man in the derby, he laughed. "Mecca Fanning! Well, kid! Where yuh been all winter? You don't mean to say you ain't in Paris today for the Grand Prix!"

"No, I ain't in Paris for the Grand Prix!" answered Fanning acidly. "Where's your car? Let's get in it and go up to Miss Cumberley's."

"I ain't got no car!" replied Pierce sadly.

"You ain't? Cracked it up again?"

"No! They seized it on me for taxes!"

"Well, why don't you pay your taxes?"

"Pay my taxes?" cried Pierce. "Why, it was for back taxes for five years, an' I never knowed I owed 'em until the guy come and seized the car!"

The taxi driver at this point, seeing no chance of a fare, started his motor.

"*Attends un peu!*" said Fanning. "I'm going up to the town in a minute. . . . No! No! Leave the flag up! You might just as well wait here as in front of a bar somewhere."

"When the car is hired the flag goes down!" replied the taxi driver.

"All right, run along then; I'll walk!"

The driver here opened his verbal throttle, pointing out that he was a poor man with a large family, that gasoline was high and passengers few, and that he was there to work and not to sit and wait the pleasure of all and sundry. Mr. Fanning paying not the slightest attention, the driver shrugged his shoulders, made a cigarette, and opening a newspaper began to read, the flag still up, however, and the meter motionless.

"What's this about the taxes?" began Fanning. "I know it's a lie and I won't believe a word of it, but I'd like to hear it for amusement. You got a skinful and cracked up the car, but let's hear the alibi."

"No," replied Pierce sadly, hunting about in his faded cotton shirt and patting the pockets of his coat. "No, it wasn't nothing like that. I'm tellin' yuh straight. . . . Ain't got a butt, have yuh?"

Fanning offered him one.

"This *huissier* is sittin' in the car when I go out to get it for the morning train," began Pierce. "'Help yourself,' says I, 'only I gotta have this to meet the train with.'

"'Not today!' says he.

"'What you mean—not today?' I says. 'Come outta there or I'll jerk the neck out of you!'

"Then he shows me his papers, and his hat an' badge an' all. 'I'm seizin' your car,' says he.

"'What for?'

"'For taxes.'

"'Whaddyuh mean—taxes?'

"'That,' says he, 'you can take up with the tax collector. I got orders to seize the car, not to debate with you!'

"Well, I was to meet a party of five from Paris that was to spend the morning here and go on to Rheims for lunch, and maybe I could have worked it to have took 'em to Romagne afterward and maybe got a thousand-kilometer job out of it before it was through, but here's my car tied up! And yuh know the joke of it? It was two days before they'd tell me what taxes it was. It was some tax I'd never even heard of and didn't know there was. An' it was five thousand francs for the five years!"

"Well, you better pay it!" advised Fanning.

"Pay it? Now just where the jumped-up-and-down Jeroosalem would I get five thousand francs?"

"Didn't you save anything out of all the jack you've made off tourists?"

"Jack me eye! When that old hack o' mine was runnin' there wouldn't be no tourists, and when there was, it'd be in the shop! 'N' every time I got a dollar ahead, my wife would go an' have another kid! Or one o' them we had a'ready would get sick! Gee, the man that said three was a crowd oughta had four! Hot diggity dog! An' shoe leather—say, my kids can go through a set o' shoes faster than a steam drill! Why ——"

"Listen," interrupted Fanning, "this here tax collector ain't by any chance the father-in-law or somethin' o' this competitor of yours now, is he?"

"Naw! No, nuthin' like that. No, it's all square as far as that goes! They ain't tryin' to run me outta town. It ain't a local man that's doin' it; it's some new bird at the prefecture that's tryin' to make a showin'. He's bothered a lot o' people around here."

"Ah! Well, I just thought they might be tryin' to meet American competition in the usual way. It's been done before, you know."

"Yeh, I know. But they don't pull that stuff around here."

"Well," said Fanning, "come on up to Miss Cumberley's an' she'll give us a free drink."

"Naw, I can't," replied Pierce. "I'm workin' here, shovin' baggage an' pushin' cars around, and stuff. Twenty francs a day. It keeps us from starvin' to death anyway."

"Well, s'long. I'll prob'bly see you tonight. Come up to Miss Cumberley's. I'm going to bum a flop offn her. S'long. *Eh bien, vieux frère, en route!*"

In the center of the town was a bifurcation of ways, one road going on to Strasburg and Metz, and the other south to Troyes, Dijon and Switzerland. In the Y formed by

the separation of these two roads was a small house, with a garden before it, and a stone wall surmounted by an iron fence, that bore a neat sign, Aux Allies Glorieux. Tea. Meals. *Casse la Croûte à Toute Heure.*

Before the house the taxi stopped and deposited Mr. Mecca Fanning, who, brushing his derby on his sleeve and settling his necktie, paid the driver, and then walked boldly through the gate, swinging his cane.

A lady, hearing footsteps in the house, appeared. She was rather thin, with graying hair, and hovering in that uncertain zone that separates youth from middle life.

"Good morning, Miss Cumberley!" said Fanning.

"Mecca! What are you doing out of Paris during the Grande Semaine?"

Fanning waved his hand in that brushing gesture of his.

"I backed a horse at Chantilly!" he replied. "A man that knows the game like I do. C'n you imagine that?"

"Lose much?" asked Miss Cumberley.

"Enough. A trainer's tip, and not to me either, but to another guy. Confidential. So I went down on it with all I had loose, and the goat came in about the time the other horses were unsaddling. I don't mind the money, but I hate to think they put it over me. Well, it's put me off the ponies for a while!"

"Come in and sit down," invited the other. "What would you like to drink?"

"Why, it's a little early in the morning to take anything. But I'll have a beer if you don't mind. It's a thirsty ride down here."

A maid was dispatched for beer, and Miss Cumberley led the way into a sort of office, where she installed Fanning in a leather armchair and sat down herself at a small desk. Silence fell. These two were friends of long standing, and speech was not necessary between them for mutual understanding.

Of Mecca Fanning, Miss Cumberley knew nothing save that he had been a soldier, that he had a pension for wounds that allowed him to exist in Paris, and that he added to this pension such small sums as he could make by giving tips on the races, guiding a party of visiting cloak buyers about Montmartre, and by getting buyer and seller together in an affair of anything from an Aubusson tapestry to a cigarette case.

As for Mecca, he knew that Miss Cumberley received mail addressed to Mrs. Vere-Rutledge, that she had had a husband who had been a gunnery officer on one of the ill-fated ships that had disappeared forever from His Majesty's Naval List at Coronel, that she had equipped an ambulance unit at her own expense, and that the war had busted her. She ran this tea shop at the crossroads in Égalité-sur-Ourcq, and she called it the Glorious Allies in memory of the war.

Mecca, returning one day to the roofless ruin in which he had once spent a very hectic night engaged in high-explosive argument with some Germans behind the cemetery wall, had discovered a woman digging duds out of the garden and doing light housekeeping with a broken chair and a cot.

"Er—excuse me, lady," Mecca had said. "I was just lookin' at the old place. I put in a hot night here last August."

"Did you?" inquired the lady, blowing upon her hands, for it was February then, and Mecca was on leave from the Third Army in Coblenz. "I put in a rather hectic time here myself. The Germans had me prisoner here in May. I got away though. They didn't know what to do with me."

Ten years ago, that had been.

Mecca expelled smoke from his nose.

"Gee, you used to have a lime-juice accent in those days!" he remarked.

"Were you thinking about the first time I met you?" smiled Miss Cumberley. "So was I. The years go fast, after all."

The maid appeared with the beer, but Fanning did not pour his out. He was looking stupidly at something else the maid had brought on the tray. It was a tumbler, and into this tumbler Miss Cumberley had poured about three fingers of whisky.

"I've lost my West End accent," went on Miss Cumberley, "talking to you Americans. You know, I see more and more of your people every year." A shade of sadness fell across her face like a lowered curtain. She looked quickly at Fanning, but he had not noticed. He was still looking fixedly at the whisky.

"What's the matter, Mecca? See a snake in that glass?"

"No," said he, "but I'd never seen you take hard liquor before."

"I used to take lots of it during the war. Cognac kept me alive many a time. Also rum and whisky. Nothing better for a cold."

"So I Just Put Two an' Two Together, an' Two Out of My Head, an' it Made Six"

"What's the matter?" demanded Mecca suddenly. "You in love with some guy? And me coming here to see you all these years! Where'll I spend my week-ends now? I hope he's give you the sack! But don't drink whisky. Look at me an' be comforted. Gee, if this place was to close I'd shut up shop myself."

"The place is going to close, Mecca."

"Huh? How come?"

"The French are going to take it away from me."

Mecca's mouth fell open so that his cigarette dropped on the floor.

"No!" he cried. "No kiddin'! What is it—back taxes? Gee, I never thought they pulled any of that stuff except on Americans! Dispossess, huh? No, but listen! Tell your embassy about it. Tell 'em the frogs are tryin' to tie a knot in the lion's tail! They'll make 'em snap out of it! I know a British lad in Paris had some trouble with his lease and squealed to the embassy, and the next day they wanted to give him the building! Gee, don't take anything like that sittin' down!"

"No, Mecca, it's nothing like that." She took a long sip of the straight whisky. "We've got a new mayor here, you know. What you people call a hustler. A live wire. He's got somebody to put up a monument here, you see, right at this crossroad."

"Yeh, I thought we were due for another Greek temple somewhere," interrupted Mecca. "They cut my pension five dollars last month."

"They're going to put up a monument. It's not the Americans, it's the Portuguese or the Annamite residents of Paris, or somebody. Anyway, the town wants to get possession of the land and then resell it to the monument people."

"Gee, and these birds call us commercial-minded! But they can't get the land if you won't sell it!"

"Ah, but they can. There is some law that gives a town authority to seize land for public improvement."

"But they'll have to pay you for it!" expostulated Fanning.

"Well, no, that's the joke. They only have to pay the price the owner paid for the land, plus any improvements he may have made. I bought this house with my last penny, right after the war, you know, before the franc fell. And it was cheap even at that, because everyone thought this part of France was just a desert and would never be built up again and the people that owned the house were glad to get rid of it. I got it for seven thousand francs, and that's all they are going to give me for it."

"Gee, that's tough!" Mecca hastily lighted another cigarette. "But what surprises me is that they'd pull it on a British subject. I thought they were cagy about tweaking the old lion's tail! Well, listen. Have they done this yet? Has it gone through?"

"No. The mayor came to see me last week and told me all about it very kindly. They want me to sell, you see."

"Yeh, they would. It would look better than to seize the house over a poor woman's head. But now wait. Maybe this thing can be blocked. Remember how we went through things in the war! Never get excited your first hitch, you know! You know

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BLACK SHEEP'S WOOL

By Harris Dickson

ILLUSTRATED BY LU KIMMEL

THE wine that bubbled and smiles of tempting lips had no seduction to stir Crow's blood. Even the spinning of a coquettish white ball in the roulette wheel left the river gambler callously unmoved as he sat apart, observing those who tried to beat the games at Nina's Casino. A glass of amontillado stood untasted at his elbow; women—many women—some with glittering eyes, some drab and hopeless, hung over the wheel that brought them riches or ruin. Again and again the stone-faced croupier droned out his "*Rien ne va plus*"—a phrase that afterward became so famous at Monte Carlo. In Nina's palm and banana conservatory the drip-drip-drip of a fountain mingled with the low, sweet tones of Bastiano's violin. Immediately behind him, through a portièred doorway, men clinked their glasses with such complaisant ladies as would join them in the bar. All of this Crow saw and heard, but the routine of Nina's passed monotonously, unnoticed as the ticking of a clock. For the gambler now concentrated his faculties upon the surveillance of a certain man at the roulette table.

Every hungry sport in New Orleans licked his lips at sight of this young Prince Fortunatus, Mr. Harry Athole, of Deepwood Plantation, Mississippi. The craftiest anglers had never been able to land him; he barely nibbled at their hooks, a fine fat sucker that always swam away. Being such a brilliant prospect, Crow most earnestly studied the dashing planter of Deepwood, considering him also in the light of a professional achievement that would bring joy to his artist soul. Difficulties that blocked the path of skinning this sophisticated Mr. Athole piqued Crow's vanity and fired his ambition as he sat there dissecting the prospect with microscopic scrutiny. At his first approach the gambler realized that conventional methods would not win; all of them had been tried, and failed. An extraordinary fish required extraordinary casting. He must know Harry Athole, must understand his habits, his proclivities, and choose the bait he'd bite at.

The fact of Athole's appearing at Nina's Casino meant nothing whatever. Everybody came here. Since the tropical Nina opened her resort two years ago under powerful though clandestine patronage, the fashionables had flocked. Merchants came to have their cautious fling, and gay young blades to gamble. Women of every kind, if not wholly *déclassé*; even the respectable fat dowagers relieved their tedious dinners by a visit to the Casino.

For women, the Crow himself was a magnetic asset, and dames with stodgy husbands imagined him in the rôle of a romantic lover. He was darkly handsome, of distinguished manners, luminous black eyes, and talked of the opera, paintings, books, with the same ease that he spoke of horses or the prize ring.

Sometimes when alone with Nina, Crow's eloquent eyes would twinkle as they laughed together at his submissiveness to being paraded as a lion. But there were compensations. Here were the only rooms in which he might sit and chat with cultured women of his own class. At no other place was he privileged to discuss topics of the day with the versatile Madame de Verron, whose salon doors on Esplanade were rigidly closed to such as he. Tonight, however, his attention was absorbed by another man, not unlike himself in appearance, for Harry Athole was just as dark, almost as tall, and resilient as a slender whip that carried its lash at the end. Those who did not seek beneath the surface might have supposed Harry to be playing a reckless game, with no system, no balancing of chances. But the wiser Crow, experienced in such matters, could see that he was an excellent gambler, one who would never lose his head.

Eagerly Starr Leaned Over the Table, Pretending a Curiosity as He Watched Crow Spread His Hand—Four Cold Eights From a Cold Deck

From where Crow sat, his line of vision cut diagonally across the roulette table. This was a strategic point from which he could view the players in profile—a stalwart steamboat captain, bluff and river-beaten; the wizened Madame le Motte, whose parrot beak snuffled over the stakes while covetous claws raked in her profits; a complacent Baltimore ship chandler, wearing side whiskers; a Cuban refugee; the absconding *presidente* from Latin America. None of them, nobody else in the room, had a face that riveted attention like Athole's—a straight Greek nose, high forehead crested by wavy black hair, intensely dark eyes; but more than all, a sensitive mouth that held both humor and decision.

"Worth going after," Crow thought.

As a gracious hostess, Nina moved about her rooms, exotically beautiful, somewhat above the common height, full breasted and eyes that sparkled with the glory of a starlit night. She affected blacks and yellows; scintillating beads set off the ivory of her skin, while the contour of Nina's bosom and the shapeliness of her arms required no jewels. With the air of a great lady, simple and natural, she made each guest feel at home, congratulating the winners and wishing the losers better luck. Of course Nina was Nina, but she had her good points and an infallible scent for business.

She and the Crow worked together, bound by a common interest. His presence helped to popularize her tables; and besides, the river gamblers proved themselves her most productive customers. Oftentimes it chanced that an opulent planter would come to New Orleans and sell his crop; then, in spite of Nina's wile and guile, the unplucked pigeon escaped upstream. Which irritated the calculating mistress of the Casino. For example, the annoying case of Stephen Jarrold—sixty thousand dollars of sugar money, and the flies that swarmed around him, including Nina, garnered no more than a few hundred. Maddening! Maddening! So Nina had informed the Crow, who caught the same boat and brought back nineteen thousand dollars of Jarrold's sweetening, which immediately passed across her tables to the woman higher up, to Nina.

It seemed unbelievable that professional blacklegs, wise in the ways of hazard, skilled at shearing their own sheep, should in turn become silly little lambs, galloping from the steamboat to the faro layout and throwing away their loot. Yet they did it, and Nina throve on black sheep's wool.

Now she could see the Crow, sitting there alone in a vaguely lighted corner, wearing a steel-blue coat adorned with silver buttons, and three magnificent diamonds that winked from the whiteness of his frilly shirt. An imperceptible beckoning nod attracted her. Nina strolled toward him and Crow uprose, with head half bent, in that courtly deference that he always showed to women. Side by side they entered the coffee room as if for a demi-tasse.

"Egad! Stunning couple!" a visiting Englishman exclaimed, surprised into so loud a tone that Nina heard him, for she turned and bowed her radiant appreciation.

They did not tarry, but passed through the coffee room into a small apartment of brocaded chairs and a golden-legged table where supper might be served for two. There she sat beside the Crow while he inquired:

"Nina, what is your *dossier* on young Athole?"

With a creole shrug of ignorance, Nina suggested, "Let me introduce you. You can discover more in a minute than I have learned in these two years."

"No. He'll not see me as the Crow but as a cooing dove. So gentle, so harmless. What do you know?"

"Know that I can lead a horse to water, but cannot make him drink. Simply cannot! *Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!* The patience that I have wasted on that man!"

"He plays?"

"Oh, yes, Harry plays. But, Crow, with those eyes, those artistic fingers and temperamental lips, would you not believe him a creature of fire and passion, to go mad over a woman or gambling?"

"I had just about decided otherwise. Tell me of him."

The Casino's mistress leaned forward, her beads glistening beneath the lamp and both elbows on the table as she gave her information—successful planter, large property in the wilderness above Vicksburg. Horse breeder. Private race track. Hunting dogs. Bets ten thousand dollars on a shooting match. Twenty-five thousand on a steeplechase, and himself rides the winner.

"But, Crow, I cannot rouse that man. He plays roulette, faro—everything. Wins a little, loses a little, then departs. He may spend five hundred dollars on a supper and not even kiss the tips of the lady's fingers."

As Nina talked on, the river gambler sat in silence, hearing every syllable without a comment, until she said, "I think, perhaps, that games of pure hazard lack appeal

for him. His will power cannot affect the spinning of that marble; he must accept whatever happens. Harry Athole does not like to accept what happens. He's the sort that makes things happen. La, la! That man's nature demands a game where he tests his judgment, his nerve. He craves the clash of man against man."

"Nina"—Crow smiled into her black and eager eyes—"Providence committed a crime when he made you so very beautiful, then stuffed your head with the brains of Solomon. You have sized up Mr. Harry Athole, and I am going to work on your idea. . . . Do you still own that little hunting boat, the Wood Ranger?"

"Yes. It's lying at Sylvester's Dock. . . . Have you a plan?"

"Not yet." Crow clapped his hands, and a grinning negro waiter appeared, to whom he gave the order: "Armand, find Mr. Brill. Bring him here."

"*Oui, m'sieu—oui.*"

Armand vanished as Nina asked, "Can I be of service?"

"Perhaps. I shall send Jud Brill for Storr."

"I don't like Slick Joe Storr," she snapped. "He's not permitted to enter this house."

"Naturally. But you will tell the doorman to let him in. Storr has the bearing of a high-bred Virginian, and I may be able to employ him. Besides, he is Coralie's husband. We need her."

"Need her again? The poor, poor child."

Both of them knew that matters were going sordidly with Coralie, and pretty well guessed how the glib-tongued Storr had lured her from a Virginia home to follow his precarious fortunes as a gambler.

"Yes, Nina, you can help. I want to study Athole. I want to know what books he reads, what music he loves. Who are his friends in Louisville and Saratoga. Coralie is a lady and she's the only woman that can find out. I want Storr to bring her here with a duenna, and you arrange that she sits next to Athole. . . . Hello, Jud, come in."

Big-faced Jud Brill halted at the door, fumbling his wide-brimmed hat and beaming upon them with an infantile smile that had harvested thousands of dollars for the Crow. On a steamboat Jud was unsurpassed at scraping acquaintance and picking up news.

But this was no job for a mule drover, so Crow merely said, "Jud, go and find Slick Joe. Tell him to escort Mrs. Storr here at once, this room. With Madame Parthenia for a blind. Mrs. Storr should wear her pink silk dress and look her prettiest."

An occult comprehension made words almost superfluous between the Crow and his capper. Jud understood that something unusual was in the wind, and his part of it would not fail.

"Nina," Crow asked, "that boat? Is she ready for a trip?"

"Yes. And at your disposal. So you will ——"

"I don't know. Not yet."

When the stupid-looking Brill had gone, Nina settled herself as luxuriously as a lazy panther, and smiled. "Crow, it is interesting to observe the development of your methods. You do not work like Riverhead, who's a bluffer and a bully."

"No, I prefer the rapier to the bludgeon. Results are neater."

"Neither do you employ the ingratiations of our sanctimonious Bishop. This afternoon when Mr. Athole first came, we were talking of the only man that rivals you. Athole knows him well—Captain Battle."

"He's a wonder." Crow applauded. "I have never seen the captain."

"Athole was telling me the psychology on which he operates—different from anybody's. You, for instance, take pains to conceal your identity. You pose as Major Parke, the Kentucky horse breeder, or Captain Rocquette, of Martinique. Battle, however, wants the world to know that he's the trickiest gambler alive. Wants to be recognized instantly. For that reason his costume never varies. I have seen him twice—once in Havana and once at Saratoga—more than a year apart. On both occasions he wore the same plum-colored coat, flaring lapels; low-cut waistcoat embroidered with sunflowers; gray-eyed, clean-shaven, and pink-cheeked as a baby. Yet, lest a blind man might not identify him, Battle flourishes a cane and sings

"'*Ben Battle was a soldier bold,*
And used to war's alarms.'"

Nina

"So I've been told," Crow mused; "and wonder why."

"Harry Athole says that he has a definite idea. Once in a while he allows some prominent man, like Henry Clay, to beat him out of a large sum. Gossips talk. Newspapers advertise it, as they advertised the story of Mr. Clay losing his Spanish jack in a poker game. Then other suckers try to emulate the senator, and nobody hears how much they lose."

"He is very successful."

"Successful?" Nina shrugged. "Harry tells me that Battle never loses where he wants to win. . . . But here's Mr. Storr."

In spite of her detestation, Nina could be sirupy when she desired to use a man. So she rose with cordial hand to welcome him.

"Come in, Mr. Storr. Have a liqueur? And where is your dainty little wife?"

"Mrs. Storr desires me to express regrets that she cannot come." The husband apologized with a Virginia accent and the serenity of one whose manners fit like the skin that he was born in, then added: "Fact is, Crow, Mrs. Storr could not make herself presentable."

"The pink dress ——"

"—— is in custody of our dearest uncle," Storr finished.

"Pawned? For what amount?"

"Twenty."

From an obese roll of bank notes Crow peeled off one hundred, which Storr accepted with aristocratic indifference. "Thanks. Thanks awfully."

"Now, Joe," Crow urged him, "please be so kind as to redeem what is essential, and, with her permission, escort Mrs. Storr to this room."

Nothing was ever lovelier than Coralie, an elf in pink and white that justified the coral name she had assumed; here and there amongst her billowy flounces a faint suggestion of green hinted at deep-sea abysses from which

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The Girl Gazed Upon Crow With Eyes That Tears Had Washed to a More Translucent Blue

The Manifesto of a Golf Rebel

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

WE NOW come to that stage of our golfing affairs where the dictatorial persons who control the game internationally, nationally, by states, and thus down to the board of directors and greens committee of each club, after advocating the outlay and spending millions of the golfing public's money for lengthening our golf courses as originally and pleasurably laid out, or building new courses after the new and fantastic fashion to meet the requirements of the lively golf ball in common use, have decided to shorten and deaden the ball, by making it larger and lighter, to meet the shorter requirements of the long golf courses they laid out so expansively and expensively to accommodate the long ball. Sounds like a roundelay sung by the choral section of the Dorcas Society of West Wappington, doesn't it?

And one moment, please! I know this isn't a new proposition. I know it has been bruited about in high golfing circles for a considerable time, and that there are no handier bruiters-about to be found than in high golfing circles. Also, I know this is an appropriate time to write about it because as I look out of my window at the time of writing I can see the entrants in this year's National Amateur Golf championship tournament playing preliminary practice rounds on the Pebble Beach course. With so much golf just across the fence and more to come, why not?

A Duffer Calling to His Mates

FURTHERMORE, in order that there may be no misunderstanding or comeback on that particular feature of these remarks, I herewith make it quite plain that I am not a good golfer. I have been playing in, around, at and about golf since 1900, and the best score I ever made in my life was an 87. I am one of those golfers the golf writers speak about, with bland tolerance and a heavy patronage, as a duffer; most of the said golf writers being not only duffers but dubs at the game themselves. I except Grantland Rice. He is an expert.

But the point is here: Being the sort of golfer I am, I am also the same kind of golfer as the great bulk of the golfers in America—the golfers who pay the heavy and increasing golf expenses, who support the game, who have made golf possible in the United States. I speak from the viewpoint of 95 per cent of the golfers in this country; of my own volition, to be sure, but from that viewpoint, nevertheless.

I rise to say that golf, as it is in this country, is golf organized and exploited with the expertness and demands of 5 per cent of the American golfers in mind—the professionals and star amateurs—and with indifference to the needs, requirements, necessities and limitations of 95 per cent of the players, who, as I shall frequently set forth, pay for the game, support it, and make golf and all the many-sided and extensive golf enterprises in this country a going concern.

With this preamble, which is the preamble to the manifesto of a golf rebel, I now proceed to a discussion of golf of the present day, starting with the plan of the golf managers and magnates to provide a larger, lighter and shorter ball.

They were not precipitate about this radical matter, not one-tenth so precipitate as they were when they tucked from a thousand to fifteen hundred yards on the existing courses at an enormous expenditure for land and construction and all the highly expensive this and that that go with remaking golf courses, or built the new courses even more expensively. They studied the question, both in this country and in England, and every now and then we got most impressive announcements about the problems involved, which were couched in highly technical scientific jargon and showed deep thought on the part of the announcers. Very deep.

No, brethren and sisters of golf; no, you 95 per cent of all the golfers we have who pay and pay and pay; no, you poor golfing sheep who have dug down into your jeans for increased golfing dues and have been mulcted of heavy assessments in addition for this vital necessity they found, back yonder, of extending the six-thousand-yard golf courses to seven thousand and, eke, seventy-two hundred, or, even, seventy-five hundred yard golf courses and building new ones at this increased yardage because the professionals and the few star amateurs could get home in two shots on holes intended to be three-shot holes with the aid of the increased liveliness of the ball developed by the artful ball makers—no, they were not precipitate about it. They took a lot of time. The thing required study. It required more than that—an enormous amount of propaganda and preparation.

Otherwise some clamorous golfer, refusing to be impressed by all this amphigory, clinging to the idea that golf, originally and still in its rational status, was only a game, and is yet, and not the formularized, favoritized, febrile, overemphasized and commercialized thing it is at present for the vast bulk of those who play at it—some raucous and entirely irreverent golfer like myself, for example, might have stood up and asked, right out in public, as I am doing at present, why these intellectual giants who manage our golf affairs did not shorten the ball in the first place and save our American golfers all these millions and millions of dollars that have been spent in lengthening and building the courses to meet the requirements of the ball.

Somebody might have inquired what there was then so sacred about the golf ball that it could not be revised so it would work satisfactorily on our perfectly good six-thousand-yard golf courses, which is what is going on now after these tons of golfers' money have been spent, instead, in buying more land, lengthening holes, making new greens and going into that frenzy of golf construction and reconstruction that hit our golfing magnates a few years ago, for which the golfers of this country, whose only idea about golf is getting some fun out of it, have paid, are paying, and will continue to pay for years to come.

In short, some golf rebel, like myself, for example, might have asked, What is the big idea? How did it happen that one or all of these golf managers, constructors, engineers, designers, directors, rule makers, purveyors and propagandists did not suggest, when the ball became too long for the courses by means of skillfully and progressively imparted liveliness by the ball makers that it now has, that the problem might be solved by slowing down the ball a bit, by making it larger, say, and lighter, and less animated and nimble, and thus obviating this enormous impost that has been laid on the bulk of our golfers for longer, remade and professionally induced courses? Where were these golfing boys who studied the problem involved in shortening the ball when that other and simpler problem arose? Why were not these super-golf minds functioning at that time? Why, if it is now necessary, as they say it is, to shorten the ball to make the seven-thousand-yard courses adequate, couldn't the ball have been shortened in the first instance and all this useless expenditure of money obviated?

That, of course, would not be nice. It would show small appreciation of the finer nuances of the game. It would indicate a lack of sporting spirit to obtrude such a question when these super-golfers were giving so much of their time and thinking so hard and laboring so unselfishly for the improvement, regulation and standardization of that formerly excellent pastime we discovered some thirty-odd years ago or so, and imported for our exercise and pleasure from Scotland and England. Also, it would predicate, or, at least, intimate, that these super-golfers, these golf managers and officials, to say nothing of these professionals, these hundreds of ex-caddies who are making a living out of golf, and the local magnates and managers are not so hot.

Weighty Thought on a Light Subject

OF COURSE, they required time to study this vast problem—these golf masters and managers of ours. If they precipitately had made the perfectly obvious and simple decision, in as much as the present ball is too long for the present courses—that is, is too long for about 3 per cent of the present players on the present courses—and as all golf theory, practice and implements under our present golf system are for the primary benefit and use of the smallest minority that ever controlled anything of the magnitude of golf in this country, the needs, desires and comforts of that minority will be the better conserved by shortening the ball—to go ahead and shorten it—if they made such a decision right off the bat, then where would they be?

Golf as it is in This Country

Without justification, of course. For, be it known, what a lot of us thought was only a game has been elaborately developed into a big business by our serious golf thinkers and golf dictators, by a lot of professionals at it who make their living out of it, by the star amateurs who are the experts at it, by the professional propagandists of it who, also, make their living by it, by the golf engineers and designers, of whom a large crop has bloomed in the past ten years, not to call by name numerous other expert inciters of the elaborations and complications of present-day golf. What started out to be a pastime has now become a business with a comparative handful of these various promulgators both of theory and practice on the one small end and the biggest sucker list in the world on the jug-handled other—meaning, as may be surmised, the aggregate golf-club membership in this country.

So we had several years of this huggermugger over this perplexing problem: Shall the ball be made a little larger and a little lighter? Or shall the present small, solid and very lively ball be retained? What to do? Lawks-a-mercy, but it had the golfing pastors and masters in a quandary! The amount of thought and study they put into it was enormous. And laughable.

The Lads Who Shoot the Eagles

THEY are in a ridiculous position, after their expensive campaign only a few years ago for lengthening the courses to meet the requirements of the ball, when they admit that it is necessary to shorten the ball to meet the requirements of the courses. They have cost the golfers of this country millions of unnecessarily expended money. They know now that six-thousand-yard courses would have been perfectly happy and congenial to all golfers save the professionals and a few star amateurs if they had shortened the ball in the first place, but they didn't think of that back yonder when they began their saturnalia of buying more land, lengthening holes, adding traps and bunkers, and otherwise refixing and remodeling the existing courses and building the new ones with prodigal expenditure. Now they have thought of it, after all this money has been levied on the golf players, but it took time—time.

That was the necessary element—time—time for study, for experiment, for scientific investigation. Also, time for the golfing suckers of America to forget the rooking they got when these course lengtheners and revisers threw away millions of their money and made their golf courses into the congeries of traps, bunkers, undulations, narrow fairways, chasmed greens, and so on, that are the golf courses of today and on which 95 per cent of the players cannot make a decent score to save their golfing lives.

Thus, having accomplished this great feat of scrupulous and kindly consideration of the needs of 5 per cent of our golfers at the expense of the other 95 per cent, they naturally found that further scrupulous and kindly consideration of this same 5 per cent indicates a shorter ball. It stood to reason that if this young Horton Smith and Walter Hagen and Bobby Jones and a few others can get on a green five hundred yards away with a couple of shots, something had to be done about it, for even our greatest golfing engineers have not the nerve to advocate holes much more than five hundred yards in length. That is an anomalous condition. Here are these long holes and here are these expert boys getting eagles and birdies on them, and the entire managerial and dictatorial golfing structure was racked and rent by the terrifying circumstance.

There are so many Horton Smiths and Walter Hagens and Bobby Joneses, and such like, in our golfing contingent! Our golf clubs are all cluttered up with them. To be sure! Look around in your club and count up the lads who can get on a five-hundred-yard green, or a four-hundred-and-fifty yard green, or a four-hundred-yard green in two shots, save by an occasional fluke. I once made a three-hundred-and-eighty-five-yard hole on the Pebble Beach course in 2. Once. And I have played that hole probably six hundred times. What does that prove? That I should yammer to have the hole lengthened or the ball shortened? Apple sauce. It proves that a lucky and entirely unusual, for me, second shot rolled into the hole. So unusual, in fact, that I spent fifteen minutes looking for the ball around the edges of the green before the caddy happened to look into the cup and was astonished to find it there. As for me, I was paralyzed.

But look around your club, you golfers who dumbly take what the golfing authorities hand you, and as dumbly pay for it, and count up these golfers who can make these long greens with these perfect shots or do the like on the shorter hole; who can bang their drives up to within short pitching distances on the shorter holes—the par fours, and so on. Count 'em up. What's that? Only two or three of the amateurs, the professionals, and, mayhap, a good caddy or two. Is that all? You don't mean to say so. Why, one would think, from all the money paid out for lengthening the courses a time back, and for all this grave and weighty consideration over shortening the ball, that such shooting is the routine instead of the miraculous in the golf clubs of this country.

One would think that if one did not know about the great bulk of the golf shot in this country.

The Game of Golf—Or Isn't It?

THE proportion of the paying and supporting members of any golf club in this country—any club—who can shoot a consistent 90 is so small as to be a minute section of its membership. Honest golf, I mean, with all strokes counted and no monkey business; not lead-pencil golf. The great bulk of the golf players in this country are doing well if they can make an honest 100 with this present ball and on these present courses. And these are the golfers who keep the golf clubs going, and pay the professionals, and buy the accouterments—the men who are the golf of this country. They are the lads who support the game and make it possible. Now, what is golf? Is it a game? Is it a means for mild exercise and for fun for busy men who can get outdoors by playing at it, have some competitive sport, have some sociability, and some fresh air? Or is it an enterprise organized and conducted for the benefit and in accordance with the unusual expertness at it of not more than 5 per cent of those

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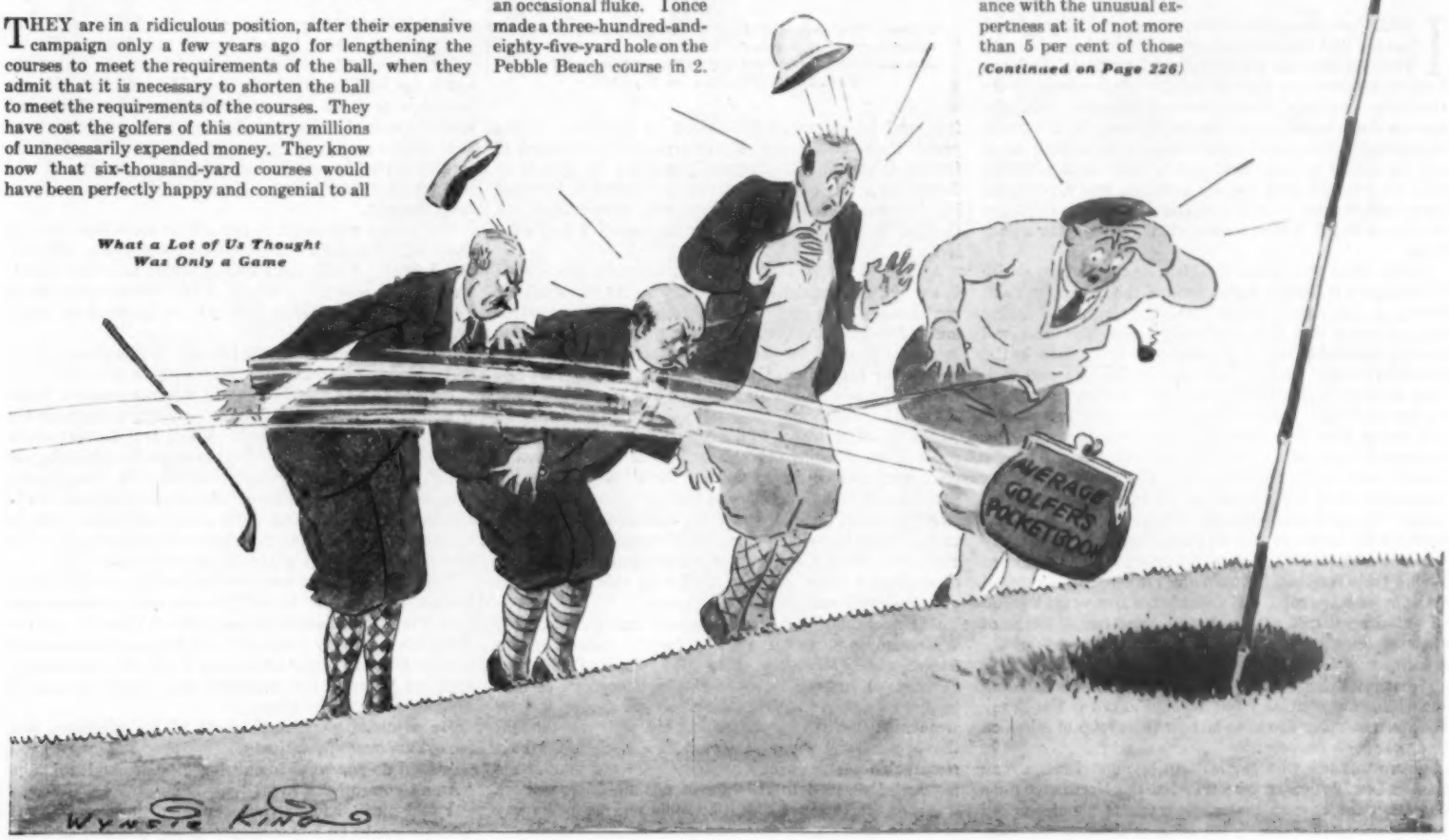
What a Lot of Us Thought Was Only a Game



ON THE ROAD

By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

I HAD just passed my twenty-second birthday when I had my first chance to go out on the road as salesman. This had been my ambition for a long time. As far as I could see there was little chance for advancement in the Rennolds Company home-office organization. All the various departments were headed by men who were in distressingly good health and who gave no indications of retiring within twenty years, and to make matters worse, each department head had his assistant, who expected at some remote time to step into the shoes of his chief; so whichever way I turned I could see myself only as a poor third.

At the office they made considerable sport of my desire to become a traveling man. Around the corner, in John Street, a man named Foley kept an eating and drinking establishment that was facetiously called The Diamond House, because it was patronized largely by men in the gem and jewelry trade. Queer, foreign-looking men with long whiskers maintained a sort of curb diamond market on the sidewalk in front of Foley's, where they bought and sold stones that they carried in their pockets wrapped in squares of tissue paper. The diamonds they dealt in came mostly from East Side pawnshops. Few of these sidewalk speculators had regular offices. When a deal was arranged the participants would step inside the saloon and scribble the terms on bits of paper, using the mahogany bar as a desk. At the back of the establishment there was a long table reserved for traveling salesmen who chanced to be in from the road, and around this always sat a group of well-dressed men eating, drinking and telling stories of their experiences with the trade in different parts of the country.

Somehow Foley's represented to me the romance of salesmanship. As often as I felt I could afford it I took my luncheon at Foley's so as to be near this group of salesmen and hear their conversation.

There was one who particularly fascinated me, a man named Lee Waterman who traveled the Northwest for a Maiden Lane concern that made a line of popular-priced gold jewelry. He was quite bald, with a round, fresh face, and had a remarkable talent for mimicry. It appeared that a good many of the merchants he sold were of foreign origin, and he frequently amused his friends at Foley's by acting out sales interviews in which he imitated his customers' fantastic dialects and phraseology. I thought he was the most humorous person I had ever seen.

"I Know You're Not Asking Them to Go Into Partnership," I Answered, "But That is What it Amounts to Every Time a Wholesale Concern Sells You a Bill of Goods on Credit"

At that time a strange character, whom no one seemed to know, was a regular client of Foley's. He was a tall old gentleman with a gray waxed mustache, always meticulously dressed in a cutaway coat and white vest, who came in precisely at 12:30 each day. Other clients set their watches by his arrival. He never spoke, and his visit had the air of a solemn rite to which he had pledged himself. He would walk up to the bar and point to a certain bottle, which the attendant would set before him along with a small glass. Pouring out half an inch of liquor he would back away two or three steps and for a long moment regard himself intently in the great mirror behind the bar as he adjusted his tie and twirled the waxed ends of his mustache. Then he would square his shoulders, lift his glass ceremoniously to his reflection in the mirror and drain its contents at a single swallow. Following this he would go out as silently and quickly as he came.

One noontime after this gentleman had gone out Lee Waterman mimicked the scene for the benefit of his friends, adding all sorts of grotesque byplay and whimsical gestures. I suppose it was a rather clever sort of burlesque, though certainly nothing to rave about; but for some unknown reason it inspired me with the thought that a man who was able to act so cleverly must be a remarkable person in any capacity. On the spur of the moment I decided to tell him of my ambition to be a traveling man and ask him if he could put me in the way of a road position.

He left the café a few minutes later and I followed him to the sidewalk, where I made known my desires. He received my confidences with great seriousness, asking my name, age, and length of service in Maiden Lane. He set my answers down in a pocket memorandum book and said he knew of a ring manufacturing concern in Newark that needed a man of my precise qualifications. Just before we parted he asked what salary I was making; I told him fifteen dollars a week. He wrinkled his round face in deep thought.

"Of course you ought to get a little more than that on the road," he said at last. "Would eighteen a week interest you?" I told him I would be glad to accept a position at that salary. A couple of his friends came out of Foley's just then; before joining them he shook my hand heartily.

"I guess it's good as settled then," he remarked. "You will probably hear from me within a couple of weeks."

He said this so confidently that it never occurred to me to doubt his word. I have never been able to make up my mind whether he was really in earnest or if his part of the interview was only a bit of the burlesque for which he was noted. I never heard from him or from the Newark ring concern. Poor Lee. He was one of the tragedies of the traveling-man profession. His convivial habits grew to the point where he was no longer able to get a job even for himself. He died of alcoholism seven years later.

Yet, after all, this interview indirectly brought about the results I wanted. It took place between Christmas and New Year's, and I got to thinking that if I were to quit the Rennolds Company I should in all fairness give notice of my intentions. A day or so later I told Mr. Rennolds I expected to leave, and suggested that he get someone to take my place in the office.

He wrinkled his nose to shoot off his eyeglasses and looked me over appraisingly.

"What do you want to quit for?" he demanded finally. "Aren't you satisfied here?"

I told him I had no cause to complain except that I didn't want to be a bookkeeper all my life, and as I had

received an offer to go on the road, I decided I had best make the change. I was perfectly sincere in this, having implicit faith in Lee Waterman's veracity; and, fortunately for me, Mr. Rennolds did not inquire the name of the firm I expected to work for.

"I hate to see you leave, Richard," he remarked; "and if you're set on being a salesman, maybe I can see my way clear to give you a chance. Anyhow don't do anything definite for a few days."

It turned out that my chance came sooner than might have been expected. Our New York State salesman, Herbert Cassin, had come in just before Christmas with an attack of influenza—we called it "la grippe" then—and in January had not sufficiently recovered to go out on his territory. One morning Mr. Rennolds called me to his desk to say he was going to let me take Mr. Cassin's trunks and try my hand at calling on some of his customers in the upper portion of the state. It was a territory extending northward from the line of the Erie Canal to the Canadian border, facetiously known as the Klondike, not only because of the rugged winter climate but because a good many of the merchants had a reputation for chilliness toward the traveling fraternity. It would take me about two weeks to cover the towns of the district, at the end of which time I was to come back to New York and turn the trunks over to Herbert Cassin. Mr. Rennolds gave me to understand that this trip was to be in the nature of a try-out and if I showed aptitude as a salesman I would later be given a regular territory.

I should explain that the men who went out for Maiden Lane houses were under far greater responsibility than salesmen in other lines. The stocks carried in their trunks were very valuable. On this first trip of mine, for example, my two trunks contained watches, diamonds and gold jewelry inventorying more than fifty thousand dollars, and even that was less than ordinarily carried by Herbert Cassin. There was a mutual insurance society that insured merchandise while on the road; and before a salesman could go out with a stock his house had to satisfy this insurance society that he was trustworthy and vigilant. He was supposed never to allow his trunks out of his sight except when turned over to a railway baggageman or to a bonded transfer company. It was, in fact, a violation of this rule that finally barred poor Lee Waterman from employment by any Maiden Lane house. On one occasion in Duluth he took his trunks to the railway station in a hack and, before checking them, decided to visit a bar across the street. The visit lasted the better part of a day and night, during which time his trunks stood unprotected on the railway platform. Someone reported it, and Lee's career as a jewelry salesman was automatically ended.

But such occurrences were very rare. Hardly any losses took place through robbery or holdups. The firms that constituted the mutual insurance company paid in one hundred dollars a year for each ten thousand dollars' worth of merchandise insured, and it was no unusual thing at the end of the year for the entire amount to be refunded, less a small charge for bookkeeping. It is not pleasant to note that conditions have changed vastly for the worse during recent years. Banditry and lawlessness have made the transportation of valuable merchandise a risky business. The cost of insurance on jewelry salesmen's trunks now is more than twenty times higher.

It was on a freezing day in January that I began my career as a salesman. My train left the old Grand Central Station at noon, and just before I quit the office Mr. Rennolds called me to his desk for final instructions.

"There are one or two things for you to remember, Richard," he said. "Don't lie to your customers. Don't knock your competitors. You don't know anything about your competitors' goods anyhow. You know your own line. Talk about that!"

Since that day I have read and listened to a great many learned dissertations on the art of salesmanship. But stripped down to fundamentals, I do not recall that any of the authors or speakers ever said more than Charles H. Rennolds did in that two-minute interview.

I went on the main line of the New York Central as far as Utica, where I spent the night before making my plunge into the St. Lawrence country. It was so cold in my hotel room that I went to bed in my underclothes and put my overcoat on top of the quilts, but never succeeded in getting quite warm. In the country I was to cover, Watertown and Ogdensburg were the only places that properly could be called cities; all the others on my list were villages of five thousand people or less. But for this very reason it was a wonderful territory for a beginner traveling man. Life was not easy in the north country; the business men who succeeded were of a hardy type, shrewd and down to the ground in their judgments, and like all people who live close to the soil, their talk was full of homely and significant metaphor. For example, when a north-country man wished to express admiration for another his remark would be, "He knows a hawk from a handsaw!"

The first town in which I offered my merchandise I will call by the fictitious name of Byzantium. The business section, a quarter of a mile from the railway station, centered about a spacious square with the post office on one side and the town hall directly opposite. The firm I called on, Bradford and Company, occupied a store next the post office. It was a rather imposing establishment, with a street clock set on a post at the curb in front, two large show windows and a high-pitched ceiling. Just back of one of the show windows two repair men worked at their benches, and on that side of the store was the stock of watches, jewelry and silverware. On the other side were sporting goods, stationery, books and lamps; and at the extreme rear was a piano department.

Mr. Bradford was a man of sixty, tall and spare, with a drooping gray mustache. He had been a customer of my house for many years and was a personal friend of Mr. Rennolds. Mr. Bradford was in the habit of going to New York City every few years, but there were many people in the county, he told me, who had never been "more than hollering distance away from home." When he agreed to look over my stock I went back to the railway station, got my two trunks out of the baggage room and had them loaded on the local transfer man's bobsleigh and rode with them up to Mr. Bradford's store, where I helped carry them to the piano department at the rear.

Mr. Bradford had an astonishing memory for figures. To look at my goods he sat on a piano stool at one side of a little table. I opened my trunks, took out the velvet-lined trays, one after the other, and set them on the table for his inspection. He would glance over a tray of samples and, without picking up an article or looking at the tag,

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"Of Course You Ought to Get a Little More Than That on the Road," He Said at Last. "Would Eighteen a Week Interest You?"

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Life Insurance as Investment

WHEN life insurance according to the traditional type was first devised, it was set up as a replacement of the income produced by the head of the family—in short, a sort of salvage operation. What was sought was a capital sum on which the interest would maintain the family of the man whose life was insured. Usually the policy was not large enough fully to replace the income of the head of the family, but that was the objective sought, if attainable. Later came the idea of life insurance as investment, the use of policies as collateral for loans, the paid-up policies with cash liquidation, the insurance of men as protection to business, and annuity insurance and other forms of installment payments.

It has been computed that the life insurance now in effect in legal reserve companies in this country aggregates a hundred billion dollars. It has doubled twice in the past fifteen years. This is not insurance; it is investment, with the feature of insurance over the interval. The figure probably exceeds the total annual income of the country. It represents a transfer of savings from individuals to specialists in investment. As mobilization of capital, the fund is of large significance in business. In its present scope life insurance is a distinctively American institution.

Sugar Still in the Limelight

THE disputation over the tariff on sugar contrives to keep sugar before the public, nationally and internationally. This is no new position for sugar, which has been more or less in the limelight most of the time since the Civil War. Few commodities have been in politics more often or more deeply than sugar, and this also internationally as well as nationally. While Americans are discussing the proposed tariff on sugar the economic status of the commodity is receiving close attention in foreign countries.

The growth of trade in sugar has been phenomenal. At the beginning of the century the world production of sugar was around ten million tons; now it is around thirty million tons. At the beginning of the century about two-thirds of the world sugar was beet sugar; now around two-thirds of the world sugar is cane sugar. During the war beet sugar received a heavy set-back in Europe and Russia, while the production of cane sugar was stimulated. In the decade since the war the production of beet sugar has recovered rapidly and the production of cane sugar has continued to expand. Cuba has passed the mark of five million tons, the outturn in Java exceeds three million tons. The outturn of cane sugar has trebled in the Philippines during the past decade, and heavy expansions have occurred in Hawaii and Australia, as well as in other countries. Both importing and exporting countries in Europe have stressed their efforts at sugar production. The result is a rising flood of sugar, a volume in excess of distributive facilities except under heavy decline of price.

Before the war the average price of raw sugar in London was around twelve shillings per hundredweight; the current price has been less than ten shillings. Using the average price of the five years before the war as 100, the 1929 price has stood below 80, and this at a time when the British all-commodity wholesale index number stands around 140. Before the war the average price of raw Cuban sugar in New York was around 2.7 cents; during 1929 the price has been below two cents, which rough figures illustrate again the decline.

The direct costs of production are higher for beet sugar than for cane sugar. According to Mikusch, beet-sugar production in Germany costs twice as much as cane-sugar production in Java. Beet-sugar production continues, however, because it is not a form of one-crop farming, like raising sugar cane, but is an integral part of diversified farming over large regions. Sugar beets yield—inclusive of leaves, slices and tops—a higher outturn of starch equivalent and protein than any other crop; also their raising insures an advantageous rotation of crops, clean fields, a richer yield of other crops following on beets, and general improvement of the soil. Sugar-cane cultivation has for its advantages the tropical sun, seed selection and intensive cultivation. Labor is a large element in all cases. Somewhat paradoxically, in some countries sugar growing is urged to give employment to workers; in other countries workers have to be recruited.

Subsidizers, tariff builders and taxgatherers have long given their attention to sugar. According to a compilation of the Economic Committee of the League of Nations, twenty-six sugar-beet-growing countries levy import tariffs on sugar, nineteen sugar-cane-growing countries levy import tariffs on sugar, twenty countries levy excise taxes on refined sugar, and six countries grant subsidies to domestic sugar producers. There is also reason to believe that some countries grant indirect and concealed subsidies, and preferential treatment is accorded to sugar in many countries—for example, by Great Britain to the Dominions and by the United States to Cuba.

The old-fashioned economist suggests that production somewhere be restrained. Surplus-exporting countries cannot bring themselves to accept such a dictum, and the net-importing countries, of course, agree with them. Thus about the only thing left is to await growth of population and endeavor to augment the use of sugar, especially in countries that have a low per capita consumption. There are many such countries; for example, the average consumption in Europe and Russia is around eighteen pounds per person per year. But it is difficult to picture the sugar producers of Cuba and Java spending money to advertise the use of sugar in Russia and Italy. Evidently the plight of sugar producers in the world is both acute and of long standing, which explains in part why the study of the question was taken up by the League of Nations.

Keep Park Standards High

ONE of the most valuable of this country's assets, the national-park system, has been revealed fully only in the past ten years. The nineteen units vary in merit; not all evoke the awe of the Grand Canyon or the Yosemite. But in general they are distinctive in an exceedingly high degree. Each has striking characteristics, and quite obviously the standard of admission of a new area to this classification should be equally eminent and if possible equal to the best. In recent years the public has learned fairly well the meaning of a national park as a reservation containing scenic or other natural features so unusual and outstanding in their power to stimulate and inspire that it truly deserves the title "national." If this standard is lived up to in the admission of future parks, the system as a whole will always serve as one of the foremost educational and even spiritual agencies in the land.

But these very facts have given not only the parks themselves but the surrounding areas enormous advertising value. Tourists are attracted in large numbers, and the tourist industry has become one of the foremost means of livelihood in many sections. Naturally the scenic features which constitute a national park are commonly found in rather sparsely settled areas, where the great aggregate wealth which follows concentration of industry is absent. Consequently the advertising, the stream of tourists and the large appropriations from the Federal Treasury that go with a national undertaking are all the more welcome. As a result, there is constant and increasing pressure upon Congress for the creation of new national parks, each regular and special session witnessing a perfect flood of bills for that purpose.

Now there is not an authority worthy the name who dissents from the view that state recreational needs should be cared for by state parks. This country abounds in untold millions of acres of pleasant woodland, cut-over land, gullies, swamps, hills, meandering streams, ranches and farms. If states or counties or cities, where there are cities, wish to lay aside such areas for water-conservation purposes or for forestry or for recreation, and can afford to do so, let them take such action by all means. These areas do not constitute a national park. But such simple and conclusive reasoning does not appeal to a congressman desirous of advertising his own state or district and of bringing people into it. Thus the bills to create new national parks here, there and almost literally everywhere are legion.

Thus far the executive departments of the Government, backed by the conservation organizations, have been quite successful in opposing admission of new parks which were not considered up to standard. One bill opposed by numbers of these groups, however, did pass the last regular session of Congress and died only as the result of President Coolidge's pocket veto. This leads us to consider the most remarkable feature of the whole situation. As a rule, government departments wish to expand. Their desire is to aggrandize power, to take on more functions and officials and to increase their budgets. Bill after bill to create new national parks has been opposed, however, not only by the National Park Service and the Interior Department, which have direct jurisdiction, but by the National Forest Service and the Department of Agriculture, whose interests are indirectly allied.

Obviously the best judges of whether an area should be included in the national-park system are the trained administrators of the system itself. The fact that large groups in Congress, and even at times a majority, have gone over the heads of the actual trained administrators smacks altogether too much of politics in the sense of the word which is so rightly deplored. It even seems like the pork barrel of earlier days. Human nature is such that if the functions of any government bureau can be efficiently, consistently and scientifically enlarged, the officials of that bureau will not usually report exhaustively in the negative, as they have done so many times in respect to proposed new national parks.

No true lover of the national parks wants the system diluted or submerged by substandard areas. The integrity of the system is of real national importance. Yet it requires a fight in each session of Congress to maintain that integrity. No congressman likes to oppose a fellow's pet project. If he does he may have great difficulty in getting his own necessary and meritorious measures through. Thus, many votes are mustered easily for any measure which seems at first glance of a merely local nature and not likely to arouse the general public. An enormous burden is placed upon the committees to weed out these bills, and on the whole they do an excellent job. But they need the support of public sentiment. Millions of men and women have beheld the sublime features of the national parks, and very many of them have been reinvigorated and uplifted. Surely they cannot want such standards broken down.

Shoes—and Ships—and Sealing Wax

By Struthers Burt

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

NO MAN is superior to his vocabulary. Men make words, but once the words are made, words make men. Words are symbols for a series of pictures, intellectual or emotional. When you say them you have either a distinct picture, right or wrong, or else, as in the majority of cases, a blurred picture, which is always wrong.

Now, the intelligent citizen of any of the more advanced and liberal nations is today, in most of his domestic relationships—and by this I mean his national as well as his personal relationships—an advanced and liberal man. He is a business man living in a business world where open-mindedness and coöperation have become almost the equivalents of success. He does not fight other individuals; he does not hand down the law to his family; wherever possible he avoids brawls, lawsuits and acrimony, knowing that such things never under any circumstances pay.

He has learned to expect certain things for himself, and by expecting and demanding them for himself, he has learned to expect them for and grant them to others. Without being in the least sentimental, it is no exaggeration to say that for the first time in history there is evidence that possibly the Biblical admonition to treat others as you yourself would like to be treated may actually some day be put into effect.

Small business, or, in other words, business as conducted until recently, has been pagan; but the large business that more and more is beginning to emerge as the chief preoccupation of the world cannot help but be to a large extent wise, equitable, altruistic and peaceable.

So the intelligent citizen is not only getting to be a fairly sensible fellow and a fairly kindly one, he is also getting to be a fairly far-visioned one. Realizing himself, he realizes his family and that he is no longer master of his family but part of it; realizing his family, he realizes that his family is part of the community; realizing his community, he realizes that it is part of his country and state, and so on up until he is at last beginning to conceive some notion of his country as a whole.

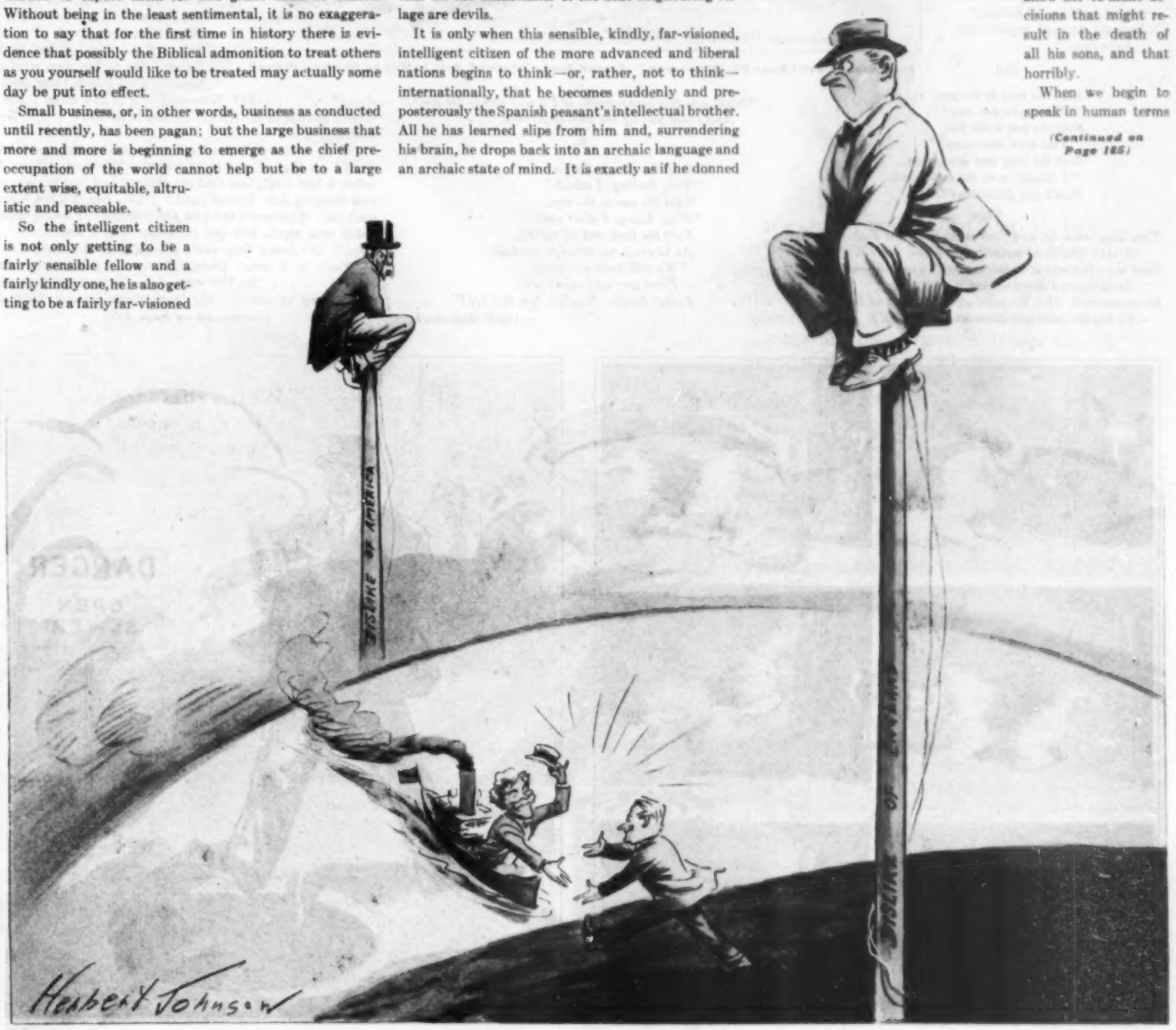
He is beginning vaguely to understand that if there is a disaster in San Francisco it will affect his own village thousands of miles away, even if the reverberations are on the surface imperceptible. He wishes San Francisco to succeed, he even wishes New York to succeed, because he knows that the success of San Francisco or New York sooner or later will be his own success. He is getting further and further away from the extreme opposite point of view, which is that of the Spanish peasant who believes that all the inhabitants of the next neighboring village are devils.

It is only when this sensible, kindly, far-visioned, intelligent citizen of the more advanced and liberal nations begins to think—or, rather, not to think—internationally, that he becomes suddenly and preposterously the Spanish peasant's intellectual brother. All he has learned slips from him and, surrendering his brain, he drops back into an archaic language and an archaic state of mind. It is exactly as if he donned the costume of his ancestors and began to discuss dueling instead of golf. As if he went back to the dinosaur to learn how to run his eight-cylinder car.

When he wishes to express the relationships existing between any two nations at any given time, ten to one he will use some such expression as this: "The government of such and such a nation is friendly—or hostile—to the government of such and such another nation." Even if he does not use this exact locution, he will imply it. When he says England is friendly to Spain, or Germany is unfriendly to France, what he means is that the government in London is friendly to the government in Madrid, and the government in Berlin is unfriendly to the government in Paris. But what, in all advanced and liberal nations, whether monarchial or otherwise, are the governments supposed to be but the elected servants of the people? And would any intelligent modern man, however busy, allow the governess of his children to make any final and important decision, no matter how capable she was? Certainly he would not allow her to make decisions that might result in the death of all his sons, and that horribly.

When we begin to speak in human terms

(Continued on Page 185)



A Good Time for Flagpole-Sitting Champions to Come Down

CARTOON AND COMEDY

A Cross-Word-Puzzle Flood

CHARACTERS

NOAH, Father of Shem, Ham and Japheth
MOA, Extinct Flightless Bird of New Zealand
GOA, Tibetan Gazelle
BOA, A Large Serpent

THE winds began to blowa,
which exasperated Noah
Into building for himself a mighty Ark.
He rounded up a moa, and a goa, and a boa,
And shoved them through the porthole after dark.
The ship looked like a proa, but old Noah was a rowah,
For oft before he'd sailed the southern sea;
He leaned back, all agiowa, and said, said he, "What hoa!
Now all we need is just some harmonee!"

But

Said the moa to the goa,
"Won't you goa way?"
Said the goa to the boa,
"You darn stowaway!"
Said the long and slinky boa,
"I despise you, mo and moah.
Won't you flowaway?"

Then

This dissension aft and foah much bedeviled Father Noah,
A man who loved serenity and peace.
Said he, "It tends to lowah the Ark's esprit-de-coah.
As skipper, I demand that it shall cease."
He summoned, then, the moa, and the goa, and the boa,
To lay the law right down unto them, flat:

"Now, stop this here uproah, or I'll nail you to the floah,
And chase you off the boat at Ararat."

So

Said the moa to the goa:
"You, darling, I adoah."
Said the goa to the moa:
"Why, honey, I ain't soah."
Said the long and shiny boa,
As he crept out through the doah:
"We will leave you never,
From you we'll never sever,
Father Noah. No, No, No, NOAH!"

—Clark Rodenbach.

DRAWN BY CHESTER L. GARDE

First Soph: "Let's Raus This Freshman." Second Soph: "Careful, Bill, it May be Our New Prexy"

"I'll Tell You All About Europe"

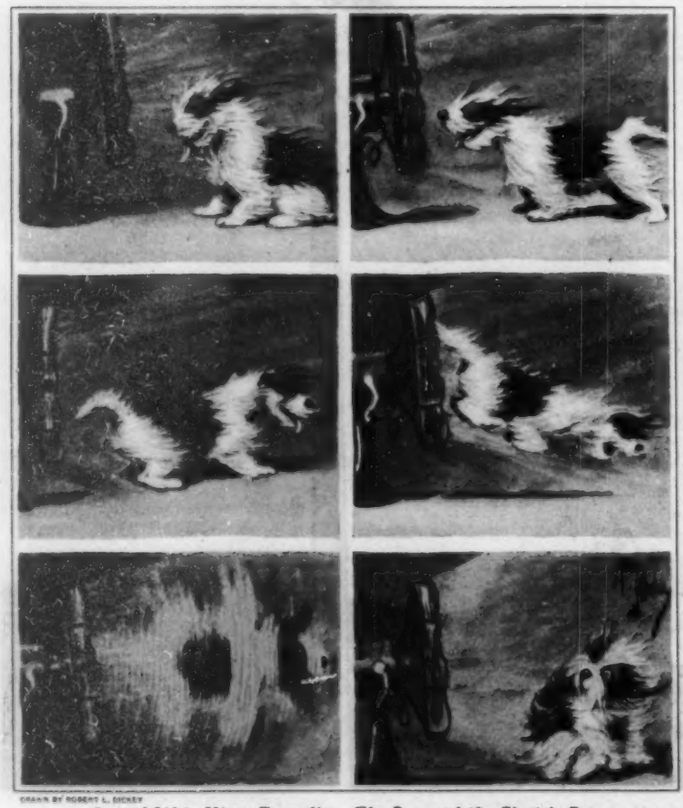
"YES, it sure was a marvelous trip. We sailed the nineteenth of June. . . . Say, that reminds me, how did the boat race come out? . . . We did? How many lengths? . . . Well, I sort of figured it that way—with the stroke they had. But I'll bet next year, if Higgins and Blatherswaite don't get on pro. . . . Well, as I was saying, we sailed on the Dyspeptic, and who should I meet but Jim Knowles. . . .

"And that reminds me, what's become of Jim's sister? I'd heard she was engaged to be married. . . . Is that right, though? They stepped off in July? Well, she's a great girl, all right. Wouldn't mind being hitched up to her myself. Who'd she marry? . . . No kidding! Why, I know him well. . . . Sure. He's with Fuller and Bacon. Say, by the way, what's Consolidated Paper Clips been doing? . . . 192? Wheow! It was 234 when I left. Glad I got out of it. And N. S. and L. Seltzer? . . . No kidding?

"Well, we hit right for Paris when we landed, and who should we find at our hotel but the Wilkinses. They'd taken a fast boat, and told me George had just bought a new Slinking Six. Is that right? . . . Say, I'll bet it's a neat car. And how's the new Dashmobile? I heard their sedan was swell, but the runabout was a flop. . . . Yeah? It's funny they can't put out a good runabout.

"Paris is a great place, all right. I went to the Louvre. . . . By the way, does Gertrude still think she's going to paint? She was taking lessons when I

(Continued on Page 106)



DRAWN BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

One of Life's Minor Tragedies. The Pup and the Electric Fan

DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

The Literary Situation

SOUP

with a charm all its own!

It's a happy message that your eye flashes to your appetite at sight of this bright-hued soup. Its very color is a promise. Your taste quickens in response to the first lively spoonful. And a warm glow comes over you as every additional spoonful brings you its delicious, tonic flavor and refreshment.

Unique. Individual. A something your appetite never forgets. How else could Campbell's Tomato Soup have become the best-liked soup in the world? Only the pure tomato juices and the luscious tomato "meat" are retained in this smooth puree, enriched with choice creamery butter and seasoned to a nicety. How you enjoy it!

And Cream of Tomato Soup! You've never tasted it at its most inviting best until you've prepared it with Campbell's. It's so easy and convenient. Simply mix Campbell's Tomato Soup with an equal quantity of milk, stir while heating but do not boil. Serve immediately. Such richness and nourishment! Especially good for the children. 12 cents a can.

Who wouldn't be happy
And smiling and gay
With twenty-one Campbell's—
A soup for each day!

EAT SOUP EVERY DAY AND ENJOY
A DIFFERENT SOUP EACH DAY

Ask your grocer for any of these Campbell's Soups

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Bean	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Beef	Julienne	Printanier
Bouillon	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Celery	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken	Mutton	Vegetable
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Ox Tail	Vegetable-Beef

RAFFERTY—WARD HEELER

By Charles Francis Coe

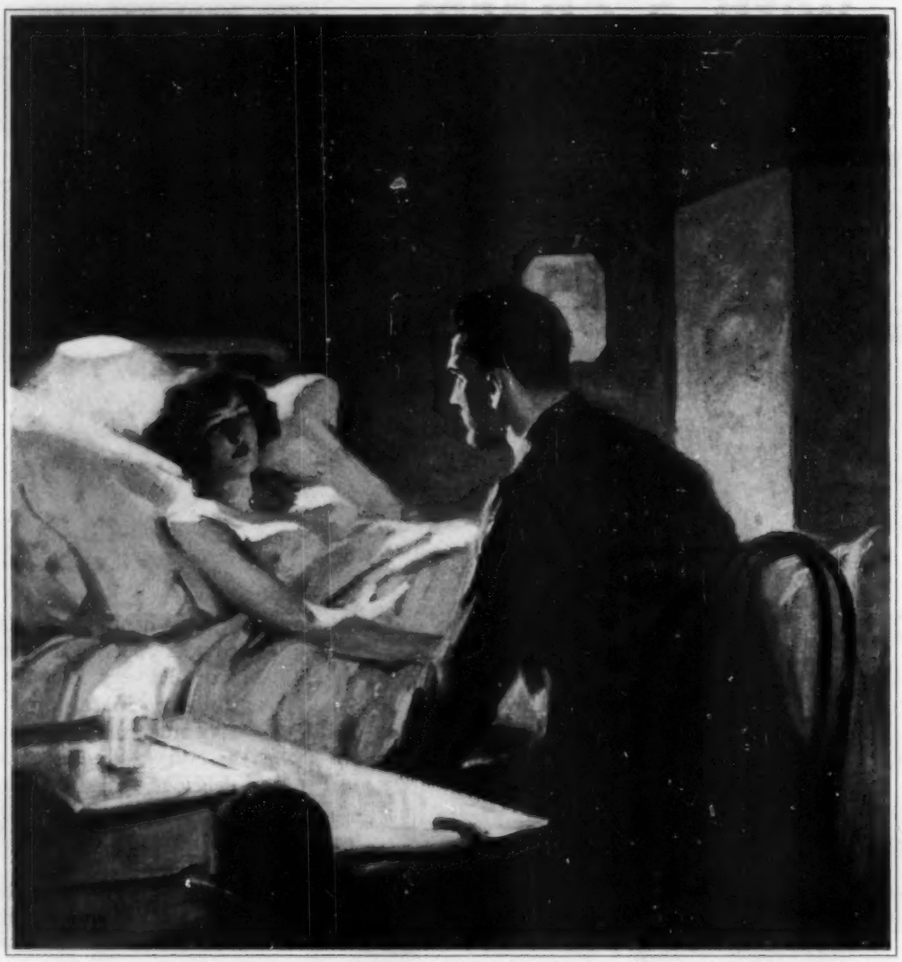
ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

X

THAT was the way the evening that had caused me such a whole lot of worry passed, and it seemed to settle things so that the worst of my fears died. That is to say, it arranged so that I could go along with Dan and keep Nellie too. That was a vast relief to me.

There were several things, though, which left me kind of gasping for air. The first, of course, was this business of going to the legislature. I don't think there is a man alive who wouldn't get sort of a thrill out of that. For me, it seemed impossible.

To Dan's credit, be it said, I never once questioned my election if he was behind me. I knew full well that if he said I went to the capital, I went. And he had said that. He had promised Nellie. It naturally followed that my mind stuck along that groove and I weighed possibilities. It meant—this new program that Nellie had caused—the passing of Mike Brennan from the legislature. Dan would have to drop him cold in order to elect me. That was sure to bring up the Creedon affair again. Brennan and Creedon would match cases and choose the lesser of two loaves. In other words, for the support of Dan, Brennan was willing to throw over Creedon. But Creedon and his influence with the other party was the next best thing to having Dan. It naturally followed that Brennan and Creedon were sure to get together. And Creedon hated Dan as much as I loved him.



I Could See No Genuine Wrong in Kidding Nellie Into Believing What She Wanted to Believe

With Brennan on our side, Creedon was tied hand and foot. With Brennan thrown out in the cold and allied with Creedon, the district would probably drop back into the days of fist-fight elections and there would be plenty for the Dan Rafferty Voters League to worry about. I did not know how much Brennan knew about the league and the way it was supported, but I could see that if my own wife was against it, Brennan could do a lot of shouting to the voters that would cause trouble.

However, I was ready to follow Dan's lead. I guessed that he knew what he was doing, and if he did not know, at least he could plan it out. It certainly was no time for me to come to the front with a lot of third-grade suggestions. Dan had seen fit to promise Nellie something. That was O. K. with me. As long as my connection with Dan remained solid, I was willing to do anything.

I got no chance to talk with Dan about it until the evening had passed and he was going home. Then I told Nellie to get to bed and rest while I took Dan home in the car. I planned on that for a chance to learn a little more about Dan's plans, both for Brennan and for me.

"What'll we do about this legislature thing?" I asked. "Nellie'll be expectin' that, Dan."

"Oh, sure! I guess you'll just have to go fer one term. You don't mind it, do you? You're doin' it fer her."

"No, I don't mind, Dan. It ain't that."

"What is it?"

"Well, it seems to upset everything, Dan. There's Brennan."

"He's a chump!" Dan scoffed.

"Maybe. But with Creedon, he might cause trouble."

"You're gittin' an eye to politics, Eddie," Dan grinned. "You got so now that you look ahead an' figger men fer what they really are. Every man's always fer himself. In politics, half the battle is puttin' down everybody you meet fer fear you might want him down two or three years later. . . . You're learnin'."

There seemed nothing to be said about that, though it did please me to see Dan's confidence in me. I just kept quiet, and after a time Dan puffed again, used the mechanical lighter, inspected it carefully while it was red hot, then let it slip back into the socket on the dash.

"Don't worry about Brennan an' Creedon," he said at last. "I'll look out fer them. It's kinda easy too. I was thinkin' only the other day that I'd arrange with Tanner to git you elected representative of the core makers in their union activities. That would sew up their vote solid an' set us with labor all over the state.

"It ain't much of a job an' Brennan can handle that. That'll clear the way fer you at the capital an' I'll make Brennan believe I'm plannin' to run him fer the senate or fer gov'ner, on a straight labor ticket, in a year or two. That'll keep him away from Creedon. He'll believe anything, the chump!"

"Fine! But will Tanner go for that scheme?"

"Will he? How can he help it? If he don't, I'll see that every core maker in the union knows that I wanted to put a real foundryman in the legislature to fight fer better conditions fer them, an' their own leader prevented me fer selfish reasons of his own! What'll Tanner do with that one?"

"Then I'll really make the run an' go to the capital?"

"You bet! I don't like it any better'n you do, Eddie. But women is women. If either o' us failed out on Nellie now, she'd never believe us again. We can't have that. Every man, I don't care who or what he is, needs a woman. They're a lot o' trouble, all right, an' nobody'll ever pound much sense into their heads, but they're nice things to go home to. There's only two things a man can sit in front of a fire with—the other is a dog, an' it can't talk or cook."

I could tell by the way he was laughing that there was nothing wrong with his attitude toward me. I could see that we would go along together, even though we followed a different trail from the one originally planned. That suited me so much that I could have howled with delight. My troubles were over. All I had to do was kid Nellie into believing that things were the way she wanted them, no matter how she wanted them or how they really were. If the thought of deceiving her bothered me any, I absorbed it completely in dreams of the life I would give her and the little baby. I hoped that it would be a boy. Imagine a little Dan running around!

XI

BELIEVE it or not, our baby was born on election day. It never rains, the saying is—it pours. That is true. I never spent such a day in my life. I knew all along that I would be elected, because the opposition to me had been run ragged by Dan's machine. Every city employe in our district was out working for me. I had the police and fire departments. Even the postal employes were shouting it up for me and Dan. But I worried just the same.

On top of that, along came the baby on election day. But I had no kick coming, at that. The baby was a boy. Before its eyes were open it was named Daniel Rafferty. That was a sure shot. It was born at ten o'clock in the morning, and between running from voting booths to hospital and back again, I was a weary candidate from sunup until sunset.

The polls closed at sundown and returns began to come in within half an hour. The Dan Rafferty Voters League got a big play that night. Our rooms were filled with voters and hangers-on who always appear on election day and look wise. We had a ticker installed and got the news direct from two of the big newspapers. Then we checked them with the election bureau.

There is an air about such a place on such a night. Tobacco smoke from campaign cigars hung heavy in the room. It made your eyes sting and seared the nostrils that dared breathe deep. Voices were all masculine and there was no little profanity, whether the returns showed good or ill.

The barber from the corner of our street was there. He was a pretty nice Italian chap that Dan had picked out for a committeeman. He ran a big barber shop and made good money. Just because he was an Italian, Dan picked him out to hold the foreign vote. He was very much excited when the returns came in. The committee for which

(Continued on Page 42)

To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods, ask your grocer for Libby's . . . Condiments, Pickles, Fruits, Vegetables, Canned Meats, Salmon, Evaporated Milk

Tune in Tuesday evenings!

Fascinating series of radio concerts—"Around the World with Libby," featuring famous artists and the Libby Concert Orchestra. Broadcast through WJZ and associated stations of the National Broadcasting Chain on Tuesday evenings at 8:30 Eastern Time.

Tune in, too, for Mary Hale Martin's Household Period, broadcast from coast to coast through WJZ and the National Broadcasting Chain. Entertaining, newsy talks and helpful recipes you don't want to miss.

Unusual recipes in a novel file case. *A new, convenient kind of file case—indexed folders in a blue book cover. Each recipe on a card. Dishes that are "different"—from appetizers to dessert. To get recipes and case, send 30c in stamps (60c in Canada) with your name and address plainly printed, to Mary Hale Martin, Dept. C-34, Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago. Canadian Kitchens, Chatham, Ontario, Canada. Write for FREE recipe leaflet, "Tempting Ways to Serve Pickles and Condiments."*

LIBBY MCNEILL & LIBBY - CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 40)

he was running was one being elected to decide whether the district was to finance partially some new sewerage schemes. I never talked with Dan about it, but I knew he would be in favor of anything in the line of public improvements, so I supposed that he had the Italian all fixed to vote his way. As far as that goes, Dan did have him fixed. I found that out later, as you will see.

But election night this Italian was a little of a pest. The way he crowded up to the ticker and howled with delight whenever his name was mentioned made me think he might have been running for mayor. He ran only in three of the wards in our district. I was being voted on in all of them. Three were a little doubtful for me in spite of Dan's power, because Creedon still had influence in them and he certainly was hot after Dan and me.

The first returns we got were from the Eleventh Ward and I carried that almost solid. Dan grinned in satisfaction and I will admit that I got a big thrill. The second was the Ninth Ward. I swept that as clean as a sailor's pocket at the end of a shore leave. But they were not doubtful wards. We knew they were won before a vote was cast.

The Italian Candidate

The first of the doubtful wards to come in, however, was cause of a lot of shouting around the rooms. I had carried that too. It meant certain election and I heaved a sigh of relief when the figures were posted. I thought of Nellie and little Dan, so tiny that he would not know for several years what a voting precinct was. I felt happy and proud for them, and for myself too.

A hundred men gathered around me to shake my hand and I shook with all of them. I saw that it meant the end of cleaning floors for me. It was a lot different from eating your lunch on a railroad spur while fifteen languages were being barked all around you. I was a man of position now. I would be called honorable. At that thought my mind went again to Nellie and I recalled that she had even mentioned that very thing. It would be good news for her. It would make her happier than ever up there at the hospital.

I found Dan down at one end of the room and he was telling all the boys what a great victory this was. "Not only for the league," I heard him say. "After all, that don't amount to much when you think of what this means. Fellers, this is a victory fer every man who works fer his livin'. It's a win fer the common people an' a wallop at the special-privilege boys. Think o' it from that angle an' you begin to realize all it means.

Riley, the Cop

"With this man Eddie up there at the capital to fight the fight of the worker, grafters an' special-privilege hounds'll watch their step. Nobody knows this modest little feller any better'n I do. I've watched him come along from the foundry right up to where he is—an' he's goin' higher. We're goin' to put him higher."

All the boys howled and shouted with glee and pulled me in among them for more handshaking and back-slapping. But I finally broke away. I shouted out:

"Thanks, boys, an' I don't need to tell you that every one of you has a friend at the capital. That goes without sayin'. But there's somethin' else that all of you don't know. I want to tell you that right now an' let it explain why I'm breakin' away from you, as I've got to do.

"There's a new Dan Rafferty in the district, fellows—a brand-new one. He counts his age in hours. He was born this very mornin'—election day, mind you—an' he's my son!"

That brought about a wild scene. Men, half full of Rourke's booze and stupefied by the fumes of campaign cigars, howled out all sorts of toasts to little Dan and to his father. They were still doing that when I sneaked over to the door and beat it away.

I was very tired, but also very happy. There is something about being elected to a thing that the best of men fall for. I knew exactly how much I had to do with the election—it was exactly nothing. But I was elected nevertheless, and that was a very decided something.

With these thoughts in my mind and the cries of my first offspring filling my ears, I felt pretty sentimental. I felt warm toward all the world and it seemed to me that some day I might do something big. Out of it all, as I walked toward the Elevated to go again to the hospital, came the thought that the kindest and best thing I could have done was what I had done about deceiving Nellie.

It was as Dan had said. She was just a woman and she imagined things. It was wise to let her slip into a fool's paradise, because that is where women are happiest. I had Dan's word for that, and I had every reason to know the soundness of Dan's logic in all things. If a woman had a career open to her, she would sacrifice everything to it. No husband would stand in her way, because she would just step around him. They are the most generous and at the same time the most selfish things alive.

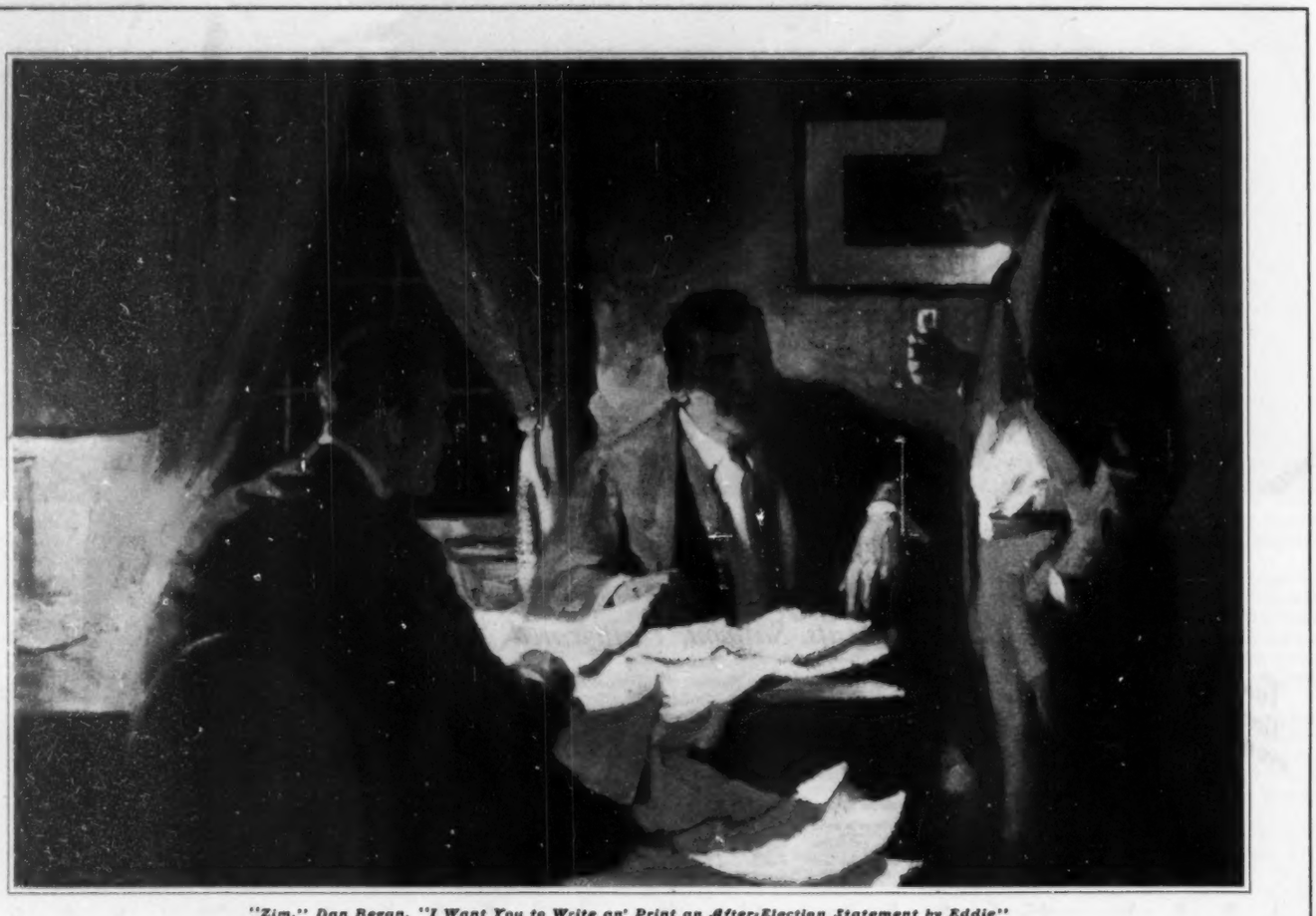
A woman who has no public career open to her naturally likes to reflect the success of her husband. If he is prosperous, she wears silks; if he is not, she wears cotton. But she would rather wear cotton than have her husband outgrow the degree of success she can reflect.

Therefore I could see no genuine wrong in kidding Nellie into believing what she wanted to believe. In that way she had no chance to hinder my career and there would be plenty of success for her to reflect. That seemed to solve everything. I felt merely that I had two babies to love and care for—little Dan and Nellie too.

In any event, when I got out of the hospital it was still fairly early and I was altogether too excited to think about sleep. In fact I had been thinking all the time that I would go over to the league headquarters and go over election results with Dan. There would be a lot to talk over.

Some of the boys set up a half-hearted howl when I appeared, but Dan nipped that in the bud.

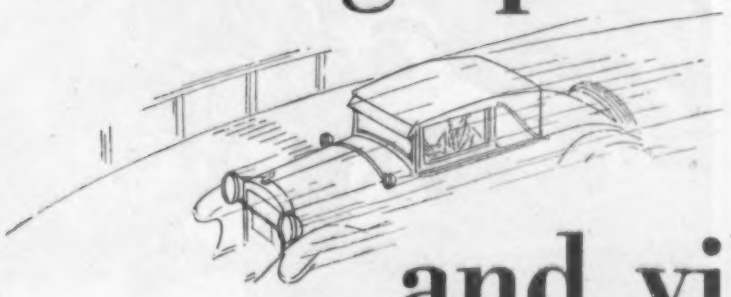
(Continued on Page 155)



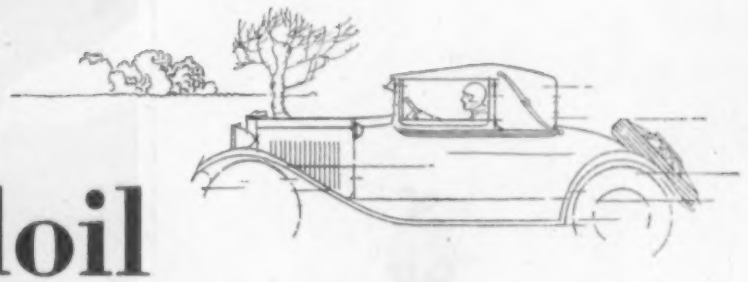
"Zim," Dan Began, "I Want You to Write an' Print an After-Election Statement by Eddie"

625

On roaring speedway



and village street we found the New Mobiloil lasting longer



On the Atlantic City Speedway, with racing drivers at the wheel, we proved that the New Mobiloil lasted at least 20% longer than oils generally sold for the same motors.

But we weren't satisfied to rest upon our own scientific tests—we wanted to find out how the New Mobiloil was serving *you*, the motorist. So we recently sent investigators into a wide territory to ask motorists which one fact about Mobiloil was most noticeable.

"Mobiloil lasts longer," was the answer of one motorist after another.

This fact about the New Mobiloil—longer life at modern high speeds—is the most significant fact in the testing of any oil. For, in comparing oils of similar "body," engineers have proved that the oil which lasts longest, also lubricates best.

You can test the lasting power of the New Mobiloil in a simple and easy way. Have the Mobiloil dealer drain the old oil from your crankcase and refill with the grade of Mobiloil specified for your car on the Mobiloil chart. Then keep a record of your mileage and your speed. Notice how long it will be before you need to add more Mobiloil, whatever the driving conditions.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

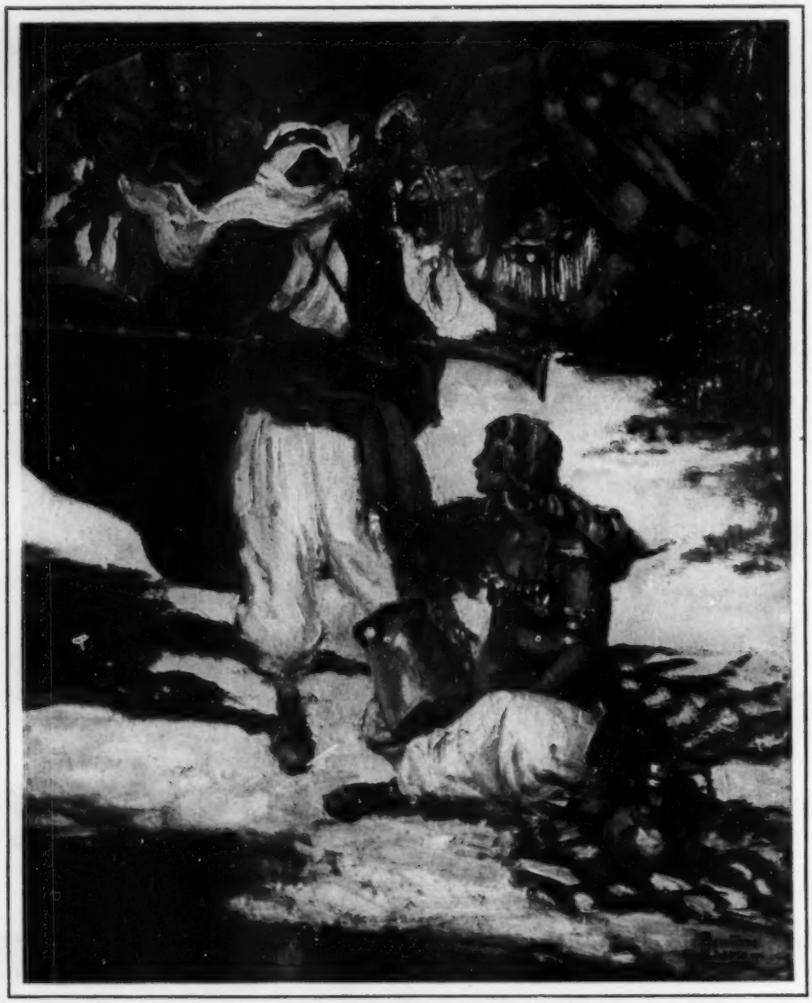
Make this chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine		1926 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-66							A	A
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Buick	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Chandler Special Six			A	Arc	A	A		
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chrysler, 4-cyl.			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Imperial 80 and Imperial	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	A	A	A
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Durant	A	Arc	A	Arc			A	Arc
Elcar, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Erskine	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford, Model A	A	Arc	A	Arc				
" Model T					E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models							A	A
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
La Salle	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc		
Lincoln	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" other models			BB	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash, Adv. & Sp. 6	Bd	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peerless, 72, 90, 91	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Pontiac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Whippet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight, 4-cyl.							B	Arc
" 6-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc

the New GARGOYLE Mobiloil

Keeps the first-year feel in your engine



The blooded camels of Arabia's merchant princes were swift and strong and luxuriously equipped

LUXURIOUS TRANSPORTATION

THE Packard Standard Eight Five-Passenger Sedan is but one of the eleven distinguished models now offered in the Standard Eight line. It embodies the beauty and luxury which the fine car buyer has learned to associate with the name Packard.

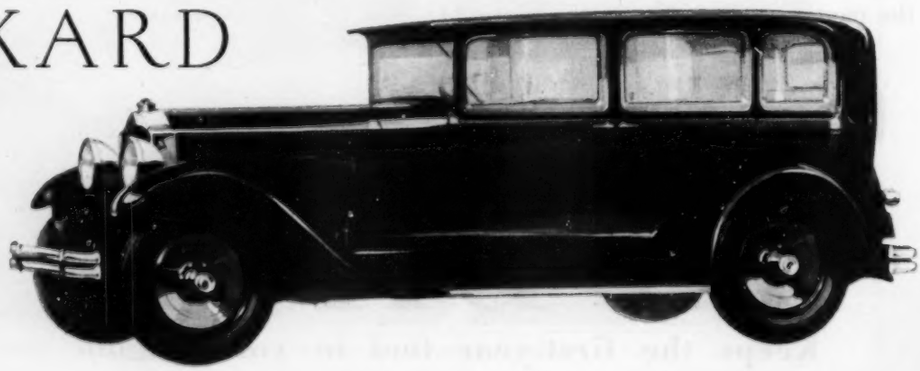
Built on the popular 126-inch wheelbase chassis, and newly refined and improved, it differs from the famous Custom and DeLuxe Eights only in size, power and the degree of individuality available in color, upholstery and appointments. The handsome and roomy bodies, like those of the Custom and DeLuxe models, are designed and produced entirely in the Packard factory.

The same excellence of engineering, the same expert craftsmanship, found in the larger and higher-priced Packards, produce the Standard Eight Sedan. In comfort, beauty and distinction, in ease of handling and brilliance of performance, this popular model is every inch a Packard—luxurious, smooth and fleet.

Since its introduction the Packard Standard Eight has been a conquest car—has won new thousands to Packard ownership. It is literally true that two out of every three Standard Eight buyers *give up other makes of cars.*

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

PACKARD



SNOWHIDE

By HAL G. EVARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

A Great Bull Buffalo, His Hide as White as the Snow Through Which He Traveled, Appeared as if by Magic. Head Down, Unmindful of the Presence of His Arch Enemy, Man, He Plodded Wearily Through the Drifts

IT WAS with a mixture of veneration and apprehension that the old chieftain braved the forbidden haunts of the red men's god; also with a touch of hopeful desperation, for conditions were so bad that they could not conceivably grow worse, and hence they might improve.

Catlin had heard varying versions of the story for a dozen years or more, but had paid small heed to such unlikely tales. Still, after a lapse of time, the persistence of the rumors, which long since had become vaguely legendary, made sufficient impression to induce him to ascend Spirit Mountain. There he found the bleached and weather-beaten skull.

Turning the object with his toe, then stooping to dust the white smoothness of it with his palm, he speculated upon its possible relation to the legend.

The mountain stood alone, connected with the main range only by a dipping saddle-backed ridge. Its face pitched abruptly from the cloud-haunted heights to the smiling plains below. To this peak, on occasion, so legend had it, Manitou descended to look out across the country of the Gros Ventres to determine how his chosen people fared. The object deposited on the Mountain of the Spirits by the aged chieftain, many moons before Catlin had set foot upon its summit, had been designed to call the Great One's attention to the fact that the buffalo, once ranging the region in untold millions, was gone from the face of the earth. Upon observing this, Manitou might once again repopulate the country with the shaggy hordes of old, so that his favored sons, the Gros Ventres, could regain their lost supremacy. Thinking of these tales and gazing upon the whitened skull, Catlin shrugged his impatience with all such senseless superstitions. Then he recalled certain recent developments and shrugged again—a shade more tolerantly, perhaps.

But the first act in the drama—of which Catlin found the evidence so long a time after the last act had ended—had occurred half a century or so in the past, when Snowhide was born on the green prairies several hundred miles to the south and east of Spirit Mountain.

Snowhide's first recollection was that of a voluptuously soothing sensation as his mother pushed a stiff tongue against him in repeated, methodical strokes, persisting in her efforts until the soft hair of his body had been thoroughly slicked down from nose to rump. When the buffalo cow ceased her ministrations, Snowhide essayed to rise and stand upon his own four feet. From the first he was more active and less awkward than a domestic calf. Within three hours he was able to trot briskly at his mother's side as the herd moved slowly ahead, grazing upon the crisp spring buffalo grass. By the end of his second day on earth he was filled with high animal spirits and indulged in occasional clownish antics, making short dashes, buck jumping, switching his ridiculous tail. During one of the halts he observed another youthful bison of about his own age and he advanced and butted the she calf playfully. She responded in kind, but both soon tired of the sport, and each calf, as if at a given signal, retired to bed down near its mother.

Among the vast hordes of buffaloes that ranged the Great Plains there were occasional instances of complete or partial albinism. The Gros Ventres told the first white men that when Manitou created the Gros Ventres he created also the buffalo for the use of his chosen people. When the buffalo had increased to ten times the numbers of the Gros Ventres, Manitou caused a white calf to be born among the herds and thereafter followed that procedure. In order to determine how his chosen sons fared, therefore, Manitou had but to descend to the top of Spirit Mountain and gaze out across the plains, counting the white buffaloes among the brown legions. Then, by the process of holding up his two hands and multiplying the ten fingers by the number of white buffaloes, Manitou could determine the number of animals available for the use of each member of the Gros Ventre nation.

Whether or not the early trappers—a wild and roving lot, more intelligent, but scarcely less savage than the Gros Ventres themselves—accepted this explanation as the true one is not clear. But the few records that the trappers left behind them reveal the fact that they did observe and comment upon the rare albino individuals among the shaggy legions of the West. Several of them remarked that the majority of the white buffaloes were, in reality, pintos—brown animals marked by more or less light spots or patches. One very competent observer among the trappers wrote in his journal that he doubted the existence of actual white buffalo and believed that the reports had originated from long-range views, by superstitious savages, of animals that had resorted to buffalo wallows in alkaline or white-clay regions and whose coats, plastered with the dried substance, gleamed white in the sun when seen from a distance. Later, upon meeting the Gros Ventres, he revised his beliefs and subsequently met a few albino buffaloes himself. Early observers remarked the fact that the great majority of such rare off-color individuals were spotted or cream-colored and that a pure white buffalo was extremely rare. Also, most of the old-timers contended that all such pintos and albinos among the buffalo legions were cows and that an off-color bull was never seen on the plains.

Snowhide, therefore, being a bull calf and chalk white of pelt, was an extremely rare specimen. He trotted at his mother's flank as the herd progressed slowly across the prairies in loose formation, munching the short curly buffalo grass. The cows, calves and yearlings made up the interior of the band, while the great herd bulls ranged on the outskirts and brought up the rear. On the third day of Snowhide's sojourn on earth the relatively small herd to which he belonged, composed of some two hundred animals, fed slowly northward across the plains, watered at a creek and came to a halt upon the open prairie. Some of the cows and calves bedded in a loose group, while others fed slowly round among the reclining members. Five cows gave birth to calves within the space of a few hours. Meanwhile the great bulls moved restlessly round the outer edges of the throng, some few of them traveling in complete circles and following the same route on each circuit. Other bulls, having bedded for brief periods, rose and joined those who circled, traveling in single file. At the end of several hours of such procedure there was a well-defined trail around the group of cows and calves.

Newcomers on the plains sometimes found circles a hundred yards or more in diameter, marked out by well-beaten trails, and were mystified as to just what sort of merry-go-round activities were responsible. Most of them suspected that such circular trails had been fashioned by some ceremonial horseback maneuver engaged in by large bands of Indians. Plainsmen and hide hunters, however, insisted that all such were bull rings made by the buffalo bulls that circled in single file round small herds of cows during the calving period in order to guard mothers and young against the depredations of the wolves.

The herd moved slowly northward, spreading out into open formation to graze, collecting into somewhat more compact formation when traveling was the object. For as far as the eye could reach, other groups were moving northward, the various bands making up a herd of tremendous proportions. Hanging along the flanks or trailing in the rear of each unit were the wolves. The bison paid surprisingly

(Continued on Page 48)

The 2-Door Sedan, $1145
Body by Fisher

OAKLAND

Facts confirm the belief of owners that this is

America's finest medium-priced automobile

Boundless enthusiasm on the part of its owners has given today's Oakland All-American Six a most enviable reputation. Overjoyed with the type of performance it is delivering—proud of its smoothness, silence, style and luxury—thousands of these owners have expressed again and again their firm, sincere conviction that the All-American is *America's finest medium-priced automobile.*

Yet it is not necessary for prospective buyers of medium-priced cars to rely on what owners are saying, for an opinion of Oakland. Facts are available which will enable anyone to see for himself where Oakland stands in comparison with other cars of similar price.

To assemble this information, the Oakland All-American Six and twenty other medium-priced cars were thoroughly analyzed. Such facts as these were sought: It is known that reasonably long wheelbase is required for riding ease, road balance, smartness and roominess of bodies. At the same time it is true that a short turning radius is essential to handling ease. How does Oakland compare with the others in wheelbase length and turning circle required? Large piston displacement is necessary in order to develop high power at the moderate engine speed so vital to dependability and long life. How does Oakland compare with the twenty other cars in this respect? Exhaustive tests have shown that the type of brakes employed by Oakland offers greater safety, greater smoothness and silence and greater length of life than any type available. What other cars use these same efficient brakes?

At the right are some of the facts revealed. All told, 878 individual comparisons were made. In 451 of them, or 51.37 per cent, Oakland proved to be distinctly superior. All twenty cars were at best equal to Oakland in 382 comparisons, or 43.50 per cent. And thirteen of the twenty cars were higher in price than Oakland. Ask the nearest Oakland-Pontiac dealer to show you all the facts disclosed in this comparison. You will find that the facts confirm the belief of owners that this is *America's finest medium-priced automobile.*

WHEELBASE Only one car as low-priced as Oakland has a wheelbase as long as Oakland's, which is 117 inches. That car requires a turning circle to the left of 42 feet as compared with Oakland's 36 feet. Six higher-priced cars have shorter wheelbases.

PISTON DISPLACEMENT Oakland's 228 cubic inch piston displacement is greater than 12 of the 20 cars in its price field. Of the 8 remaining cars, 7 are much higher priced than Oakland.

BRAKES Only Oakland and one other car in this field use the fine type of brakes which Oakland employs. And no car in the field equals Oakland's 290 square inches of brake band area. Oakland's separate emergency brake operates on the transmission. Seven cars in the field have no separate emergency brakes, although three of them exceed Oakland in price.

CROSS-FLOW RADIATOR Only Oakland in the entire field has the Cross Flow Radiator or anything similar to it. All other cars use the down-flow radiator, this despite the fact that 13 of the 20 are higher-priced than Oakland.

FISHER BODY Only Oakland and two other cars in the field offer bodies by Fisher. And one of the two is nearly $100 higher in price than Oakland. Of the 18 cars which have less-known bodies, 11 are priced above the All-American Six.

HARMONIC BALANCER Only Oakland and one other car in the field have the Harmonic Balancer. Of 13 cars using some other device, 11 are higher-priced than Oakland. Oakland's crankshaft is fully counter-weighted. The crankshafts in nine higher-priced cars are not counter-weighted at all.

FOOT-CONTROLLED HEADLIGHTS

Only Oakland and one other car in the field offer this convenience. And the second car costs more than Oakland. Eleven more expensive cars fail to provide it.

RUBBER ENGINE MOUNTING Only Oakland in the entire field employs rubber "biscuit" insulators. While others claim rubber mountings, none offers such resilience and permanent freedom from vibration as Oakland.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

Oakland All-American Six, $1145 to $1375, f. o. b. Pontiac, Michigan, plus delivery charges. Spring covers and Lovejoy Shock Absorbers included in list prices. Bumpers and rear fender guards extra. General Motors Time Payment Plan available at minimum rate.

Consider the delivered price as well as the list (f. o. b.) price when comparing automobile values . . . Oakland-Pontiac delivered prices include only authorized charges for freight and for delivery and the charge for any additional accessories or financing desired.

All-American Six

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 45)

small heed to these big killers of the prairies. Indeed, the buffalo, when traveling, grazing or bedded in herd formation, had little to fear from the wolves.

There was easy meat in abundance at this season of the year. During the break-up of the ice a month or more before, untold thousands of buffaloes had perished in the larger streams while attempting a crossing. The carcasses of the stricken ones had been lodged in drift piles, forced ashore on bends or had become stranded in the shallows. The wolves waxed fat and lazy on this bountiful fare. Always there were wounded bison—disabled by the arrows of the savages or by the bullets of hide hunters—that strayed off by themselves. There were ancient bulls, driven out of the herds by younger and more vigorous competitors. Crowding on narrow trails that led down the face of bluffs occasioned falls that meant death or disablement to many. All such unfortunates promptly were attacked and torn down by the gray marauders. With such easy fare afforded, few wolves were so audacious as to venture into one of the herd units to stage an attack, knowing all too well the danger of sharp black horns and trampling hoofs of the enraged members when thus intruded upon.

Snowhide, therefore, realized but dimly the menace of the big gray hunters. When their scent came rank on the wind it occasioned within him a vague fear and the desire to crowd close against his mother, but it was only when he was two months old that he was treated to a personal demonstration of their powers for harm. Engaged in a butting match with another bull calf of his own age, he romped among the scattered forms that made up the bedded herd. Snowhide passed the outer edges of the band. The green prairie, unobstructed by the huge shapes that up until now had hemmed in his life on every hand, stretched away invitingly. Full of high animal spirits, Snowhide, buck jumping and switching his short tail, frolicked out across the green expanse, his fellow truant following a few yards behind him. Two apprehensive mothers flashed to their feet on the instant and darted in pursuit.

When almost a hundred yards from the herd Snowhide wheeled in a playful loop preparatory to returning. Even as he made the turn, his nose was assailed by the rank odor of wolf, a scent that always occasioned a vague fear within him. Now, removed from the protection of his mother, the hot scent threw him into stark panic and galvanized his muscles as he made a mad dash for the herd. A sinister gray form appeared as if by magic from a shallow ravine and made for him with tremendous speed. Snowhide had the lead by forty yards, but the speeding wolf would have overhauled him before he could have covered half the distance to the herd.

There was terrible menace in that flashing gray shape. The fear of death was upon Snowhide. It would require but a single vicious slash from those fanged jaws so to disable the calf that, ultimately, he would be forced to drop behind the herd with his mother. It was for such occasions that the gray hunters waited. The wolf was less than twenty feet from Snowhide's heels when two furious mothers, heads lowered, flashed past the running calves and charged the gray hunter. Nimbly, the killer avoided their rush. The herd had risen to its collective feet in excitement. Several bulls advanced threateningly a few yards beyond their fellows. Snowhide and the other truant calf raced blindly into the very center of the herd and stopped there, trembling in every fiber.

The thwarted wolf withdrew slowly, hoping to draw one of the cows into the indiscretion of charging repeatedly until she had been lured to a sufficient distance from the herd to permit of his engaging her and slashing a hind leg, thus assuring a supply of meat in the near future. But the cows returned and sought eagerly through the herd for their respective offspring.

Snowhide had learned the menace of the wolves, and thereafter, though not dreading them greatly, he respected their powers for harm. But while he thus became acquainted with the gray hunters, he had yet to learn of the much more fearsome red hunters of the plains and the still more deadly white hide hunters who waged such relentless war against his kind.

He had not long to wait before learning of the red men. His particular band had bedded at midday. Snowhide, having slept, rose to wander about. Far off ahead, to the north, other bands of buffaloes were grazing slowly or reclining on the prairie sod. To the east and west of him, also, other herds were within view, all of them units of the vast horde that was moving gradually but steadily northward day by day. A mile or more to the south a herd of some two hundred animals had halted, some of them having bedded down while others grazed slowly about or stood motionless. A great bull near Snowhide pawed at the smooth carpet of the turf, then lowered his head to rip a horn sidewise through the mat of it. This process soon resulted in laying bare the soil for a few feet in either direction. The bull pawed the loose earth preparatory to bedding in the shallow depression.

Thus did buffalo wallows—with which the entire length and breadth of the plains were pitted—have their beginning. Other bulls would paw this spot. The next rain would soak the loose earth. Other buffaloes would resort to the inviting mud, plastering their under parts with it as a defense against the flies and other insect pests. Eventually, it would become a regular wallow, from four to six feet across, six to ten feet in length and from eight to fourteen inches deep, its depressed floor devoid of grass, a tiny reservoir that was filled by each new rain, adding one more such speck to the pock-marked surface of the plains.

Round between the various dark patches that were herds of bison, scattered groups of pronghorns were to be seen on every side. Suddenly the old bull stopped pawing and turned his eyes to the south. A band of antelopes stood stiffly at attention off in that direction. Each member of the band ruffled the long white hairs of its rump patch in excitement or curiosity, the sun glistening upon the white field of it. Other antelopes caught the signal and faced in that direction, flaring their own rump patches.

The old bull snorted to free his nose of dust and distended his nostrils as he sampled the wind that pushed gently across the prairies. The large herd a mile or more in that direction seemed undisturbed. Suddenly, however, every member of it was in motion. Dust rose in a billowing cloud from the dry grass as the herd surged into a full run.

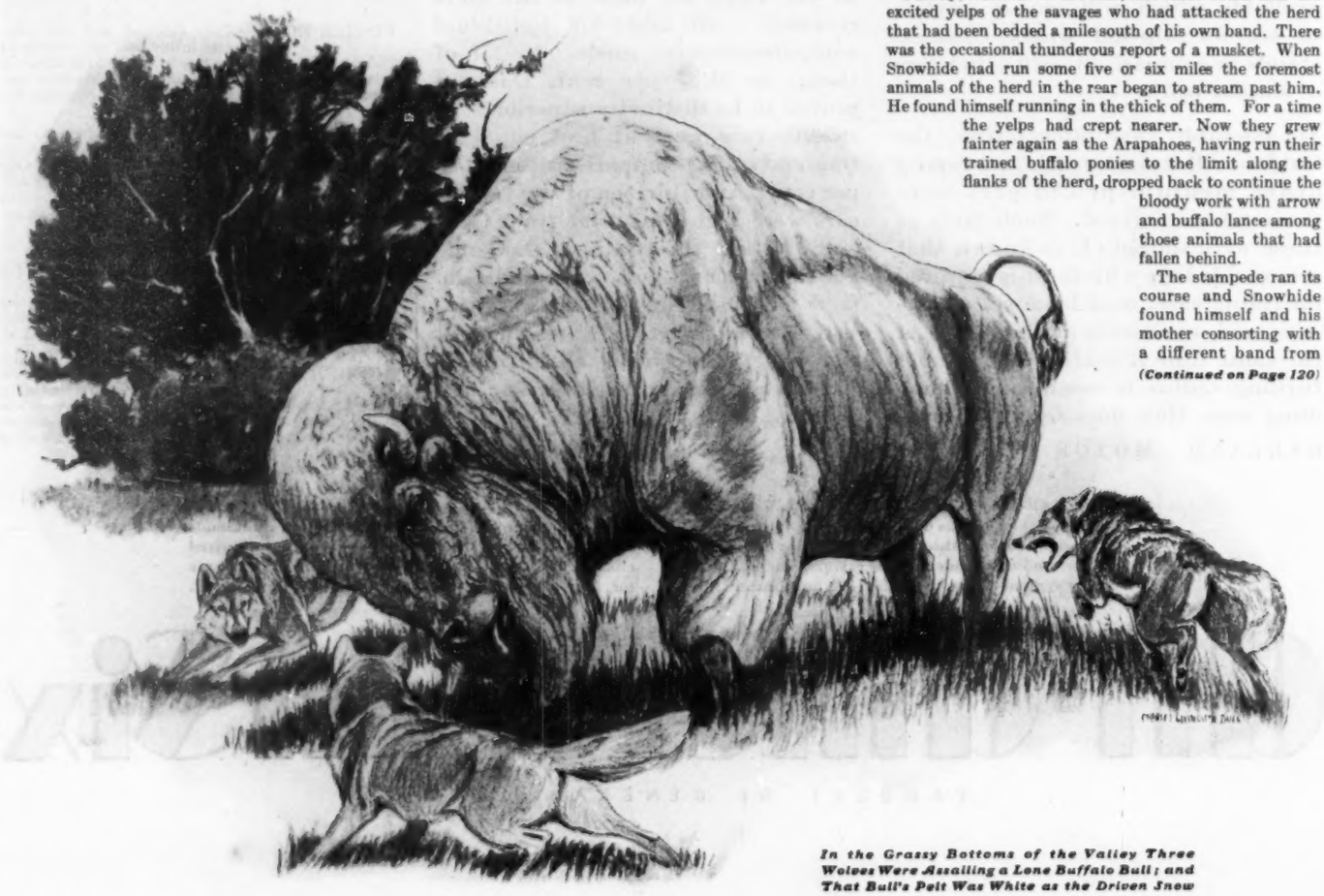
Snowhide's ears caught the vibrating rumble of many hoofs. Every member of his own band rose and stared for a moment at the advancing brown mass, then whirled and made off in a mad dash. Every band of buffaloes within view across the prairie was up and running.

The panic communicated itself to Snowhide as he raced beside his mother. Great brown bodies thundered along on all sides of him. The dust choked him as he peered redly through the haze of it. He ran in a frenzy of terror, but he could not maintain the pace set by the adult members of the stampeding herd. Yearlings, cows and mighty bulls lumbered past him and eventually he was running slightly in the rear of his band. Other cows and their calves had fallen behind.

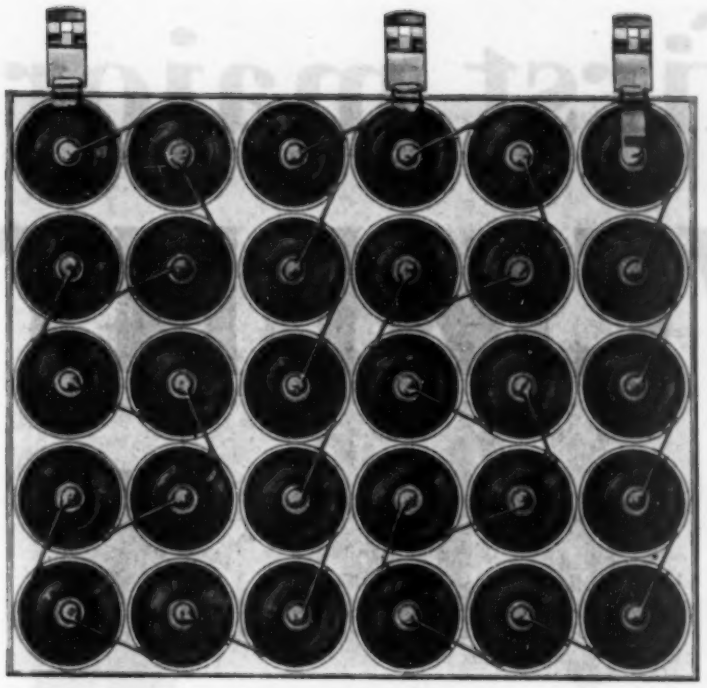
Faintly, from far in the rear, Snowhide could hear the excited yelps of the savages who had attacked the herd that had been bedded a mile south of his own band. There was the occasional thunderous report of a musket. When Snowhide had run some five or six miles the foremost animals of the herd in the rear began to stream past him. He found himself running in the thick of them. For a time the yelps had crept nearer. Now they grew fainter again as the Arapahoes, having run their trained buffalo ponies to the limit along the flanks of the herd, dropped back to continue the bloody work with arrow and buffalo lance among those animals that had fallen behind.

The stampede ran its course and Snowhide found himself and his mother consorting with a different band from

(Continued on Page 120)

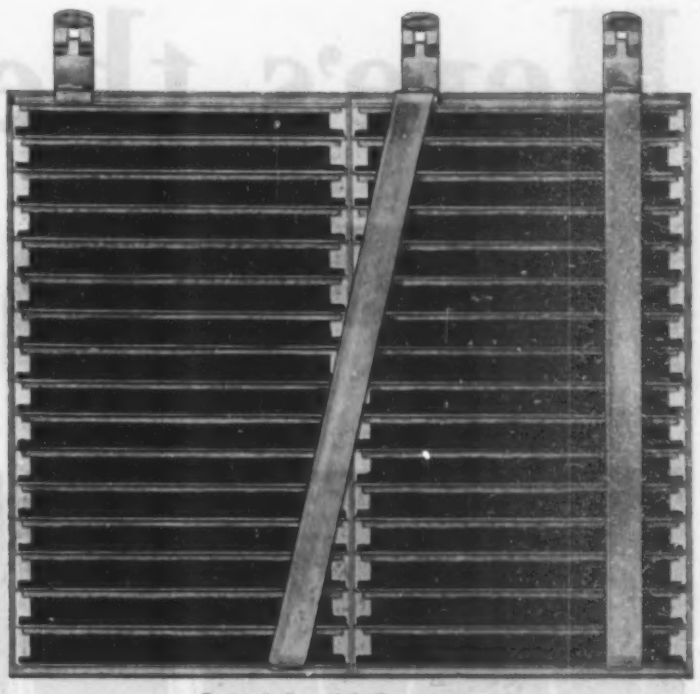


In the Grassy Bottoms of the Valley Three Wolves Were Assailing a Lone Buffalo Bull; and That Bull's Pelt Was White as the Driven Snow



Cylindrical Cell Construction

Diagram illustrating the construction of a cylindrical cell "B" battery. Two solderings per cell, or 60 in all, and 29 fine wires—89 chances for trouble. Note waste spaces between cells.



Eveready Layerbilt Construction

Diagram illustrating the simplicity of the Eveready Layerbilt construction. Only two broad metal bands and only five soldered connections. No waste spaces. It's all battery. Layerbilt construction is an exclusive Eveready feature. Only Eveready makes Layerbilt Batteries.

HERE IS «

THE DIFFERENCE

» IN "B" BATTERIES

Here are the facts about "B" batteries assembled of separate, individual cells:

29 delicate, fine wires are necessary to make connections within the battery;

60 solderings are required, making in all 89 places where trouble can come.

These things are true of any such battery, whether the cells are cylindrical, square, hexagonal or any other shape.

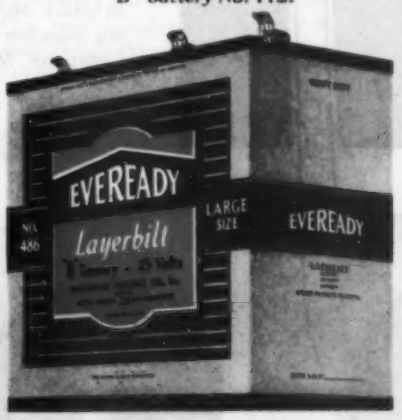
Here are the facts about Eveready Layerbilts:

Only two broad connecting bands are needed, each ⅜ inch wide;

Only five solderings are required;

All other connections are made automatically, for the *flat* cells are not independent but *inter*dependent; The flat construction packs more active materials in the battery case and so you get longer life.

This is the* LARGE SIZE *Eveready Layerbilt No. 486 for heavy duty service—price, $4.25, only 25 cents more than the Eveready cylindrical cell battery of the same size, No. 770. Eveready Layerbilt Medium Size No. 485—price, $2.95, only 20 cents more than the Eveready cylindrical cell "B" battery No. 772.



PERFECT PROTECTION

Eveready Batteries are used in automatic train control; aircraft beacon receivers; talking motion pictures; short wave transmission; picture transmission; television; where life and property must be protected, and performance safeguarded by the utmost dependability of all apparatus.

Now you can see why Eveready Layerbilts last so long, are so convenient, reliable, economical. They are the best of all Evereadys, the most popular of all. It will well repay you to insist on these superior batteries. Look for the name "Layerbilt" on the label.

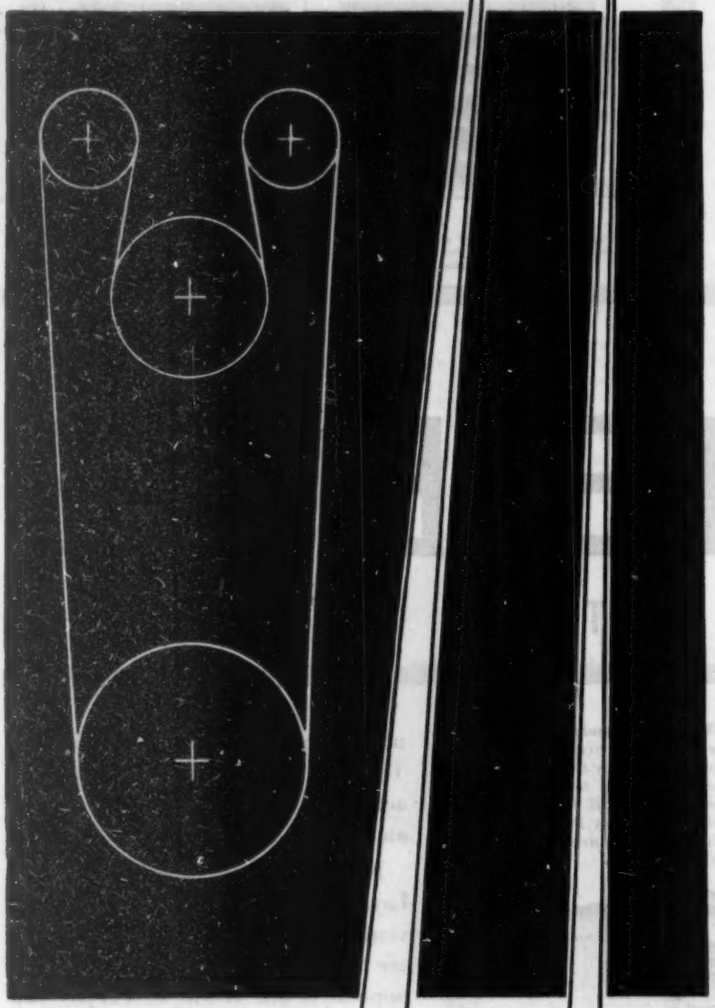
NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
New York UCC **San Francisco**

Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

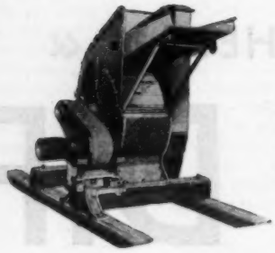
TUESDAY NIGHT IS EVEREADY HOUR NIGHT *East of the Rockies*—9 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, through WEAF and associated N. B. C. stations. *On the Pacific Coast*, 6 P. M. Pacific Standard Time, through N. B. C. Pacific Coast network.

NEW EVEREADY RADIO RECEIVERS, A. C. AND BATTERY OPERATED, NOW ON SALE

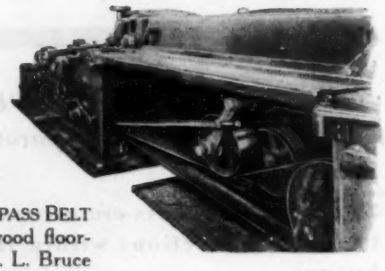
Here's the first major IMPROVEMENT



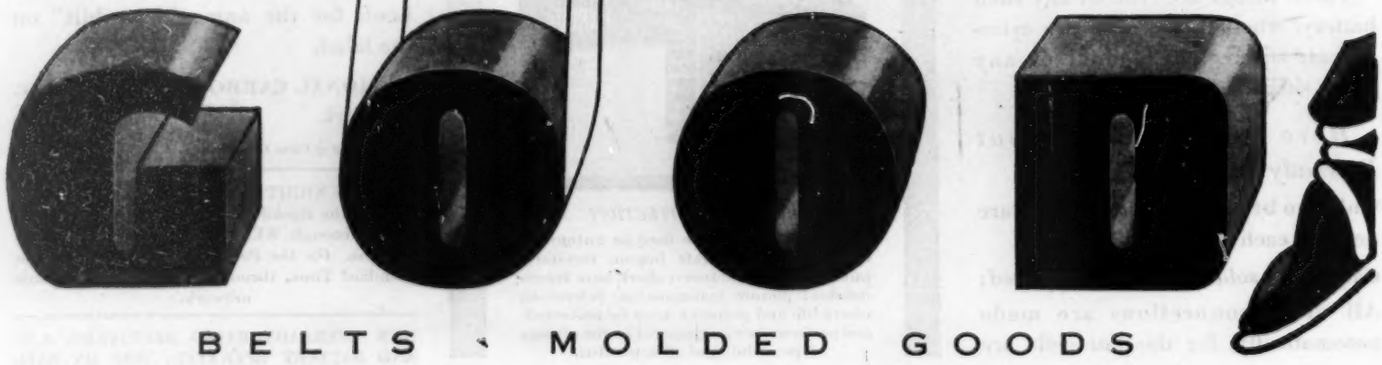
GOODYEAR ENDLESS COMPASS BELT in place on Papec Feed Grinder, manufactured by the Papec Machine Company, Shortsville, N. Y.



GOODYEAR ENDLESS COMPASS BELT in place on Jay Bee Humdinger Mill, manufactured by the Bossert Corporation, Utica, N. Y., and sold by J. B. Sedberry Inc., Utica, N. Y.



GOODYEAR ENDLESS COMPASS BELT in place on Woods hardwood flooring matcher in plant of E. L. Bruce Company, Memphis, Tenn.



BELTS · MOLDED GOODS

in BELT DESIGN in fifty years...

The New Goodyear Compass Belt .. practically stretchless .. genuinely endless..25% thinner..with a core of rugged cord!

EVERYONE knows that high-speed transmission drives over small pulleys are belt killers. The acute arcs of contact, the extreme heats generated by speed and tension, soon break down even the best belts and send them flying to the scrap-heap.

Everyone who has had to do with the problems involved with rock drills, spinning frames, feed grinders, ice machines, and the belt-eating wood planer, knows the challenge of the high-speed small-contact drive.

Seeking a remedy, Goodyear engineers fifteen years ago turned their minds to the bold idea of a ***new*** belt—an indomitable belt—a belt with a core of ***cord*** instead of the traditional square-woven fabric. Then the vast resources of the Goodyear laboratories and technical staff were applied to a solution.

Now the fruits of this long endeavor are offered to industry in a new ***cord transmission*** belt, exhaustively tested and wholly approved, and accurately announced as ***the first major improvement in transmission belts in*** 50 ***years.***

First, it is a ***genuinely endless*** transmission belt, and by principle of inlaid longitudinal cords, an ***absolutely continuous belt.*** There is no splice anywhere in its load-carrying core. The "weakest-link" failure of the older type of belt is thus eliminated.

Second, it is ***the most nearly stretchless*** transmission belt yet devised. Tensions for effective power transmission are once for all established in the cords when the belt is made. Thereafter stretch is minimal. Wear and loss of power from slippage are eliminated. Costly shut-downs are absent.

Third, it is the first ***dual-function*** transmission belt. Two vital belt functions—high resistance to wear and maximum power delivery —are here deliberately separated. Cords, laid side by side and impounded in rubber, carry the drive. A cross-woven, rubberized envelope enclosing the cords takes all the wear.

This new Goodyear Compass Belt is 25% thinner than other belts of equal power capacity and therefore more flexible. It conforms readily to small pulleys, is sufficiently elastic for shock loads, and is safeguarded from internal wear. Ply separation is unheard of.

Goodyear is proud of this new belt. It has reserved its announcement awaiting the convincing proof, now fully authenticated, from test belts spotted in key transmission drives throughout the country. The tests have been arduous. They prove the belt. It stands as the first major improvement in belt design in half a century.

The new belt is called the Goodyear Compass Endless Belt, and is designed for open end drives. Like all other Goodyear Mechanical Rubber Goods it is accurately applied to your needs by the G.T.M.—Goodyear Technical Man—an expertly designed belt, expertly fitted to your own endless belt drives.

For further information as to the superiorities of the Goodyear Compass Belt in your service, write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

The Greatest Name in Rubber

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HOSE · PACKING

A BUICK with 20,000 miles behind it is a BUICK 20,000 miles young

Here is a secret of motor car buying which thousands of discriminating men and women know, and which other thousands are learning with each passing year—

You can get far greater value, as well as far greater motoring enjoyment, in a Buick which has given a few thousand miles of service than in any ordinary new car of comparable price.

Buick provides so much more power, speed, stamina, and all the fine qualities which motorists desire that there is literally no comparison. . . . And ten—or twenty—or even fifty thousand miles—are merely the prelude to Buick's career of service, as you can readily prove by noting the number of Buicks with more than 100,000 miles on the speedometer.

A Buick, like a man with a powerful foundation of good health, has the pleasing capacity of *remaining young* long after ordinary cars have begun to falter.

Buick builds years of service into every car—Buick makes every part extra strong, that every car may be extra durable.

And so, when you buy a Buick—one, two, or even five years old—you are really buying thousands upon thousands of glorious, dependable Buick miles . . . miles of the kind that only Buick can give . . . miles that will be more enjoyable, as well as more economical.

Buy your Buick! And make satisfaction doubly sure by buying it from a Buick-Marquette dealer. He has a particularly wide assortment. His establishment is *the* place in your community to buy a used car.

* * *

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
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Canadian Factories
McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont.

Builders of
Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

ENDS OF THE EARTH

PHOTOS. REPRODUCED FROM AUTHOR'S COLLECTION AT THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

Mr. Andrews' House and the Headquarters of the American-Asiatic Expedition in an Old Chinese Temple in Peking

By Roy Chapman Andrews

I SHALL have to omit a record of that part of my life from the time that I returned to America in 1917 to the end of the war. I may say that I was not in jail; also that I did much wandering. The winter of 1918–19 found me in Peking. My wife and our year-old baby were also there, established in our first Oriental home.

Now that the war was ended I had an intense desire to return at once to my interrupted plans for Central Asian exploration. Our expedition to Yunnan and the Tibetan frontier had left me with some very definite thoughts on the subject of future work.

We had been in one of the most interesting regions of the world from the standpoint of general science. It had been difficult and dangerous to get there. Expensive as well. What were our results? The largest and most complete collection of mammals that had ever been taken from a single region of Asia. Also many birds and some reptiles and fish. It was all that we had proposed to do and the museum authorities were delighted.

Still, I had a most uncomfortable feeling of opportunities missed. What of the many aboriginal tribes we had seen? Tribes which represented the very earliest inhabitants of China and which were rapidly disappearing. I was convinced that among those primitive people, some of whom are living virtually in the Stone Age in those somber mountain valleys, lay the answer to many questions which were puzzling the students of Asiatic anthropology.

Laying Foundations for the Future

WHAT of the geology of this vast region? Almost nothing was known of it, yet it was of great importance in the study of continent building. What of the past animal life and its relation to the rest of the world? A blank space—utterly blank! What of the archæology, the record of those early Stone Age peoples who must have lived in and passed through this country? Not a thing was known.

So the story went through every branch of science. Great opportunities missed because I was not a zoölogist, anthropologist, archæologist, palæontologist and geologist all combined in one individual. But even had I had expert knowledge in all these branches, what could I have done? Very little, for each study would have required all of one man's time.

Again, how my own work was hampered because I did not have an intimate knowledge of several other sciences. So many puzzling zoölogical problems could have been clarified if I had been an expert botanist or geologist! It had given me sufficient food for thought.

Obviously, there was only one solution of such a situation. On the great expedition to Central Asia which was always in the back of my mind I must take representatives of every branch of science involved in our main problems. Then, in the field, we would have the benefit of full discussion by experts of every question which arose. That was the only possible method by which to attack Central Asia; if we were to do anything less, the work would be only superficial.

Peking was the gateway to Mongolia, a part of Central Asia. Also a part which I knew somewhat, for I had crossed it several times during the past year. I would give it a more careful study and see if it warranted the first invasion by the expedition of my dreams.

The museum authorities were agreeable, for it would not require much money. The expedition was to consist only of my wife and myself, with three or four natives as assistants. Though we should collect mammals and birds, it was designed chiefly as a reconnaissance for future work.

Motor cars ran infrequently between Kalgan, one hundred and twenty-four miles from Peking, and Urga, the capital of Mongolia. I arranged with Charles Coltman to take us to Urga. Our equipment went by camel three months in advance. I had made several trips with Coltman, but we little knew that this was the last time we should ever travel the desert trails together. Three years later he was brutally murdered by Chinese soldiers just beyond the gates of Kalgan.

Never again will I have such a feeling as Mongolia gave me. The broad sweeps of dun gravel merging into a vague horizon; the ancient trails once traveled by Jenghiz Khan's wild raiders; the violent contrast of motor cars beside majestic camels fresh from the marching sands of the Western Gobi! All this thrilled me to the core. I had found my country. The one I had been born to know and love. Somewhere in the depths of that vast, silent desert lay those records of the past that I had come to seek.

We had two cars. One of them carried Mr. and Mrs. Ted McCallie, who were to manage Coltman's trading station in Urga; we occupied the other. It was to be a leisurely trip with stops to shoot antelope and wolves along the way. We had lots of fun with the gazelles. Nothing on four legs can equal them in speed. Like all plains animals, they cannot resist a motor car. It has a fatal fascination which draws them like a magnet from hundreds of yards on either side. They just have to cross in front of it or their lives are ruined.

When a Gazelle is in a Hurry

AT FIRST a gazelle will lope along at twenty or twenty-five miles an hour, head up, sometimes leaping into the air as though on springs, drawing always closer to the car. Then with a sudden rush he tries to cross in front. He goes just fast enough to keep well away from the motor. One might think he was running at full speed. But just drop a bullet near him and see what happens. He seems to flatten out, his legs are only a blur like the wings of an electric fan, and he really begins to run. After many tests we have put the maximum speed for the first dash at sixty miles an hour. This is a conservative estimate. He cannot maintain a mile-a-minute pace for more than half a mile. Then he drops to forty miles an hour, at which he can continue for a long distance.

Once while we were following a herd of gazelles we ran over a sharp rise and down the long slope of a wide valley. A wolf, lying asleep behind a rock, suddenly leaped out in front of us. There were a dozen antelope on either side, but he was not interested. Neither were they. Then a fat yellow marmot joined the procession, rushed along for a few yards and frantically ducked underground. We seemed to be driving a whole zoölogical garden. Coltman stepped on the gas, but a sand spit intervened and the fleeing menagerie scattered to the four winds of heaven.

There was a portable electric-light plant, destined for the Living Buddha of Urga, packed in the back of McCallie's car. One of our camps was near a Mongol village. That night Mac rigged a great arc light on a pole, for we wanted to give the Mongols a real celebration. To our surprise, not one came near us. Next

(Continued on Page 221)

A Rest on the Way to Urga

CARS THAT STAY YOUNG

TIMKEN BEARING EQUIPPED

CROSSES INDICATE "TIMKEN BEARING EQUIPPED" POINTS

MAKE	MODEL	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Auburn	All	x	x	x		x
Cadillac	All					x
Chrysler	De Soto	x	x	x		x
	Plymouth	x	x	x		x
	65 & 75	x	x	x		x
	Imperial	x				x
Cunningham	All	x	x	x		x
Dodge	All	x	x			x
Durant	40, 60, 66	x	x	x		
	70	x	x	x		x
	75	x	x	x		x
Elcar	95, 96, 120	x	x			x
Ford	All	x		x	x	x
Franklin	All	x	x	x	x	x
Gardner	All	x	x	x		x
Graham-Paige	612	x	x	x	x	x
	615	x	x			x
	621, 827, 837	x	x		x	x
Hudson and Essex	All	x	x	x		x
Hupmobile	Century 6	x	x	x	x	x
	Century 8	x	x	x	x	x
Jordan	All	x	x	x		x
Kissel	75 & 95	x	x	x		x
	126	x	x	x	x	x
Kleiber		x	x	x		x
LaSalle	All					x
Lincoln	All	x	x	x	x	x
Locomobile	86 & 88	x	x			x
Marmon	68	x				x
	78		x			x
	Roosevelt	x	x	x		x
McFarlan	All	x	x	x		x
Moon	All	x	x	x		x
Nash	Std. 6	x	x	x		x
	All	x	x		x	x
Peerless	All	x	x	x		x
Pierce-Arrow	All	x	x	x	x	x
Reo Flying Cloud	The Master Flying Cloud	x	x		x	x
Roamer		x	x	x		x
Stearns-Knight	6-80	x	x	x	x	x
	8-90	x	x	x	x	x
Studebaker and Erskine	All	x	x	x	x	x
Stutz	All	x	x	x		x
Willys-Knight and Whippet	All	x	x	x	x	x

WINGS . . . *Motor*-wings . . . away with the wind . . . distance blurring into background . . . miles flying past . . .

But cars "Timken Bearing Equipped" scarcely mark the miles passed . . . there is before them a future filled with youth and use.

Those speed demons — shock, thrust and torque — meet their match and master in Timken tapered construction, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS* and Timken-made steel — exclusive guardians of car youth.

Motorists who want pedigreed performance consult the list of cars "Timken Bearing Equipped" and use it as their guide to Cars That Stay Young.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* BEARINGS

FINE FEATHERS

As Told to Mara Evans

THIS is the day of the consulting specialist—the expert who knows his particular line of work so well that we're willing to pay him for advice we wouldn't accept free from our best friends—advice about everything inside and outside the home, from the moment the builder's pick bites land until the last drapery is hung at the final window and one more blue spruce on the velvet lawn gives the Effect its finishing touch; and then nomenclature consultants who will, for a fee, suggest a name for the place.

Sometimes the line is original with the specialist, and a market has to be educated. Sometimes a questing market knocks plaintively at the door, and he is presently surprised to find himself with a more or less unique and profitable job. That, at any rate, is what happened to me.

Several years ago a wealthy client of mine—a prosperous hardware manufacturer—came to me to buy birds. I had a great many on hand just then, for, as importer of song birds and waterfowl, I bought and sold everything from a phœnix to a dodo. He stood looking helplessly at the varieties that flashed or strutted or hopped about my aviaries.

"Look here," he said finally. "I want to spend about $1000 to start an aviary on my new place up in New York State. But it would be harder for me to pick out what I want from all these pretty things you've got than to hire a whole new staff of stenographers. Suppose you take over the whole thing for me. Go ahead and plan out exactly the right kinds of cages within that amount, and show me the estimates."

When I had the plans ready, the amount came to a hundred less than his limit. "Put more birds in," said he. "You haven't figured on many." But I told him he had all he needed to begin with—and so he had. The first and worst fault most people who start aviaries fall into is overcrowding. "If I had more cages," I told him, "we'd go over the $1000."

I fixed him up a nice aviary. In one cage were love birds, and an orange-red Grenadier weaver from South Africa; in another, shaft-tailed grass finch, masked finch, Lazuli buntings and Japanese robins. There was a cage containing a Rosella parrakeet, a golden-headed conure and a yellow-shouldered Amazon; and one for a couple of finch and a beautiful giant Whidah. Finished, it was a little show place. The hardware manufacturer, delighted, gave me the extra $100 for planning the aviary, and brought all his friends to look over the place. "Go ahead and build more aviaries," he said.

PHOTO. BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

In the Zoölogical Gardens, Cincinnati

Spoiling for a Good Fight

THAT job was never finished. The man kept on buying birds and improving his place as long as I knew him. Next thing I knew I had two commissions from friends of his to do the same thing for them, and my present job—"Aviary consultant," you might call it—was born. But did I know it? Did I leap to open the door the first time Opportunity scraped horny knuckles on it? I did not. I took those first jobs in fear and trembling, sure I was going to make a mess of them, sure the men wouldn't like what I did, shirking responsibility, relieved each time I finished a piece of planning and estimating and had made no serious blunder.

Little by little, however, the thing got me. Following those three orders the first year, I got four the second. I began to enjoy the work more than my regular business. To take over new, untouched ground, with money enough to build proper aviaries and buy birds in fine condition for them, was as fascinating to me as a new piece of clay to a sculptor. As commissions grew regular, by endless-chain advertising of one man to his friends, they to theirs, and so on, I began to see a possible future.

The planning I had to do fell into certain rough general types. There was the large estate of, say, 2000 acres, fairly high, dry pasture and woodland, with a lake or brook. There were holdings of swampy marshland, large or small, such as you find farther south, that required a different kind of treatment. And there were modest places of one to a hundred acres, sometimes in cities where a square foot of land is worth its weight in gold. Hundreds of people all over the United States—some of them with scarcely more than a back yard—want a bird or two on it. Some have an abandoned dairy or rabbit house or greenhouse to make over.

Plenty of them have no more idea than that first client of mine how to go about picking right kinds for their place—birds they'll really like themselves and that their place will provide adequate hospitality for.

When I get a new job, I have two very different sets of individuals to please: The new bird owners, and the birds themselves. If room and board are not to birds' liking, they droop and die. Moreover, birds are not as sociable as many people think; natural instinct to take possession of a territory and drive intruders away does not make for harmony in mixed collections.

In aviaries I can't, of course, put large birds in with small; the latter wouldn't last long if I did. I can't put toucans, for instance, in with birds that eat dried meat, for meat disagrees with toucans. But I couldn't put toucans in with other birds, anyway, for they're so quarrelsome there'd be never a minute's peace. I've seen a pair of Madagascar love birds break up a happy home faster than any human trouble-maker.

You have to watch individuals carefully before you're sure they're going to fit in with the rest; there'll be spiteful disturbers in almost any group. Once a bird gets a taste for murder, he'll often go right on from one gory battle to another.

When I had to sentence a love bird, once, to solitary confinement on a charge of attack with intent to kill, he pined so for something to fight with that he finally died. Usually I use only male birds for aviaries; their plumage is much more showy, and besides, they cause trouble enough alone, without adding disturbing female elements. I can't, moreover, suddenly give a bird that's been kept a long time alone, as many are, a lot of unexpected company. Anything—animal or human—that does the hermit act is more apt than not to grow morose and mean and vicious in time.

As difficult, and often even more interesting, is pleasing the man or woman who gave me the order. The first thing I do is go out and look over the place. Then I come home and think matters over. Then I have a talk with my client.

The principal thing is to find out what kind of birds people really want. They think they don't know; they'll say—especially men—"Oh. Why, birds. Any kind of birds that'll look well. I'll leave it to you." But that's no good—or, at least, not good enough. Rich men are always looking for a hobby, but unless it can hold their attention they soon tire of it. When I talk with my client, I try to dig around in his past, like a psychoanalyst; in almost every case there's some bird association sticking down in the depths of his memories, and if I can only excavate that and fulfill a long-forgotten desire to own some bird or other, he's a perfectly satisfied customer who comes back for more.

The Eyes of Argus

THE second year I was planning private aviaries I had a client who was sure he didn't know what he wanted—a wealthy stockbroker, retiring at sixty to a magnificent Connecticut estate. The house on the place was Norman-farmhouse type, native stone and timbering, with rough pan tile of red and russet on the roof. Little dormer windows broke the eaves; romantic porticos had shadowing vines and flagged terraces. The timbers, seasoned and aged, salvaged from abandoned barns and refashioned, were whitewashed to blend in with the whitewashed walls. Great green trees drooped against them. It was gently rolling, hilly land, cut by a brook that was a lineal descendant, or ascendant, of the Housatonic.

"Why, no," he told me. "I can't remember a thing about birds, except that, long ago, when we were very poor and lived in a small farmhouse farther north in New England, there was a vase of peacock feathers on the mantelpiece. That was the only luxurious thing we had in the house, and I used to look at them and long to be rich and own the rest of the bird."

That was easy. He wanted birds that symbolized beauty and luxury—escape from scrimping and difficult boyhood. Peacocks have been spectacularly ornamental since Solomon imported them into Palestine. The eye spots on the tail coverts, that ancient Greeks believed were the hundred eyes of the giant Argus, reset in the bird's tail, looked like flecks of gold leaf and iridescence. From a steward on a Ceylon liner I got a pair of blue, and from a dealer a pair of lovely Japanese, peafowl—the cock with wing coverts a lustrous blue—and a few more common kinds. They roamed the estate at will, and grew very tame. You never knew when one of them might appear from behind a bush and strut his stuff. Sight of other males, of course, exercised their traditional vanity constantly. One day, when I drove up to superintend installation of another group of birds, I left my car in front and walked away toward the aviaries.

Next thing I knew I heard behind me a most unholy racket, and took it on the run back there to see what was wrong. One of the cocks was having a mighty battle with an elusive image of himself in the high reflection of the car! I separated the combatants, and told myself: "That'll teach you to spend money having a car repainted!"

The landscape architect who planned turf panels and rose gardens, boxwood borders and shrubbery groups for that place had punctuated the varishaded green with little statuettes at unexpected turns. One stood quite apart from the others, a lovely thing—the young, unclothed figure of some forgotten goddess. The owner was showing visitors over the place one day; when they reached that statue, one of the blue peacocks stepped out in front of the marble figure and unfurled his gorgeous tail, almost completely concealing the bric-a-brac. I wondered whether it was done as a sort of beauty contest, or whether the peacock had a modest desire to conceal the scantily clad young lady.

The peacocks, being fine birds, averaged $100 a pair. I added a few pens of gaudily-colored wild jungle fowl, a cage of such birds as the brilliantly-feathered Paradise whidah, and a cobalt-blue vulturine guinea fowl.

The next man knew what he wanted. He was all set to breed wild waterfowl—ducks and geese—and make a small profit from it. He had a moderate-sized place in Southern New Jersey, and a modest, secure income—enough to let him exercise a hobby. I was glad of that; secretly I didn't believe he would get his project to pay its way, much less make a profit. The land had a brook, which he dammed to make a fair-sized pond. Fences around the duck inclosure I planted with Japanese honeysuckle; cat's-tail made a marsh for summer shelter. Bulrushes and wild rice provided food; while tall grasses, broom and wax myrtle supplied protection. I put in low thatched hutches for winter; tussocks and logs for nesting places, with nest boxes for wood ducks, that commonly nest in trees. Then I got him some mallards—the easiest wild duck to keep—some baldpates, black ducks, green and blue winged teals, cinnamon teals; and a permit, for five dollars, to possess and rear wild game. His stock was raised from wild duck eggs, and it was difficult, at first, to produce young. Wild ducks often fail to mate in captivity, and produce sterile eggs. It took a long while before some of the birds were sufficiently reconciled to durance vile to discontinue birth control.

An Aviary on a Sun Porch

THE blue-winged teals were rather delicate; like other species hard to breed, they were wing-clipped rather than pinioned, so that nothing would discourage their breeding. The majority of ducks in Europe and America are mallards—large, handsome birds, with head and neck metallic green, chest burnt chestnut, a fine white collar, violet tint across the wings, and orange-red legs and feet. Black ducks were similar, but smaller; they didn't breed so easily as mallards, demanding more privacy. Little green-winged teals, twelve to fifteen inches long, had heads and upper necks chestnut, with a broad metallic green patch back of the eye. Wood ducks are beautiful little ducks, not hard to breed, and gentle and docile; often they would produce two clutches a season, and were allowed to raise one themselves, while the other was turned over to little bantam hens kept for the purpose. Eggs from other ducks were usually confided to bantams too. Wood ducklings climbed almost any fence we put up for them; they were continually getting out and acting the part of Prodigal Son.

My client worked hard finding a market for his eggs and young ducks, and supplying other breeders with stock; eventually he made the proposition pay him a few hundred dollars a year. Later on he had geese as well as ducks—the big musical Canada goose, the greater snow, the blue, the fast-flying bernicle, and the striking, green-and-white-winged Magellan. In separate inclosures he had a couple of cranes—a West African crowned crane, leggy as a young colt, with a tuft on its head resembling the reeds it feeds among, and a white crane. They were fairly easily tamed.

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Cranes Feeding on a Bird Farm in Connecticut

A lady who came to me shortly after that had little money or space; there was just a sun porch on their small, California-style bungalow in a near-by suburb. She wasn't able to walk around a great deal, either.

I suggested a few of the more interesting cage birds—the red-crested cardinal, black-headed manikin, Brazilian blue grosbeak, as well as some well-known singing finches. Starting with only two, which cost her, with cages, about fifteen dollars, she had by the end of the year almost all that I suggested, and had spent some fifty dollars on her sun-porch aviary.

The increased popularity of the sun porch in small American homes is, I believe, the basis for the spurt of increased interest in bird keeping the past couple of years. Screen or glassed-in inclosures make ideal places for aquariums or a few birds, and more and more people have taken to investigating the characteristics and likability of other birds besides the common canary.

Shortly after that the owner of an estate of some 750 acres—a wealthy Middle Western banker—gave me a chance to try some breeding experiments under my own supervision. On a fine large lake, with plenty of marshy coves and swales, thick with water and pond lilies, we put a few ducks; but he had another memory too.

"When I was a boy," he said, "my mother used to go to Ocean Grove Camp Meeting—the annual climax of a fervent Moody-and-Sankey summer, with services in the tabernacle, the young people's hall, the auditorium, the chapel and on the beach, from sunrise to ten o'clock at night. My mother never missed a meeting. Myself, I grew a bit wearied, but she was afraid to let me sit by the ocean without her. As a compromise she let me go to one of the two small lakes—Fletcher and Wesley—that bound the pleasant little town. Down Pilgrim Pathway, around the little clay model of Jerusalem, up Mt. Zion Way and out to the lake. There would be swans there—dignified and beautiful, with no cares at all. No pennies, hoarded for hot buttered pop corn, were persuaded from their pockets for contribution plates; they didn't have to sit on hard seats in the big auditorium and be saved, or swelter in the hot tabernacle while devout deacons talked and prayed. It seemed to me, right then, that swans had a wonderful life, with no cares at all."

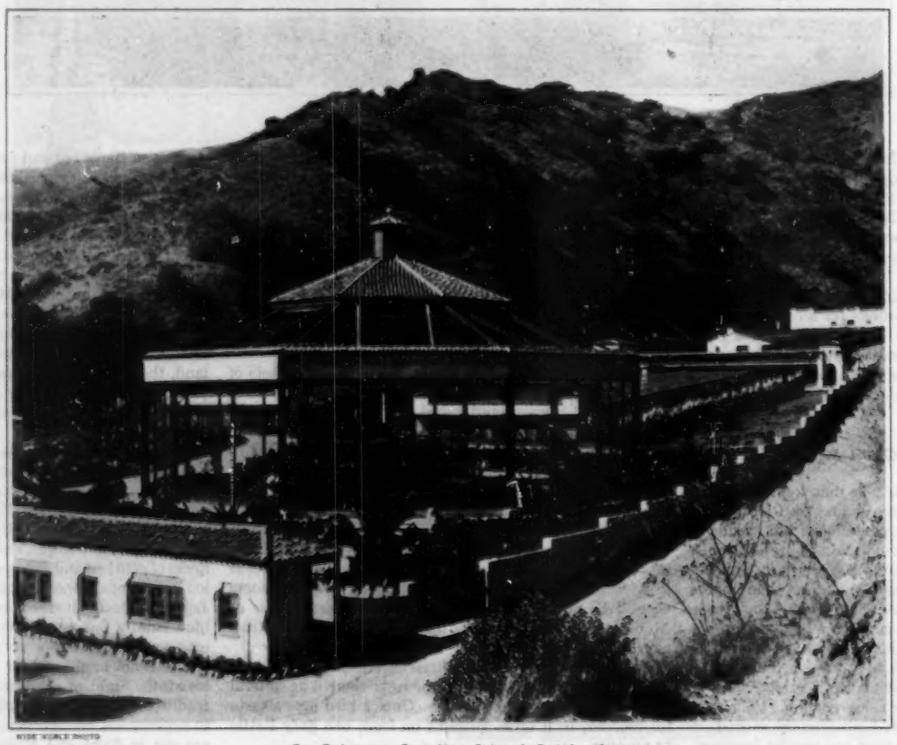
Well, we got his swans, and I got a chance to breed some—as I had long wanted to do—when I made a visit to his place the next spring and summer. Swans have an attraction, because of their beauty and stateliness, that dates a long way back, and runs the popularity of peafowl a close second, if it doesn't beat them entirely. In England young mute swans were formerly prized as a table delicacy; great herds were kept by private people or corporations, who had to nick their bills with *cygninota*—distinguishing brands. In Elizabeth's time there were more than 900 such *cygninota* in England.

Singing His Swan Song

IT IS interesting that, of the seven species of swans in existence, four of them have been named for their voices. Even the word "swan" itself traces indirectly back to a Latin word "sonare," meaning, "to sound." The whooper swan, the whistler, the Bewick and the trumpeter have clear, melodious, often beautifully trumpetlike notes, because of the strange loop their windpipe makes inside the breastbone—like the coil of a French horn. The black-necked swan and the mute swan have straight windpipes, but the mute swan is far from entirely speechless; the call is softer and lower than that of the others. The hooked, horny beaks of swans are well developed for tearing off mouthfuls of grass and reeds; their tongues have a surface of curving-back teeth that sift the mud from bottoms of shallow ponds.

Ducks, feeding similarly, can usually dive; flamingoes have inordinately long legs, as well as necks, and reach bottom that way. But the swans have developed a neck twenty-two or more bones long—longer than that of any other living birds—and dine off the bottom while they are swimming at the surface.

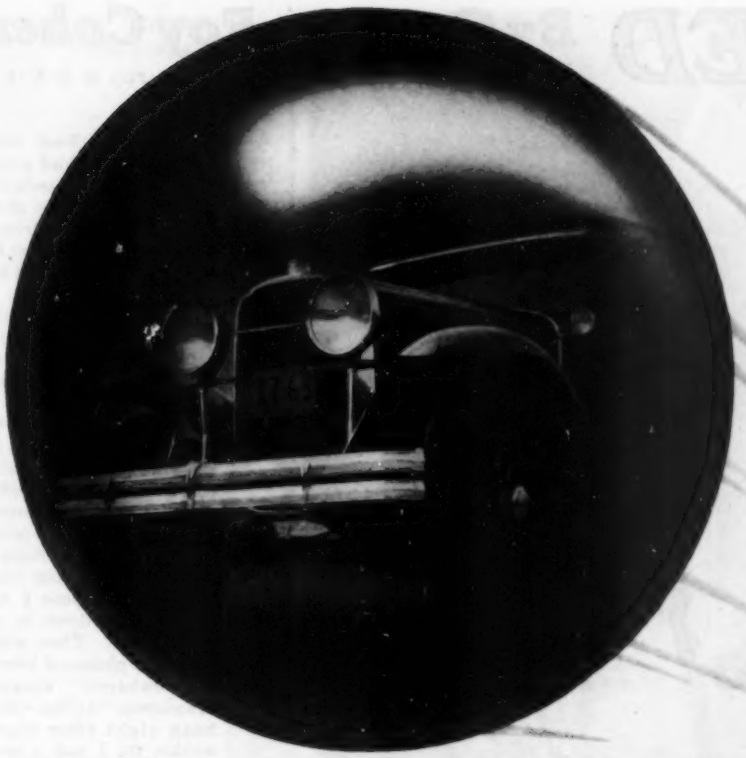
There is an old, long-unverified fable that the swan, when mortally wounded, sings a swan song of unearthly beauty and farewell. Fairly recently a scientist, upon shooting a swan, was astounded to hear a song unlike any he had ever heard before, familiar as he was with swan notes. For half a mile the dying swan, wings fixed, sang his last plaintive musical song of soft running notes; and the man, listening, could hardly believe his ears.



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

An Aviary at Catalina Island, California

(Continued on Page 72)



"NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL"

—*in Automobiles*

Out of forty-eight makes of American motor cars forty-six are exclusively or partially equipped with New Departure Ball Bearings.

To ask why is a fair question.

A motor car without anti-friction bearings does not exist—would be impossible—because of the destructive drag, waste and wear of friction, rapid deterioration, dissipated power, and excessive expense of operation and maintenance.

New Departure Ball Bearings are the highest type of anti-friction bearings. They are wear-free and, therefore, never need adjustment to take up wear—they last the life of any automobile. Made with greater care, over a hundred individual operations are necessary to produce a single bearing—of better and more uniform materials, New Departure is the largest user of electric furnace high-carbon chrome steel. Result—bearings of higher quality—in principle—in design—in workmanship—in trouble-free performance.

THE NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING CO., BRISTOL, CONN.

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The 1929 passenger cars listed here all employ New Departure Ball Bearings as standard equipment

Auburn	Durant	Kissel	Plymouth
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Chevrolet	Falcon-Knight	Marmon	Roosevelt
Chrysler	Ford	Marquette	Stearns-Knight
Cunningham	Franklin	Moon	Studebaker
De Soto	Gardner	Nash	Stutz
Dodge	Graham-Paige	Oakland	Viking
Duesenberg	Hudson	Oldsmobile	Willys-Knight
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NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

CUT AND DRIED

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

WORDS filled the projection room; large, impressive, resonant words which emanated from the screen image of Opus Randall, portly masculine star for Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc.

Mr. Randall rushed across the screen and fell into a pile of kitchenware. His plight was conveyed to the eyes and ears of a critical audience, for Midnight had gone talkie, and this was the projection of its first complete two-reeler in sound and dialogue. The comedy ended with a punch and in a burst of hilarity. The lights flashed on, disclosing a battery of grinning colored faces. President Orifice R. Latimer was delighted; so, too, were Production Manager Julius Cæsar Clump, Director Edwin Boscoe Fizz, Actor Opus Randall, Author Forcep Swain, Sound Engineer Callous Deech, Cutter Mandamus Marshal ——

And Martin Buck.

Actually Mr. Martin Buck was the center of interest and applause. He draped his lean frame languidly over the back of a seat and puffed with assumed nonchalance on a perfumed cigarette.

He was a tall individual, rather lacking in avoirdupois, but atoning in the elegance of tailoring and haberdashery for whatever shortcomings might have been attributed to Nature.

A native of New Haven, long resident in New York, Mr. Buck was one of the dusky importations employed to assist Midnight along the hectic road of revolution from silent production to talking pictures. And this screen effort, entitled The First Shall be Laugh, apparently justified Mr. Buck's existence. It was chock-full of chuckles, well directed, well acted, well authored and gorgeously cut.

Martin Buck Stepped Closer. "Did You Make That Noise at Me, Florian Slappey?"

Mr. Buck's expert hand had been at the helm since the beginning of the picture; his egoistic irascibility had yanked the bewildered organization through the chaos of this new and highly technical thing which nobody quite understood. And now the picture was finished and ready for the distributors.

It was a new departure in everything: New and slower tempo; comedy less ribald and more legitimate; lines which were funny per se and not dependent wholly on situation or facial contortion. President Latimer, after having gone almost into a nervous collapse during the past fortnight, now saw the fruits of his industry flickering before him on the screen and realized that Midnight was on the threshold of greater triumphs. He said so in no uncertain terms.

Martin Buck received the executive plaudits calmly. As a matter of fact, he continually nodded during the barrage of praise and hastened to remind Latimer of a few flattering remarks which might, with perfect propriety, have been added.

"An' also," enthused President Latimer, "I has got to thank ev'ybody else. I think, fo' one thing, that Mandamus Marshal did a swell job of cutting ——"

"H'mph!" The caustic sneer of Martin Buck sifted through the room. "That poor, ignorant piece of tripe? What did he do?"

Orifice shook his head. "Didn't he cut the pitcher, Martin?"

"Him? Shuh, Orifice, that fellow didn't no more cut this picture than his scissors done. He was just a machine, working under my espert orders."

"Hey! Wait a minute!" The slender and unimpressive figure of Midnight's cutter insinuated itself before President Orifice R. Latimer and Mr. Martin Buck. "That ain't fair ——"

"What ain't fair?" snapped Martin. "And anyway, who are you?"

"Ise Mandamus Marshal, as you know good an' well. An' what I is is the feller which sat up till two an' th'ee o'clock ev'y mawnin' studyin' how to cut this fillum when nobody else knowed how. Mind you, I ain't sayin' that you ain't done a swell job, Mistuh Buck, but also I is sayin' that hadn't it been fo' me that pitcher woul'n't be near so swell as it is now."

"Hawss feathers! All you did was to cut like I told you."

"Yeh—tha's what you think. But lemme see you cut this one you is shootin' now. Just lemme see you do that!"

"I'm not a cutter. Such labor is beneath me."

"Fine talk! Tha's all you got, Martin Buck—lots of swell-soundin' words. Any time you don't know how to do somethin' you say it's beneath you. Well, all I claim is that I done a fine job of cuttin' an' I don't crave to be lowrated by you—even if you has got an impawtant job with Midnight."

Mr. Buck shrugged disdainfully. "Very well, my man," he said with infinite boredom. "If it pleases you to think you are any more than a mechanic, you are welcome. Goodness knows no credit that you would want could possibly interest me."

The gentleman from New York turned back to listen to further honeyed words which were being poured into his ear by President Latimer, Production Manager Clump and Director Fizz. The two latter had been Midnight's only directors in the good old days of silent movies, and throughout the shooting of The First Shall be Laugh they had camped on the set absorbing Martin's very impressive technic.

Mandamus Marshal retired from the projection room in high dudgeon. Outside he was joined by two intimate friends: the elegantly debonair Florian Slappey and gangling Mr. Callous Deech, whose official title under the new order of things was Sound Engineer. Messrs. Slappey and Deech were properly incensed—and said so.

"Of all the no-'count, uppity, swell-headed cullud fellers that ever come to Bumminham," anathematized Florian, "that Martin Buck takes fust, secon' an' third prizes. My gosh! Just 'cause he has got a li'l' inside dope about this talkin' thing, he tries to make President Latimer believe he does ev'ything hisse'f."

"An' that ain't the wust," mourned Mandamus. "He's got Latimer believin' it. Orifice thinks that feller is a wizzid."

Callous Deech took part in the conversation: "Yeh, an' where would he of been without me? I ain't handing myself anything in particular, but I claim I'm a pretty good sound mixer. Suppose I hadn't mixed those voices correctly, suppose I had tuned up or down in the wrong place. Then where would his picture of been?"

"Nowhere!" snapped Mandamus. "An' me—down heah night after night, wukkin till I had a headache. . . . My gosh! Florian, has you ever seen one of these sound pitchers bein' cut?"

"Uh-huh. But I didn't know what it was all about."

"It's about plenty," growled Mandamus, chafing under the bitter injustice. "Ev'y single scene shot in that pitcher had three cam'ras on it: one makin' a close-up, one doin' the medium shot an' the other fo' the long shot. Them three cam'ras was all on the interlock with the two film recorders, so that really five films was bein' shot at once.

"All that film comes down to me. All Martin Buck ever give me was a ginral idea of what he wanted, an' I had to do the rest. Usin' my best sound track, I'd have to wind the four rolls of film, an' unwind 'em together, cutting from close-up to long-shot an' then back to medium, an' watchin' out that I didn't even miss one frame of pitcher or sound, else the whole thing is th'owed out of synchrony."

Mandamus was working himself into a fine frenzy: "Nor neither that ain't all. Take that scene where Opus and Welford is fightin' inside the house, an' there is a crowd watchin' outside, an' then Opus th'ows Welford out the door. To git that scene in I had to cut fum inside to outside, an' have the crowd listenin' to the fightin' that was goin' on inside—an' use that same sound track so that the audience woul'n't miss what them fellers was sayin' inside. An' ev'y time I'd git lost in the film I'd have to wind all four reels back to the startin' point an' come to where I cut last.

"Mind you, fellers, I ain't sayin' that what I done ain't no mo' than my job, but it does make me sick when a feller like Martin Buck makes President Latimer think I ain't done nothin'."

"Ain't you tootin'," murmured Florian sympathetically. "Trouble is that Latimer, nor neither nobody else, understands what it's all about an' so he gives all the credik to the man who was in charge."

"Yeh," protested Callous. "And I'd like to see what would happen to Mistuh Martin Buck just one time if me and Mandamus were not on the job. He couldn't make a good picture in ten years."

Florian sighed. "Anyway," he remarked, "I bet there ain't ary person on the Midnight lot that likes Martin."

"Yes, there is."

"Name' which?"

"President Latimer."

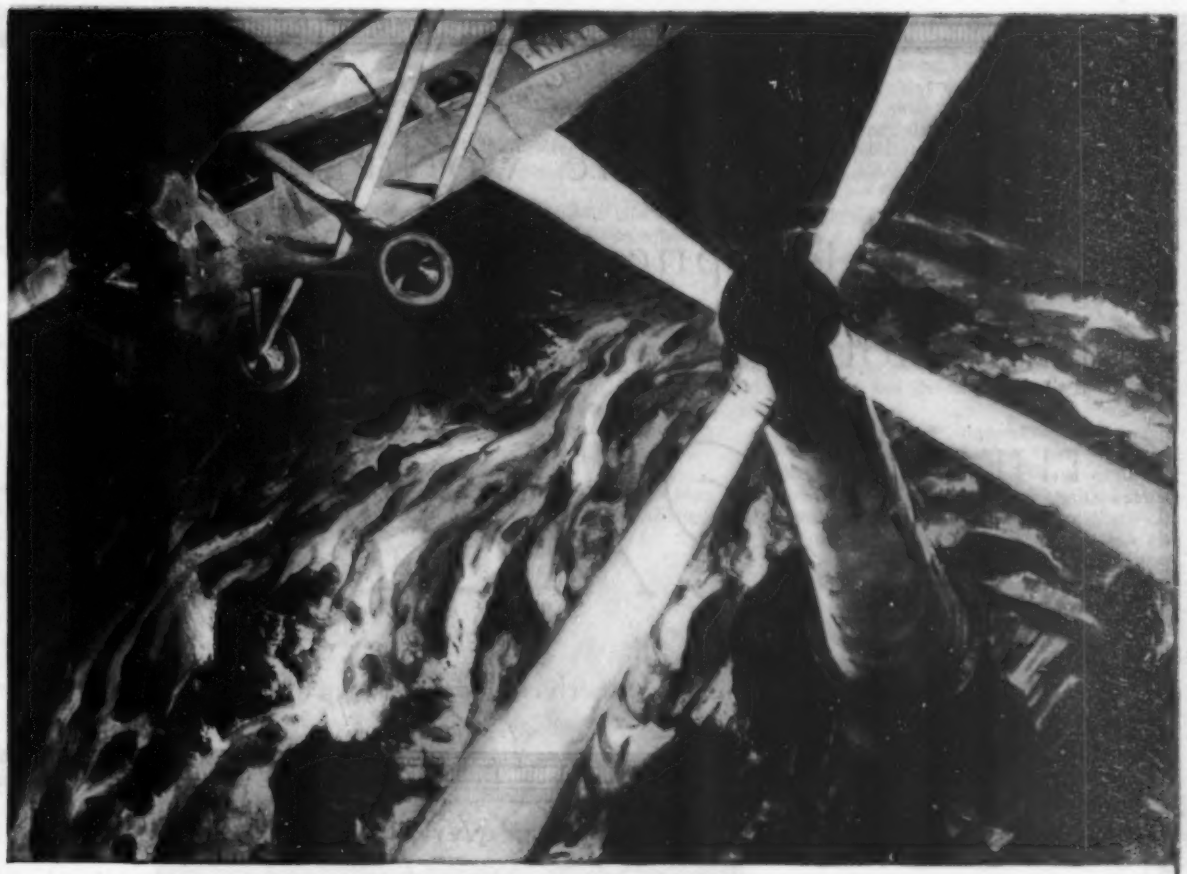
"Oh, him? He don't know no better."

"Tha's the trouble. Martin has got Orifice runnin' aroun' in circles. It don't look good to me even one li'l' bit."

(Continued on Page 61)

BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines, are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.



Life
rides with the air mail

A mad dog raced through the tropical village of Legalidad, Santo Domingo, last spring—and seven persons faced an agonizing death from hydrophobia.

"Rush anti-rabic vaccine by airplane," cabled druggist Gerardo Guerra to the Parke, Davis & Company branch at New Orleans. And a mail plane sped across the Gulf of Mexico to the Caribbean in a victorious race with death.

* * *

To guard the children of Tupelo, Mississippi, against a threatened diphtheria epidemic, the Thomas-Kincannon-Elkin Company, pharmacists, telegraphed for antitoxin one Sunday last winter to the Chicago branch of Parke, Davis & Company—over 700 miles away. Less than 24 hours after the telegram was sent, the precious antitoxin arrived in Tupelo, and was quickly distributed to the physicians awaiting its arrival.

Your druggist—your neighborhood "Fortress of Health"

Whether in critical emergencies like these—or in the needs of everyday life—your druggist plays an efficient and indispensable part.

Without his storehouse of medical supplies in your immediate neighborhood—without the druggist's facilities for supplying the scientific products of the world's great makers of medicines—your physician would be severely handicapped in his daily work of lifting the shadows of pain and illness that may at any time fall across the home.

In busy city and quiet village, your druggist stands always ready to render you his most important service—the prompt, accurate compounding of physicians' prescriptions.

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For 63 years Parke, Davis & Company have been supplying pharmacists with medicines of the highest purity. Many of these products are built up "synthetically" by the magic of modern chemistry. Others have their origin in rare drugs brought from far-distant lands. Rigid tests and the exacting standardization at our laboratories assure the high quality of every Parke-Davis product, whatever its nature or purpose.

Besides the dependable Parke-Davis medicines required in compounding prescriptions, your druggist carries a number of special Parke-Davis products for everyday use in the home. He will tell you that each needs no further recommendation than the simple statement: "It is a Parke-Davis product."

Parke-Davis Products

for your everyday needs

Here are a few Parke-Davis preparations for your personal use, made with the same exacting care which marks the manufacture of Parke-Davis medicines:

Standardized Cod-liver Oil
Milk of Magnesia
Mineral Oil (Heavy)
Hydrogen Peroxide
Neko (Germicidal Soap)
Shaving Cream
Orygene Mouth Wash
Euthymol Tooth Paste

Ask your druggist for PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCTS

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

The world's quality standard becomes the price-value standard by which all other motor car values must come to be judged

THE NEW CADILLACS

Utterly complete and finished and perfected in every major factor and in every minor detail

THE NEW CADILLACS—introduced within the past three weeks—represent a most important and impressive phase of the greatest program in Cadillac's history.

They serve to illustrate the marked contrast that results when the one and only consideration in manufacturing is to produce—in appearance, engineering and in perfection of detail—the soundest and most beautiful products which scientific processes and the will to excel can create.

The only possible result is that Cadillac becomes more definitely than ever not only the world's quality standard but, what is of striking significance to *every* motorist, the price-value standard by which all other motor-car values must henceforth be judged.

New designs; lower, racier lines; greater seating capacity; larger engines; more power and speed; richer, finer, Fisher and Fleetwood bodies; non-shatterable Security-Plate Glass in all windows, doors and windshields; new improved Syncro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmission and Safety-Mechanical Four-Wheel Brakes; new harmonized steering system; and a wealth of other features, improvements and refinements clamor for inspection and a test on the road. Any Cadillac-La Salle dealer will cheerfully place a car at your disposal so that you may make this personal test.

More Powerful Engines—*New Cadillac V-type, 8-cylinder engine is smoother than ever in operation. Remarkably eager responsiveness at low speeds. A superabundance of power for any and every emergency.*

Perfected Brakes and Transmission—*The Syncro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmission and the Safety-Mechanical Four-Wheel Brakes, which have revolutionized gear-shifting and braking, have been raised to new heights of efficiency and ease of operation.*

New Lines—New Body Refinements—*Lower, longer and racier in appearance than ever before. Luxurious new special fittings and appointments. New touches of modernity in the fashioning of mouldings, louvres and valances. Rear seats four inches wider and roomier. Adjustable front seats are even more easily adjusted than in the past. All five and seven passenger closed bodies equipped with disappearing center arm rests for rear compartment.*

New Harmonized Steering—*The new Cadillac harmonized steering system makes Cadillac amazingly easy to handle in traffic congestion, in parking manipulations, and in cross-country driving.*

Non-Shatterable Security-Plate Glass—*In all the new Cadillac windows, doors and windshields the indispensable protection of non-shatterable Security-Plate Glass is standard equipment.*

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY . . . . DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 58)

Florian shook his head. "One thing is sure: Us don't have to put up with Martin much longer. He was just brung down heah fo' two pitchers, durin' which Cæsar Clump and Eddie Fizz was to study sound direction. One of them pitchers is finished and cut; the other is half th'oo now. Then us can have the fun of takin' Mistuh Buck to the train, wishin' him a pleasant trip, an' warnin' him that if he ever comes back he'll git his block knocked off."

Agreeing happily that the day of Martin's departure was not far distant, the trio of friends were fortunately not eavesdroppers at a conference which was transpiring at that moment over the dining table in President Latimer's home.

The chief executive of Midnight was in a high good humor. For ten weeks, while the sound stage was nearing completion, and a corps of newcomers was making his life miserable with highly technical terms which he could not understand, Orifice had wished devoutly that he had abandoned the picture business altogether. Midnight's sound unit had cost around one hundred thousand dollars; worlds of silent-stage equipment, including most of the old lights, had been junked.

Now this afternoon the president had gazed upon the best screen feature which Midnight had ever produced—good acting, good photography, genuine laughs and amazingly clear sound recording. It was not unnatural that the harassed president should not be able to dispense credit in the proper places and in perfect proportion, and so his gratitude went out to the impressive and somewhat insufferable Martin Buck, high-priced expert from New York, who apparently had wrought this miracle single-handed.

After all, results counted; and Martin had produced those results. Tonight at dinner the gentleman from New York was endeavoring to convince President Latimer that he was the only person in the world capable of saving Midnight from the bankruptcy which, until this afternoon, had seemed inevitable.

"There ain't any use telling you what I can do, President Latimer. You have seen such with your own eyes."

"Ain't you talkin', Martin? It was wonderful."

"And my second picture will be even better. But, just the same, I am worried."

"'Bout which?"

"About what Midnight will do after I'm gone."

Orifice shook his head. "I reckon us'll make out all right. Cæsar Clump and Eddie Fizz has directed fo' us a long time an' done pretty good ——"

"Ah, yes—silent pictures. But they haven't any technical knowledge."

"Sure they have. Ain't they been learnin' fum you ever since you gotten heah?"

Mr. Buck threw back his head and gave vent to a refined laugh. "That is excruciating."

"How come?"

"To think that two fellows like them could absorb all this dope in a few weeks. Why, Orifice, it would take years—and long before that Midnight will be bankrupt."

"Great sufferin' tripe! Do you honest think so?"

"I know it."

"But—but, Martin ——"

"Don't but me, mistuh president. I guess I know something about talking pictures, and the most thing I know is that there ain't anybody could learn how to direct them in a little while."

Orifice clasped one hand to a throbbing forehead. "Oh! Whoa is me!" he wailed. "What can I do?"

"Plenty." Mr. Buck's eyes had narrowed speculatively. "Now I am the first to admit that Cæsar Clump and Eddie Fizz are all right as directors, but their trouble is that whereas they was big enough for silent pictures, they ain't large enough for these new talking ones. What you need, Orifice, is a fine, expert production manager who should have charge of everything from the original idea of the story right through the final cutting."

"We got him."

"Who?"

"J. Cæsar Clump."

Martin made a gesture of annoyance. He uttered the word "Him!" in a manner which conveyed superb contempt.

"You—you really think he ain't good enough?" President Latimer asked.

"Not for a job like that." Martin bent forward earnestly. "Now listen at me while I talk straight, Orifice. You have a national reppitation as a picture president. You knew all there was to know about silent pictures. But do you know anything about dialogue stuff?"

"Not much."

"Do you know anything?"

"Only that it's terrible, an' I wisht it hadn't never been invented."

"Exactly. There you are! If a mental giant like you is all up in the air about it, where do you reckon Cæsar Clump is?"

Latimer's beatitude had changed suddenly into misery. "Where at could us find a real swell production manager like you is suggestive about?"

Martin made a gesture. "Right here, Orifice."

"You?"

"And none other. For a price."

"How much price?"

"Two hundred dollars a week."

Latimer exhaled suddenly and violently. "I guess you think us manufactures money—not pitchers."

"Tell you what I'll do—I'll stay for a hundred and fifty a week for one year."

"An' what about Brother Clump?"

"Leave him keep his job directing. With me supervising there won't be no chance of him doing anything wrong."

"Say, if Orifice Latimer an' a Cabbage Was to Have a Thinking Contest, Latimer Wouldn't Even Come Out Second"

Orifice reflected and then nodded slowly. "It could be done. Just happens that Cæsar's contrack is up at the end of this week, an' I could easy esplain to him."

Now Martin Buck started talking in earnest. He proved himself a most persuasive arguer. In clear, well-chosen words he explained his multitudinous virtues as a picture executive; with clever subtlety he gave Orifice to understand that while Cæsar Clump meant well, he simply didn't have the capacity to cope with the inroads of science; and within the hour President Latimer and Martin Buck had agreed tentatively upon the contract.

At twelve o'clock Martin departed, treading on air. This indeed was the grandest windfall of a hectic and not unsuccessful career. He had urged haste upon Orifice and felt that President Latimer was completely enthused.

As for Martin, that unscrupulous gentleman felt that he had worked both wisely and well. During the entire period of filming The First Shall be Laugh, he had watched the silent figures of J. Cæsar Clump and Edwin Boscoe Fizz standing always just out of camera range absorbing technical dope. He had seen them watching the deftly expert Callous Deech mixing sound in the monitor loft; he had noticed that they were familiarizing themselves with even the most technical details of motor and recording rooms; and Martin Buck knew that—with their past experience in silent pictures—they were now adequately equipped to pick up the directorial megaphone again and to carry on.

Martin had no intention of permitting salad to grow under his ample feet. It was his immediate job to sew Latimer up under a year's contract before intrusting either Clump or Fizz with any sound direction. After that they could yell their heads off if they wished; he would be the czar.

The following morning President Latimer went into star-chamber session with Lawyer Evans Chew, pompous and efficient attorney for Midnight. Chew was doubtful, and so The First Shall be Laugh was run off for him in the studio projection room. He emerged from the miniature theater a distinct convert. They summoned Martin Buck into conference and sketched the major details of the proposed contract.

"And it's all settled?" inquired Martin eagerly.

"Mostly all," returned Lawyer Chew. "The contrack as it stands is incomplete an' nonexistent, but us has agreed on the most salientest points and now there remains only the job of putting it down on paper in form mutually agreeable to the parties hereto, at which time it will be signed and sealed and will then be a contrack."

"And when will that be?"

Lawyer Chew waved lightly. "A few days at the most, Brother Buck. Just a few days."

Martin returned to the lot, fairly bursting with happiness. He felt that he was monarch of all he surveyed and he surveyed a good deal. He thrust his thumbs into the armholes of his vest and strutted about the vast new sound stage wearing a supercilious expression.

Only Florian Slappey failed to pay proper respect to the stranger's dignity. As a matter of fact, as Mr. Buck passed very close to Mr. Slappey that disrespectful little fashion plate puckered his lips and gave vent to that peculiarly unpleasant noise which is technically termed the razzberry. Several persons laughed, and Martin whirled in a fury.

"Who did that?"

Florian grinned insolently. "Who craves to know?"

"I do."

"An' who is you?"

Martin Buck stepped closer. "Did you make that noise at me, Florian Slappey?"

Florian met his eyes squarely. "That's the one thing I didn't do nothing else but!"

The slender man's cool effrontery staggered Martin Buck. His face flamed with fury.

"I'll throw you off this lot!"

"You an' what two other fellers?"

"Oh! I ain't going to fight with you ——"

"Discretion is sholy the most of yo' value, Martin."

"—— but I'll have you barred away from Midnight forever."

Florian was becoming sneery. Others, hearing the quarrel, were assembling. Callous Deech was there grinning with unconcealed glee; and Mandamus Marshal, the cutter, silently rooted for his buddy, Mr. Slappey.

"When," inquired Florian, "did you get the right to bar anybody around here? All you is is a hired man—an' not such a good one at that."

"Is that so? Well, listen to me, worthless: Inside of one week I'm going to be the big boss of this lot, and the first thing I do will be to kick you out of here."

"An' the second thing you do, Martin, will be to smell a lily."

"Big talk from small brains!"

Florian stepped closer. "And one thing more, Mistuh Buck: I has had about all the low-ratin' conversation fum you which I crave, an' any more is gwine send yo' new bridge work right down yo' gullet. Understand?"

"You can't scare me."

"No, but I can paralyze you. An' if you think I is fallin' fo' any of this stuff about you gittin' a pummanent job ——"

"I've just as good as got it."

"Fummadiddles! Also phooey!"

"I tell you I have."

"You ain't got nothin' but breff to waste."

"I suppose," growled Martin, "that you would even bet that I ain't going to be made production manager for Midnight inside of a week?"

"I would!" responded Florian promptly.

"How much?"

Mr. Slappey plunged a hand into his pocket. "I got two hund'ed dollars cash money which says you won't be such."

"Take you!" Martin's voice rang out triumphantly. He produced his own money and surveyed the crowd. His eye fell upon bespectacled Mandamus Marshal. "Here, Mandamus," he called; "you be the stakeholder."

Mr. Marshal shied away. "I don't crave to hold no bets."

"You hold it," roared Martin, and Mandamus obeyed timidly. "And here's the way it is. If, one week from today, I am production manager of Midnight, then I get that money. If I ain't, then it goes to Florian. Understand?"

"Yeh, I understand."

Mr. Slappey bowed mockingly before Mr. Buck. "You ain't the fust man, Martin, which has been tricked into a crazy bet by gittin' mad."

"No? But I guess I is the fust man which has ever made two hund'ed dollars that easy."

News of the bet was bruited about the lot and gave rise to considerable apprehension. Martin Buck was generally despised, and the least pessimistic admitted that his presence in an executive capacity would destroy that smoothly geared efficiency which had served to bring to Midnight an enviable financial stability. Cæsar Clump and Eddie Fizz faced each other in the former's office.

"You reckon it's true?" inquired Eddie.

Cæsar shook his head. "It cain't be."

"How come not? This feller is pretty good."

"I know. But my golly, Eddie, Orifice Latimer couldn't be so rotten as to put somebody else in over my haid without even tellin' me!"

"No—not if he wasn't crazy. But this fixin' over the studio has most drove him nuts." Mr. Fizz cogitated. "Why not go to Orifice an' ask him?"

"I woul'n't do that fo' nothin', Eddie. It would be an insult. What I think is that Orifice has been complimentin' Martin an' sayin' he wisht he could keep him, just to be polite; an' then Florian got him mad an' he made that bet."

"You don't believe he's gwine to win?"

"No, I don't. An' furthermo', I won't until I git the news fum Latimer hisse'f."

But even so, Cæsar was not at ease. He knew that he was now more competent than even Martin Buck; he realized that his silent studiousness during the shooting of Buck's two pictures might readily have been misconstrued as ignorance. But Mr. Clump was a prideful man and he felt that if his chief chose to shelve him without a word, he was game enough to take the blow standing.

The lot buzzed with conjecture, but when two days passed and nothing more was said, it was generally accepted that Martin Buck had made a bad bet.

Meanwhile Florian Slappey found himself in financial difficulties. The two hundred which he had bet so brashly had been assembled to take up a loan which he had made some time since from Semore Mashby, the attenuated little money lender, beside whom a flint was soft-hearted. As security Mr. Mashby held Florian's diamond stick pin, which was conservatively worth five hundred dollars; and only today Mr. Mashby had declared that he intended to wait just twenty-four hours longer before declaring the pin his own property and Florian proportionately out of luck.

Mr. Slappey was unhappy. That diamond pin was the delight of his soul. It had been a wrench to pawn it with Semore, losing it would be little less than a catastrophe. And so Florian sought his friend Mandamus Marshal.

"Listen heah, Mandamus; Ise in a fix."

"How come?"

"I need money."

"Boy, that makes us twins!"

"You broke?"

"I ain't nothin' else."

"Oh, lawsy!" Then Florian looked up hopefully. "I got to have a heap of money today, an' my credick is rotten."

Mr. Marshal shook his head. "I wisht I could he'p you, Florian, but Ise payin' on a new car an' I ain't got a dime."

"Yes, you has."

"Who says?"

"I does."

"You sho got divinin' eyes."

"You has got fo' hund'ed dollars which is rightfully mine, Mandamus, an' I'd sho be obliged if you'd give it to me."

The cutter blinked rapidly. "You say words, Florian, but they don't convey no inflammation. Do you mean ——"

"—— the money I an' Martin Buck bet about him gettin' Cæsar Clump's job. Ev'ybody knows I has got that bet cinched. But if I wait until the right day to collect it, then Ise sunk on account Semore Mashby don't then gimme back my scarfpin. So why not be a good sport an' hand me that fo' hund'ed dollars now? It's as good as mine ——"

"Yeh, if you win."

"Who says I ain't?"

"Well, who says you is?"

Mr. Slappey's face brightened with an idea. "S'posin' you knowed fo' shuah I was gwine win that bet, would you pay me the money then?"

"Suttinly."

"Then lemme tell you what to do: You go to President Latimer yo' ownse'f an' ask him. I reckon that'll about settle it."

Mandamus was willing. He sought and obtained an interview with the portly president of Midnight.

"Mistuh President," said he, "I crave to ask you a question."

"Yes, Mandamus; what is it?"

"There's a rumor runnin' aroun' this lot that Martin Buck is gwine git Cæsar Clump's job. Is that true, or ain't it?"

Orifice Latimer did some quick thinking. The contract was not yet signed and he had a profound respect for Martin's business acumen. Perhaps this was a feeler; perhaps Martin was figuring on asking for more money.

Anyway, this was executive business and both Lawyer Chew and Martin Buck had suggested that he make no announcement until the contract was definitely signed. So he looked Mandamus straight in the eye.

"Martin Buck was brung down heah to direck two pitchers, an' to teach Cæsar Clump and Eddie Fizz how to do such. Tha's all."

"You mean he ain't gwine stay heah?"

"I mean he was brung heah just fo' them two pitchers an' he ain't signed up fo' nothin' more."

"Is that positive?"

"Absolutely. I give you my word."

"Mistuh President," enthused Mandamus, "tha's plenty good enough fo' me."

Gleefully Mr. Marshal paid over to Florian Slappey the two hundred dollars which Florian had wagered and an identical amount which was still technically the property of Mr. Buck.

"Orifice R. Latimer says himself that Martin Buck is gwine beat it soon as this second pitcher is finished," he announced.

"Hot ziggity dam!" enthused Florian. "Tha's the swellest news I has heard in a long time."

"Ain't you talkin', han'some boy? If he had a'ready gone it woul'n't be too soon fo' me."

Florian Slappey paid over to Semore Mashby the amount due. With one hundred of the remaining sum he liquidated a few particularly pressing debts. Then he attended a hectic session of the Full House Poker Club where his good hands weren't quite good enough. At the end of that evening Mr. Slappey was once again bereft of cash and his diamond stick pin was involved to the extent of fifty dollars.

About the lot, Mr. Buck was becoming more intensely unpopular. Several conferences with President Latimer and Lawyer Chew had imparted to Martin a sense of absolute security. He knew that he was thoroughly detested by everybody else in the organization, but so long as he could keep the wool pulled over the presidential eyes, there was small cause for worry.

As a matter of fact, Martin held a vast contempt for President Latimer. The very ease with which he sold himself to that individual lessened his respect. Orifice, he figured, was a dumbster, a bag of ego, a numskull. Martin Buck couldn't understand how the man had succeeded in piloting Midnight through the shoal waters of its early days. Luck, he fancied. And even while he toadied to Latimer, he hated the man. Once he had that contract signed he intended that Orifice should not interfere one iota with his pet schemes. It was all right now to pat him on his fat back and make him think he was something, but later, when there would be no danger of discharge, then the story would be different.

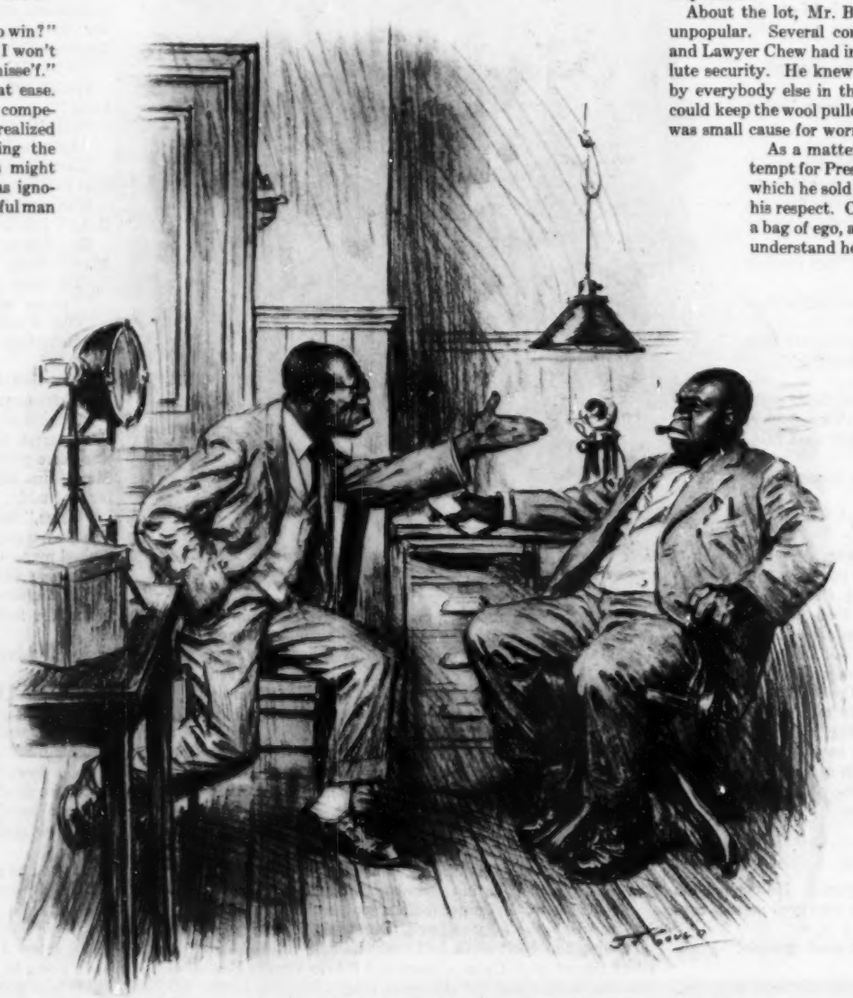
Already Martin was viewing things with a proprietary eye. No job was too trivial to escape his carping criticism. The grips department was all wrong; the art department didn't suit him; Callous Deech didn't know his stuff; Forcep Swain was a third-rate author; even Opus Randall and Welford Potts, masculine co-stars, came in for more than their share of caustic comment.

"Boy," remarked Callous Deech earnestly, "I don't know anything that would make me happier than to find Martin Buck starving."

"What would you do?" asked Opus.

"I'd feed him soda crackers," chortled Callous, "and watch him choke himself to death!"

(Continued on Page 76)



"There's a Rumor Runnin' Aroun' This Lot That Martin Buck is Gwine Git Cæsar Clump's Job. Is That True, or Ain't It?"

We asked

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Backed by an able corps of research engineers, chemists and metallurgists, inspired by the imagination and daring of a dauntless leader, devoted to a common purpose that brooks no individualistic self-seeking, endowed with matchless facilities for the conception and production of products of unequaled merit, Chrysler Motors progress is ever onward, ever gaining a longer lead on all its rivals in the automotive industry.

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Chrysler Motors is justly proud of past and present attainments, but for Chrysler Motors there will be no halt in the reach for the higher and finer; no false contentment in triumphs gained. Finer things are still ahead and Chrysler Motors has the will, the power, the resources, the personnel and the determination to attain them.

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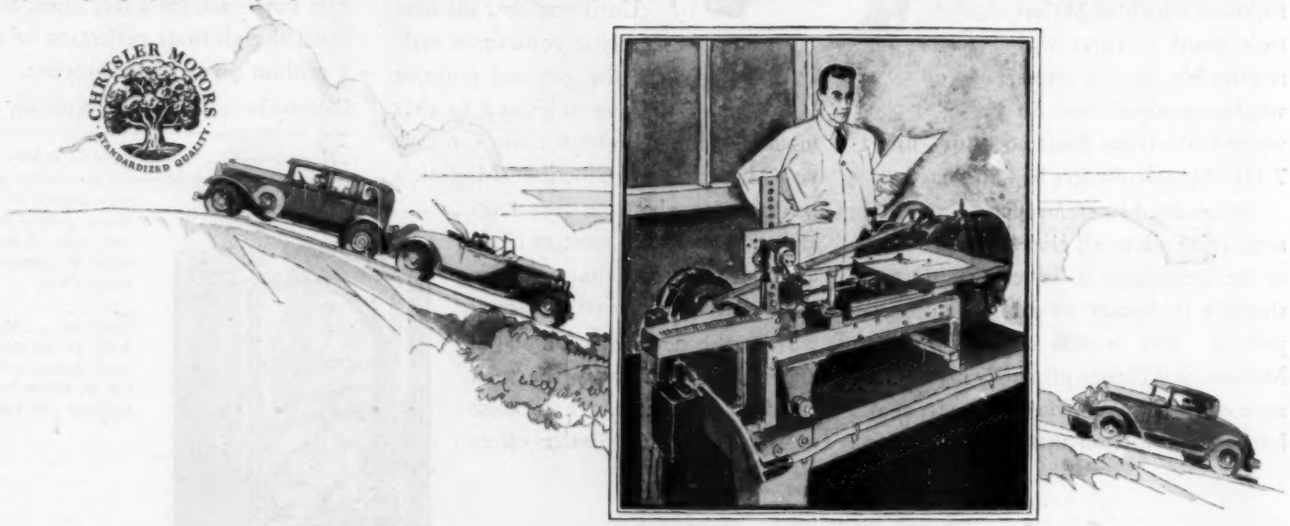

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THE SECOND YEAR IS REPEATING THE TRIUMPHS OF THE FIRST

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DE SOTO SIX

THE CAVE BUSINESS MAN

By BOYDEN SPARKES

THE proprietor of the caverns, a white-haired Virginian in golf knickers, laid a shotgun on the dining-room table of the farmhouse, shifted the greasy holster of a .45 automatic into an easier position on his thigh and pulled down the blinds. Then, as his son lifted a heavy satchel to the table beside the shotgun, he eased himself into a willow rocker and proceeded to assist in the count of the day's receipts.

What they counted—piles of yellow and green bills, mounds of silver and a few gold coins—totaled $8100. It was literally cave treasure, money that had been taken during the preceding twenty-four hours—the last important holiday of summer—from 5400 visitors who had paid $1.50 each for admission to his limestone caverns. These caverns of his are a section that lies within the borders of his farm, of what was once the course of an underground stream. The farm sprawls on Massanutten Mountain, an even-crested ridge that forms one side of the Shenandoah Valley. No one can say what is the extent of that hidden watercourse, but recent visitors to the valley know that more than half a dozen cave enterprises have been developed since 1920 and that farms which produced corn, apples, hogs and horses from the days when Thomas Jefferson was a Virginia farmer are now producing a much more lucrative crop of human wonder.

There and elsewhere in the United States the business of exploiting caverns is becoming so lucrative and is so insistently clamoring for the attention and dollars of automobile tourists that it is time the exploiters were indexed, their ethics appraised, trading rules formulated and, perhaps, laws made to control them.

Already the cave business has reached the merger stage of its development. In one section half a dozen of these natural subterranean wonders have been combined under one management. Elsewhere syndicates are being organized for the promotion of more of these extraordinary amusement enterprises within the dark, dank recesses of hitherto neglected caverns. In the legislative halls of several states there are lobbyists with no other present purpose than to change the course of projected highways so as to cause their hard surfaces to meander past the entrance of someone's unvisited grotto. More than this, in hills all over those portions of the United States where limestone is found, there are men hunting for leads into previously undiscovered caverns. They are cave prospectors, and what they seek has a value, in some circumstances, comparable with that of the mineral deposits for which prospectors commonly have sought.

A 150-Mile Hole in the Ground

A few years ago, Floyd Collins, a young Kentuckian, was reported by some of his kin to be missing. It was known that he had gone exploring in the darkness of what long ago was the course of an underground river.

Neighbors who dared to follow Collins into the earth emerged to report that he was trapped down there; that he was alive and able to respond to their calls, but was held fast by the weight of rock and earth that had been dislodged as he tried to worm his way through a narrow turn in the blackness of the dry watercourse.

Everywhere that newspapers are read persons still shudder in sympathetic horror over the slow death that came to that young man while rescuers—a force of coal miners—worked day and night to drive a shaft down through the rock and earth that roofed his prison. Yet few persons understand that the urge which sent Floyd Collins squirming his way into a passage where no man had ever gone before was related to

PHOTO, BY CHING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

The Star Chamber, Mammoth Cave, Kentucky

that passion which sends men into the dangers of Arctic gold fields, or diving into water where pearls are found, or to risk their lives in any of the ways which lure by promises of great rewards. Floyd Collins was a cave prospector. What sent him into the earth was an understanding of the riches that may come to the owner of a cave in these restless days of easy highway transportation, when bored automobile tourists are abroad by the millions in search of safe adventures.

The cave business is an old one in Kentucky. Mammoth Cave, which, by reason of a bill signed by President Coolidge several years ago, is on the way to become part of a national park, was privately exploited for about a hundred years before the Government took steps to acquire the land in which it lies.

By means of a fund privately subscribed, some 70,000 acres are intended to be included in a national park. Beneath the wooded hillsides of that park is an amazing labyrinth of dark passageways, less than one-tenth of which are ordinarily visited by tourists. These have been permitted to follow guides through some fifteen miles of underground watercourse, but individual explorers have traversed a total of about 150 miles of the cavern, and there still remains much to be explored. One of the most beautiful of these natural corridors was not discovered until 1912. When government engineers take charge it seems likely that they will discover others.

Kentucky was a wilderness when the first adventurers in buckskin dared to enter one of the yawning mouths of Mammoth Cave. For them the cavern was a mine from which they could lixiviate saltpeter. They had to have saltpeter to make the gunpowder with which they disputed with b'ars and Indians possession of the dark and bloody ground above the hidden chambers. There were no geologists then to explain to those fundamentalists of the forest the chemical reactions by means of which Nature had become the sculptor of the terrifying shapes in stone that were illuminated by their pine-knot torches. For them it must have seemed at times that the wind coursing along the walls of darkness was a cooled breath from hell. They were brave men who first entered Mammoth Cave.

For years after this Kentucky cavern was first opened to the tourists who came in stage coaches, on horseback and afoot, there existed evidence that a very ancient people had been aware of it. About 1813 some venturesome underground explorer came upon the mummy of a woman wrapped in deerskin. It may be that she had been sleeping there for centuries, even before the bodies of Abraham and Sarah were entombed far back in the dry recesses of the cave of Machpelah. This American mummy disappeared about 1850, probably into the portmanteau of some ante-bellum tourist with a record appetite for souvenirs. This itch for souvenirs is something that tourists, whether they travel in flivvers, airplanes or afoot, share in common with such other explorers as Marco Polo and Christopher Columbus. Probably the root of it is a passion for acquiring proof of the wonders that they have seen. At any rate, they are as cheerful about detaching from the roof of the caverns a 500,000-year-old stalactite as Spanish explorers were about carrying back to Spain a few native girls.

Shining excrescences were seen to have disappeared from Mammoth Cave after each visitation of tourists. So long as these groups came in trainloads at not too frequent intervals the result of eons of work by Nature was not seriously marred, but when the process became endless, with the introduction of automobile highways, some of the lovers of the glittering beauty of this natural architecture became worried. They calculated the number of automobiles and estimated the number of stalactites and stalagmites, and decided there were probably not enough to go around.

Even though these fears were partially responsible for the movement to make of Mammoth Cave a national park, they were probably exaggerated, because there are more caverns in the United States and elsewhere in the world than most persons realize. The prospector's search is very likely to be rewarded by the discovery of a cave, which, if not new, at least will be new and fascinating in the sight of his fellows.

Ancient Sea Floors

The cave prospector is best equipped for his work who has some understanding of geology. He knows then that what he is looking for is a place, most likely hilly, in which underground water has had ages in which to carve and mold for itself a channel through limestone. Whether it is found in the hills of Ohio or beneath the prairie sod of Illinois, the presence of limestone is a sure indication that what is now perhaps the driest of land was once the bed of an ocean. Limestone is being formed today all over the bottom of the sea, as the skeletons of uncountable myriads of creatures whose life cycle has been completed sink down, perhaps through several miles of water, to the thick cold ooze that is their necropolis.

According to Dr. Chester A. Reeds, the curator of geology and invertebrate paleontology of the American Museum of Natural History, the development of caverns in thick beds of limestone is due principally to the work of underground water. Rain and melted snow, in passage through the air and soil, become mildly acidulous as they absorb quantities of carbon dioxide and the organic acids of decaying vegetation. The school child who learns in nature study that any mild acid will dissolve limestone is on the track of the chemical reaction by means of which underground streams have formed in limestone beds the marvelous dark channels that the torches of exploring men transform into glittering palatial corridors.

Great areas of the United States are underlaid with limestone, and every backyard well and every roadside spring is evidence of the existence of ground water in the earth. According to Doctor Reeds, "the amount of ground water within the crust of the earth is enormous; it occupies great depths, perhaps six miles, and has been accumulating for untold ages. The quantity has been estimated to be nearly one-third the total volume of the oceanic waters. This great mass of water percolates slowly through the porous and jointed rocks to form great systems of underground drainage and to take part in geologic work of profound importance. Where geologic conditions cause these waters to converge, subterranean streams are formed, but they are, as a rule, small; large underground rivers are rare and, when discovered, they have attracted wide attention."

In America such streams have been discovered in Virginia, in Kentucky, Ohio, Missouri, Florida, Idaho, New Mexico and numerous other places, but it is the opinion of geologists that many great ones still keep

(Continued on Page 68)

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Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

{"Send for copy of our pamphlet describing some of Universal's biggest pictures . . . It is free."}

Joseph Schildkraut Joan Bennett
in "The Mississippi Gambler"

UNIVERSAL now has its own talking newsreel, and the only talking newsreel giving up-to-date news. Moreover, it is the first and only combination of a foremost moving-picture producing company and America's great independent newspapers with 30,000,000 circulation. These newspapers will gather the news, Universal Cameramen will picture it in all parts of the globe and Universal will distribute the pictures to the moving-picture theatres. A Universal reporter will talk and describe these events to you, and there can be no question that this newsreel will constitute one of the most interesting and thrilling features of a moving-picture performance.

-C.L.

The following leading newspapers are already in the combination and still there are more to follow:

The N. Y. Evening World; The Chicago Daily News; The Philadelphia Inquirer; San Francisco Chronicle; Los Angeles Times; The Indianapolis News; The Seattle Star; The Dallas Dispatch; The Commercial Appeal (*Memphis, Tenn.*); The Houston Chronicle; The Portland News; Pittsburgh Post-Gazette; Omaha World-Herald; The Salt Lake Tribune; The Montana Standard (*Butte, Mont.*); The Daily Missoulian; The Billings Gazette; Charlotte News; The Oklahoma News; Kansas City Journal-Post; The Evening Star (*Washington, D. C.*); The Minneapolis Tribune; The Cleveland News; The Detroit News; The Atlanta Journal; San Antonio Express; The San Antonio News; Arkansas Democrat (*Little Rock, Ark.*); Ft. Worth Star-Telegram; El Paso Evening Post; The Spokane Press; Boston Traveler; New Haven Evening Register; The Knickerbocker Press (*Albany, N. Y.*); Albany Evening News; Buffalo Evening News; Rochester Times-Union; The San Diego Sun; Phoenix Evening Gazette; The St. Louis Post Dispatch; The Times-Star (*Cincinnati, Ohio*); The Vancouver Sun; Jacksonville Journal; Des Moines Register and Tribune.

I expect great box-office results from "*The Drake Case*," a sensational murder case and court-trial which has all the elements of mystery that the public loves. The cast is composed of such stars as GLADYS BROCKWELL, FORREST STANLEY, ROBERT FRAZER, JAMES CRANE and others of almost equal fame. This is an all talking picture.

Watch for "*The Wagon Master*," with KEN MAYNARD; "*Hold Your Man*," with LAURA LA PLANTE; "*Barnum Was Right*," with GLENN TRYON and MERNA KENNEDY; "*One Hysterical Night*," with REGINALD DENNY; "*Tonight At Twelve*," from Owen Davis' Broadway stage success; "*Shanghai Lady*," with MARY NOLAN.

Reginald Denny in "One Hysterical Night"

So many good Universal talking pictures are scheduled for the present and the days to come that I wish you would keep track of them and write me what you think of them. This is a new era in moving pictures and we feel that we have taken the lead.

Carl Laemmle,
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The House of the Good Film"
730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 66)

their secret from human eyes. Essentially what the cave prospector is searching for are the abandoned courses of underground streams.

Down at Shellmound, Tennessee, the River of Darkness has carved itself a channel through the mountains. An explored section of this underground watercourse is called the Nick-A-Jack Cave. Long ago it was the fortress of a tribe of Cherokee Indians. A couple of years after Floyd Collins died in his Kentucky cave, a geologist from Illinois entered the Nick-A-Jack on a trip of exploration. When he failed to emerge after a couple of days, searching parties went after him. They failed, however, as the searchers after Tom Sawyer and Becky Thatcher were made to fail by Mark Twain. A state mine rescue squad which had joined the hunt was about to drag grapnel lines through some of the deep pools far back in the mountain when, nearly a week after his disappearance, the geologist reappeared.

He said a rock fall had cut him off from the channel by which he had entered and that he had followed an air current until he emerged somewhere on the other side of the mountains, in Georgia. When his story was received with skepticism, the geologist guided a Chattanooga reporter over the course that he had followed.

Out in the Ozarks, in Missouri, which are honeycombed with caverns, there is a cave prospector who has been singularly successful. His name is J. A. Truitt, and for a time he was station master, postmaster, town marshal, grocer and druggist in Noel, Missouri. One day, out in the hills, he observed a draft of cold air coming from a ground crevice. He widened that crevice with a pick and shovel. After a year of work he had a cave about a mashie shot in length, to see which tourists were willing to pay him a fee.

In 1922, Mr. Truitt set to work with laborers to open another cave, and this time found a corridor that extended for more than 1000 feet, a meandering course that was studded, like the jaws of a dragon, with stalactites and stalagmites. To develop his caves, Mr. Truitt had to buy the land. To accommodate tourists he had to build cottages. A motorbus service was a logical development after that.

A Gold Mine on the Farm

Air currents coming from the ground are responsible for the discovery of many of the caverns that are now being exploited in the United States. A cowboy whose hat was blown from his head by a sudden draft on a windless day in the hills of South Dakota discovered Wind Cave, which is now a feature of a 10,000-acre national park. Similarly, Little Mammoth was discovered by a hunter who observed that foliage above the base of a limestone cliff was disturbed by a breeze while in the surrounding forest not a leaf stirred. Probably ancient man who made extensive use of caves as shelters watched for such air currents when he went house hunting.

The development of a cave enterprise has a swift and surprising influence on land values. In the Shenandoah Valley four have been opened since 1923, following the success of one which was opened in 1920, and there is hardly a farmer in the valley who has not explored his land for some lead or sink hole that would suggest the presence of a cavern. One that was recently equipped with a system of indirect lighting was unsuspected by the owner, who sold his farm for $15,000 about 1914. The next owner found a lead into the cavern under Massanutten Mountain and sold the farm then to a syndicate for $65,000. More recently this property, which is miles from a highway, sold for $133,000. Many times that sum could not induce the owners of some of the better-known ones to part with their property. Yet the legends found carved on the walls of most of these caverns by soldiers of the Union and Confederate armies prove that most of them were known and visited long before the automobile and automobile tourists gave them a surprising value. In some, legends have been deciphered which indicate that Colonial Virginians were aware that these caves underlay the long ridge of Massanutten.

Out in Ohio a ninety-eight-acre farm which had been bought by two brothers for $20,000 was discovered to overlie a section of an extensive cavern. They ceased to farm and became troglodyte guides for tourists in 1921, and after about five years sold their property for $350,000, with which they departed for Southern California. The new owners formed a stock company that is capitalized at $850,000, but cave competition is increasing and such values are just as much subject to fluctuation as anything that is registered on the stock exchange. One entrance to a big cave means rich profits perhaps, but several scores of entrances commanded by as many farmer owners mean that the price of admission will drop somewhere near the level of admission to the New York Subways.

OUT-OF-DOORS

What Your Buck May Do

WHETHER you go after your buck in the snow-burdened woods of New Brunswick, in the wilds of the Pennsylvania back mountains, in the scrub of New Jersey, the pinelands of Carolina or the swamps of Texas, you will find him the same unfailingly crafty aristocrat. During forty years I have followed the whitetail in his haunts—partly to hunt him and partly to study him—and as would be inevitable in the course of so long an acquaintance, a good many chances have been offered to enable me to get the lowdown on this most widely distributed and most beloved big-game animal of North America.

If any one reason could be given for the failure of the average sportsman to bring home the prize for which he went into the big woods, it might be that he failed sufficiently to understand the exact nature of his task; or, more definitely, he didn't really know buck nature.

In the hope that a little light may thereby be shed on the character of the Virginia deer, I shall recount a few of the experiences that I have had with this astonishingly virile, intelligent and resourceful animal.

One maneuver that a buck is very fond of executing is a swift and amazing dodge when shot at. I do not mean at all that he will always dodge; for a buck will sometimes continue his course as if nothing had happened, whether he is missed or hit. It has seemed to me that a deer is most liable to dodge when he is running in bushes, marsh, broom sedge or some other kind of cover. Many a man has claimed to have shot down a deer, when, as a matter of fact, his crafty quarry, at the crack of the gun or the rifle, literally fell to a crouch, changed direction on a forty-five-degree pivot and vanished eerily without ever being seen again. One day a friend and I were walking through a level stretch of woods where there were just a few big pines growing here and there. But the huckleberry bushes and the small bays were up to our knees. As the winter's day was sunny and windless, such light cover was an ideal place in which to walk up a deer. In succession we started three does, each of which rocked away in that curious delayed, don't-want-to-go fashion which is pretty sure evidence that a buck is lying near.

"Look out for a buck now," I whispered to my comrade.

A Lively Deer Corpse

The words were hardly out of my mouth before, twenty yards off to my right, a great full-antlered stag split the bushes wide in his first spectacular leap. It has always seemed to me that a hunter, unless he sees that he is going to have no other chance, should never shoot at a deer on that first wild rush. The fugitive does not keep it up, and in a moment will offer a far better chance. But my friend's gun flew to his shoulder and he fired without taking any aim at all. The buck seemed to go down, and the hunter cried out "I've got him!" But the deer really took what I don't know how to describe, except to say that it was a headlong flying dive; he flashed into the cover. Leaving his bed, he had crossed out front, offering a perfect flank shot. Now he turned dead away from us.

"Yonder he is!" I told my friend, trying at the same moment to show him the escaping deer, little of which was visible above the low bushes save the rocking antlers. These the hunter fired at rather vaguely.

And that hunt was over. He never touched the buck and we never saw him again.

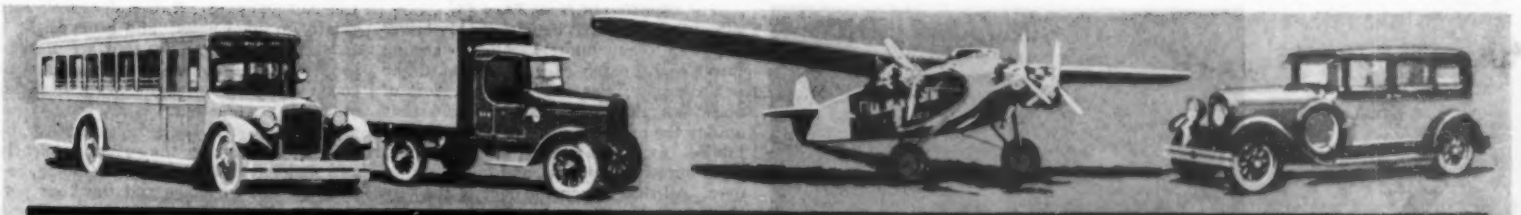
When any man has carefully watched deer in a variety of dramatic situations he cannot fail to be impressed not only by their instant and lasting strength but by the thrilling precision of all their movements. It is not only a bird that can handle itself on the wing; a stag can turn his body while in the air with far more swiftness and accuracy of purpose than can a high jumper or a pole vaulter. He does not have to touch the ground to turn.

This experience and some others like it persuade me that a hunter had better let a buck get his first jump or two out of his system before firing; also, he had better not take it for granted that the deer is dead, just because his quarry vanishes at the shot.

I have not once, but many times, watched with acute interest a stag easing himself out of his bed—sidling from under the covers, as it were—and stealing away in a noiseless, ghostly way. Nor let it for a moment be thought that deer will move just because danger approaches. As nearly as I can judge from long observation, the thing is like this: Like any other highly intelligent animal whose life is pretty constantly in peril, the buck develops an expertness in the business of weighing chances. Every experience that he has with danger becomes a part of his life insurance. In the great school of dodging peril he comes near leading the class.

I recall a rather dramatic experience I had with two wary old bucks, and this story will illustrate the deer's habit of nicely weighing chances before committing himself to any course of action. One morning I was walking through a small patch of cover in the open level woods, the bushes hardly coming to my waist. It was in the dead of winter, and while the bushes were gallberries and bays, and therefore evergreens, the huckleberries were bare and the cover was by no means dense. I had passed completely through the little island of greenery and was waiting on the farther side for my driver to come up, when a handsome buck violently broke cover some forty yards behind me, coming apparently from a bed which could not have been more than ten feet distant from where I had just passed along. Urgent business seemed to be calling him now; he left those bushes as a torpedo leaves a battleship. At about

(Continued on Page 70)



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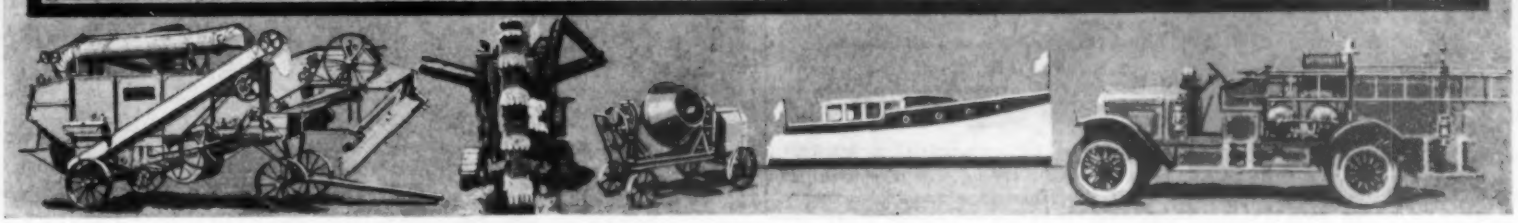

Now... a smooth face at evening ...without having to shave again

Small-bubble lather gives a closer, smoother shave
—a week's free trial proves this fact

YOUR morning shave gives added satisfaction when you begin by lathering with Colgate's...you know that it will last longer...that towards the end of the day you'll not have to worry about shaving once more to be really presentable.

The reason is that with Colgate's you moisten your beard scientifically... and the hairs are cut closer, smoother . . . without pulling or scraping.

The famous Colgate "small-bubble" lather gets down to the base of the beard and brings much more water with it. And water, you know, is what really softens the whiskers.

Compare!

The minute you lather up with Colgate's two things happen: 1—The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2—Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker... soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable... limp and lifeless... scientifically softened right down at the base . . . ready for your razor.

Thousands of men, after various trials with ordinary lathers, have adopted Colgate's as supreme. To prove its superiority, mail the coupon below. We will send also, a sample of After-Shave, a new lotion—refreshing, delightful... the perfect shave finale.

COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.

COLGATE, Dept. B-1762,
P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York

Please send me FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

Name .....

Address .....

(Continued from Page 68)

sixty yards I brought him down. My driver and two other hunters came swarming through the patch of bushes toward the fallen stag. They made a good deal of noise; we made more when we found what antlers the buck carried; we held a kind of jubilee. As it was raining, we made a fire, dried ourselves, smoked, and talked things over. All this was on the edge of the tiny thicket.

Three of us at last essayed to carry the buck out to the main road, where we had our car; one man walked along negligently, his gun not even loaded. As we entered the bushes, out rushed a much larger buck than the one we had killed! The two had been lying together, as the two beds which we later found testified. The first one determined to take his chance in making a wild break; the second decided not to move, and move he did not until we literally kicked him out of his bed. My shooting, the crashing of the men through the bushes, our near-by whoopee party, our fire, our loud talk—all these just made that master mind crouch closer. When he did get up, he made no show of himself at all. He managed to get away almost under the bushes. We did not get a fair sight of him until he was well out in the open woods, too far to make a shot worth trying.

Because I have the fortune to hunt deer where there are a good many, and because I am always looking for them, I have seen a great many lying down. Except, of course, against some startlingly revealing background like snow, their protective coloring is remarkably good; and they have a way of curling up in so small a compass, and of crouching so close as danger nears, that they are not often seen on the ground, even by hunters.

The Likes and Dislikes of Deer

From a great number of observations, I have come to the conclusion that Virginia deer have characteristic ways of bedding, and that, upon the approach of danger, they are likely to assume, preliminary to their spectacular get-away, what we might call a stance. Deer lie down like sheep and cattle, though perhaps they are rather more fond of laying their heads along their flanks when reclining. I have seen an old stag on bare black sand under a canopy of shielding bushes and vines, sprawled out rather awkwardly. I once saw a doe lying against a tree which stood in a pond. She was curled up against the trunk, supported by the outflared roots. Her bed was not more than two feet in diameter. Deer are especially partial to grassy beds among old stumps and logs. They dislike wind, and on cold and stormy days they love to get in the lee of old logs. They are no less fond of tree tops that litter the woods after lumbering operations. Indeed, I should say that a fallen tree top that has the leaves clinging to it is well nigh irresistible to a deer looking for a cozy place for his daytime siesta.

If there is human noise in the woods, or almost any kind of alarm, turkeys will quit the vicinity at once. They are off at the first hint of danger. But deer accommodate themselves astonishingly to the encroachments of man. I remember how I lamented the fact that a sawmill had been erected in the heart of one of my favorite deer drives, thinking that the deer would surely leave the neighborhood. But it was not so. I walked up and shot a fine stag within sight of the mill, where men were shouting, mules braying, saws shrieking, and curs yapping. A deer does not seem greatly to mind noise; and his eyesight—at least for seeing things that are motionless—what I call identifying eyesight—is poor. His power of scent is worth all his other powers together.

When a deer, in his bed, gets uneasy, he may slip from under the covers as silently as a maiden who, intent upon eloping, has to evade the vigilance and the keen perception of a mother and three spinster aunts sleeping near by. But more often a disturbed buck will take a stance. I have seen deer going through all the variations of this. First, the stag will take in several reefs in his relaxed and luxuriating body, making himself small—"squinching up" as small boys say. Then, instead of continuing to lie on his side, he will draw his legs up under him, crouching on his belly, taking exactly the same position that a rabbit normally has when in his bed, or form. The purpose of this stance is evident: The deer, from such a position, can effect a break-neck get-away. He gets set just like a sprinter. I once measured the leap of a doe from her bed—and she wasn't so much scared as frolicsome—the distance was a little better than sixteen feet. How few human debutantes thus arise.

The Old Ostrich Trick

When crouched on his mark in his bed, a deer's head is most interesting to watch. Perhaps, because he carries horns that are liable to reveal him, a buck generally keeps his head lower than a doe; in fact, if he is really scared, he has the lower jaw flat on the ground like a snake. I once saw a buck thus crouched on a comparatively bare place, at a distance of fifty yards from me. He was not sure that I saw him; and he had about made up his mind that I might pass him by unobserved. However, he did not keep his head continuously down. Every minute or so he would raise it gingerly. As he would do this, I would whistle sharply; at which he would jerk his head down again so that the jaw was flat on the ground. I knew that if I walked straight for him he would get up sooner than if I took a false course which apparently would take me by him at a safe distance. Although not concealed by cover, having just a few tufts of grass and some little bushes sparsely growing near him, he lay flattened on the ground until I was within about thirty paces. But when he did get up he fully made amends for having lain still so long.

One of the sights of nature best calculated to thrill the heart of the lover of wild life is the shadowy trooping forth of deer at twilight to roam the dim silvery country of the night. On a sea island where deer are plentiful, I have counted twenty-seven in one drove coming out of the thickets at sundown to wander over the marshes and waste reed lands. Deer are naturally gregarious. Herds of fifteen and twenty are not uncommon; and except in the hunting season, when the herds are widely scattered, it is less common to see a single deer than to see several together.

But their tendency to form herds varies greatly with the season. From the close of the mating season—which is, roughly, the end of the year—until the bucks begin to rub their velvet in the late summer, the bucks and does do not usually consort. From September to the close of the year the whitetail is obliged to lead a somewhat hectic existence; for this is the mating

(Continued on Page 214)

CLOUDED COMPLEXIONS TELL HIM OF TROUBLE *WITHIN*

Noted Skin Specialist Warns of Poisons from Clogging Food Wastes

DR. ALFRED BRANDWEINER, Professor of Dermatology at the University of Vienna and a Director of the Austrian Medical Society, is chief of the department of skin and blood diseases at Vienna's largest free hospital. An important Austrian medical officer during the World War, he took commands from the Emperor alone.

"Skin diseases," Dr. Brandweiner says, "result most often from digestive and intestinal disturbances—including of course constipation.

Cites Simple Food Corrective

"A good fresh yeast will keep the intestinal tract healthy and free from the noxious poisons caused by food wastes, which disturb digestion and cloud the skin. It has an efficient, mild laxative action."

Poisons that creep through your body from clogged intestines quickly cloud the skin when allowed to go unchecked.

The millions of *living* yeast plants in Fleischmann's Yeast gently perform the task of internal purification. Sluggish colon muscles quickly respond when stimulated by this remarkable fresh food.

Clean intestinal health brings renewed appetite and vitality, greater freedom from colds and other distressing ills. Clear-skinned health, rich new stores of energy are yours!

Now—the "Sunshine" Vitamin

And now, the *new* Fleischmann's Yeast brings you the astonishing "sunshine" vitamin. Dr. Brandweiner says, "Fresh yeast, already rich in vitamin B, has even greater health value when endowed by irradiation with vitamin D, the 'sunshine' vitamin. This vitamin acts on the system the way the sun itself does, giving it vigor and making bones and teeth strong."

Learn for yourself, as millions have, the happiness of boundless, beautiful health. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today! Send for booklet. Health Research Dept. D-98, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

"TWO OF OUR POSTAL INSPECTORS persuaded me to eat yeast. It worked like magic! I had suffered from painful skin eruptions for fifteen years, but since eating Fleischmann's Yeast I haven't had a sign of skin trouble. And in spite of rain, cold and being constantly on my feet, I am feeling better every day."

—FLETCHER WACHTER *of St. Louis, Mo.*
Below, Mr. Wachter on his daily rounds.

"WHILE AT SCHOOL I had a rough and blotchy skin," writes Miss Stella Kroshef, of Philadelphia (at right, above). "When I learned that my uncle, who is a physician, always recommended yeast for his patients with skin disorders, I decided to try it myself. I was well repaid. My skin cleared up and my health improved in every way."

ON THE AIR! Latest Broadway hits played for you in Fleischmann's Yeast radio hour. Thursday evenings—47 associated N. B. C. stations.

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(*Left*)

"MY DOCTOR tells," writes St. Elmo Newton, Jr., of Memphis, Tenn., "of how, when I was quite young, my skin broke out. He had long followed reports in medical journals of the results from eating yeast (this was before Fleischmann's Yeast was generally eaten for health). So he decided to give yeast to me. The skin trouble disappeared . . . My doctor is still recommending yeast, and I have also eaten it since."

THE NEW Fleischmann's Yeast—now on sale—contains vitamins B and D. Eat 3 cakes daily, before or between meals—plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains.

One Tooth!

YET IT CAN AFFECT THE APPEARANCE, THE WHOLE WELL-BEING, OF YOUR CHILD

☼

SHORTLY after the twenty "baby" teeth are in place another one unobtrusively takes its place among them. Frequently it is mistaken for another of the first teeth. But it is the six-year molar, the most important tooth of all.

The reason for this importance is that the six-year molar assures the proper relationship between the upper and lower jaws—it determines the proper growth forward of the bones of the jaw—and it helps in the even placing and developing of the permanent teeth.

All too often the six-year molar is lost because it is believed to be one of the decaying baby teeth. As a result a child's looks may suffer because of the improper development of the jaws. Such loss also often impairs the full usefulness of all the teeth.

. . . Is that not too great a price to pay for neglect of "baby" teeth?

Take no such chances! It is important to begin protecting the "baby" teeth from acids at The Danger Line from the time they first appear. No tooth-brush can furnish this protection completely. You must use a dentifrice that can —and still be safe to use.

SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA *is a pure, effective product that is free from any unpleasant, earthy taste. It has unsurpassed antacid and mild laxative qualities.*

Squibb's Dental Cream is made with over 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, more than enough to neutralize the acids in these pits and at The Danger Line and to give needed protection. Moreover, Squibb's Dental Cream contains no grit, no astringents, nothing that can injure the sensitive mouth of a child. It can be used to brush the gums—a necessary part of mouth hygiene. It helps to keep the mouth in a healthy condition. It is pleasant to the taste and harmless if swallowed.

It is essential to have your dentist inspect your child's teeth regularly. By exercising this precaution, and by forming the habit of using Squibb's Dental Cream at least twice a day, you will help him maintain a sound permanent set of teeth which should serve him through life. At your druggist's, 40c a large tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858. The Priceless Ingredient of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.

SQUIBB'S *Dental Cream*

© 1929, E. R. Squibb & Sons

FINE FEATHERS

(Continued from Page 56)

Broad, rounded swan wings will carry the birds hundreds of miles in migrations at a speed, it has been estimated, of nearly 100 miles an hour. The swans we raised had to be pinioned. A swan seems never entirely to succumb to domestication; at any time he is likely to hear undomesticated kindred clanging through the sky above him, and join them.

Our black swans, natives of Tasmania and Australia, were dark brownish-black, with white on the flight feathers, black feet and scarlet bills. The words "black swan" had long been used in Europe, before the eighteenth century, to mean something incredible, inconceivable; but in 1697 the Dutch navigator Vlamingh found a multitude of black swans on an Australian estuary, and brought them back to Europe with the news that all Australia was Upsidonia. The very long, slender necks of the black swans make them one of the most stately and graceful of birds. The black-necked swans of South America are often taken by Gauchos on horseback; when the birds are suddenly ridden down, they are so terrified, and have so much difficulty taking the air, that they are easy prey.

The mute swan, commonest of the swans and the tamest we had, ranges over all Europe, and in winter to India and Egypt. Pure white, with dull black feet and legs and an S-shaped neck, it was first introduced into England by Richard, Cœur de Lion, and by the time of King Edward only the king's son could keep a swan without paying five marks rental, while stealing eggs was punished with imprisonment for a year and a day. There is at present in England one swannery with nearly 1200 swans.

Mute swans have a trick all their own, as we observed once or twice. Their inner wing feathers are so long, and can be raised so high, that they catch the breeze like a sail, and carry the bird rapidly along without a stroke of the feet.

The whooping swan—famous for its beautiful clanging note—is somewhat like the mute, pure white, but with shorter neck and different carriage, very shy, and very jealous of its mates and cygnets, ready to seize an attacking crow and hold it under water until it is drowned. The bewick swan looks much like the whooper, but its call is different—a loud, deep whistle. The whistler and trumpeter hail from our own continent. The trumpeter is the giant swan, with an eight-foot wing spread and a peculiar rich, mellow note. Mute swans cost around twenty dollars apiece; the others a little more.

Knocked Down With a Feather

Those swans were about the most pugnacious birds I handled. I planned to keep them in separate pens, knowing they'd fight if we didn't; but in transportation, one—a big fellow—got loose. I trailed him to a little cove, and while he stayed there I made a loop of light rope on the end of a light stick I had brought along. Finally, after slipping clear into the water three times, I managed to lasso him with it. Before I did so, however, he landed an uppercut with one wing that nearly broke my wrist. Swans have been known to break a man's arm with a blow of the powerful wing, and they're ready to fight at the drop of the glove.

Our whistling swan and trumpeter produced, in time, five or six chalk-white eggs, which, in turn, produced a small family of grayish downy cygnets. Cob swan and pen swan—papa and mamma—know no divorce laws; they were wedded, as are all their kin, for life. They are both ready to launch themselves fearlessly at anything that appears to be about to molest the nest. The black Australian swans, too, produced a family of cygnets—which were almost exactly the same grayish-brown as cygnets of the white swan. It is very difficult, with any of the varieties, to tell male from female, and to be sure you have a pair. One time I penned two males by mistake; one of them was dead before morning.

One lady who came to me wanted birds she could make pets of. "I've been so busy all my life I've never had time, but I always wanted to train birds." She had plenty of money, so I got her a hyacinthine macaw, a rare bird of a lovely blue shade, that cost $350, but made an excellent pet. A cage of cockateels, greater sulphur-crested cockatoos, lesser sulphur-crested cockatoos, and blue-crowned conures were easily tamed and affectionate. A Javan myna made as good a talker as a parrot, and a South American troupial would whistle tunes for her. Bulbuls too; and later on I got her a magnificent greater black cockatoo that she kept with her the rest of her life.

Just a Touch of Color

One of the pleasantest weeks that I can remember was spent on a job given me by a man from the Southwest, whom I had met at the estate of another client. He invited me out to look over his place in Arizona, expenses paid, and tell him what kind of birds to get and how to keep them. He had a remarkable house, Mediterranean style—whitewashed adobe built around a patio, with wide mission arches and grilled windows, batten shutters above, and a red-tiled roof. All sorts of clever shadows made effects here and there. You went through a wrought-iron gate into a garden rich in color—red and gray cement, blue and white tile inserts, cream adobe wall with a coping of old red bricks, odd wooden doors painted faded bluish-green. There were center and side fountains, with luxuriant shrubs and trees. Even the path that reached the garden had color—red, yellow and purple sandstone.

"Got any idea what you'd like?" I said.

"No," he said vaguely. "Just birds. You pick 'em out."

"What was the first bird you ever remember noticing?" I asked him.

"Why, let's see." He dug around there in his memory, fifty-five-odd years back, and finally brought something to light. "There was a bird—now, where was that? Oh, yes; a pet shop I passed on my way to school every morning—we lived in the East then. There was a most marvelous bird in his window once—a sort of—er—parrot, I guess. Bright red and blue. My, my, how red it was! I can see it yet, spreading those wings!"

So there I had his number; he wanted color. I might have guessed it from the house and garden. A great many people—especially men—prefer color in birds to song. A good-sized cage of waxbills and tanagers and cardinals made a fine spot of moving, sparkling color in one corner of the garden. The superb tanager had head and upper back blue and green, black breast, wings blue and yellow and black. Two of the cardinals developed a fine taste for murder, and had to be taken out—some cardinals are quite quarrelsome—but eventually we substituted some that stayed in the League of Nations. There was a cage of brilliant orange weavers and Madagascar weavers, and grass parrakeets. In another corner were perches to which were chained the red-and-yellow and red-and-blue macaws he had admired in boyhood; near by were several individual cages of more brilliant parrakeets—rosellas, Bengals, budgerigars, pennants—and lories. I didn't have to fear noise in his case, for he was well separated from neighbors. In many of the smaller Eastern places, such as several on Long Island, it's quite a heavy restriction.

Ladies seem to prefer song. One gentle-faced lady sent to me by another client said: "My mother used to have a bird—

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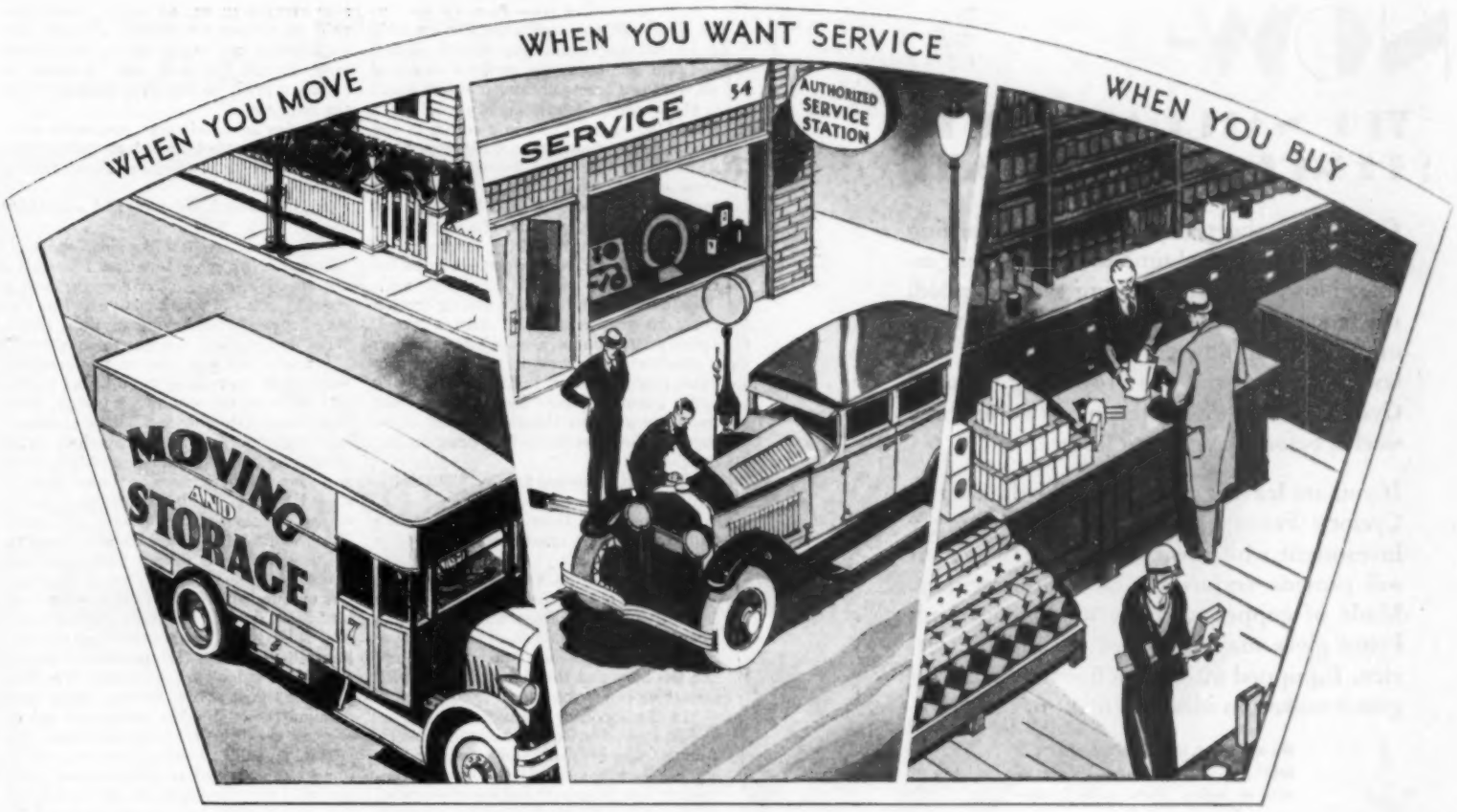


Your Classified Telephone Directory is your *Where to Buy It* guide

It is the aim of the Bell System to make your telephone directories *constantly more useful.* The "Where to Buy It" feature is another step in that direction—a rounding-out of the functions of your classified directory. For years it has listed all the dressmakers, cleaners, moving companies, and other businesses in your community with telephone service. In fact, almost every one you do business with. The addition of a new feature makes it a book worth while referring to before every shopping trip.

Nowadays when you read an advertisement you don't have to search from store to store hoping to find the one that sells the article or service you're interested in.

Your classified telephone directory . . . always handy . . . has been made even more helpful. It is a local "Where to Buy It" shopping guide . . . dependable, easy to use.

Many advertised articles and services are now listed there under their own names and trade marks. It takes but a moment to find the one you want and, with it, the list of local dealers, their addresses and telephone numbers.

The "Where to Buy It" feature, being new, is still somewhat incomplete. Many articles and services are already listed, however, and others are being added rapidly. Your classified telephone directory is designed to save you time and effort. Consult it freely.

"WHERE TO BUY IT"

THE NEW SERVICE IN YOUR CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

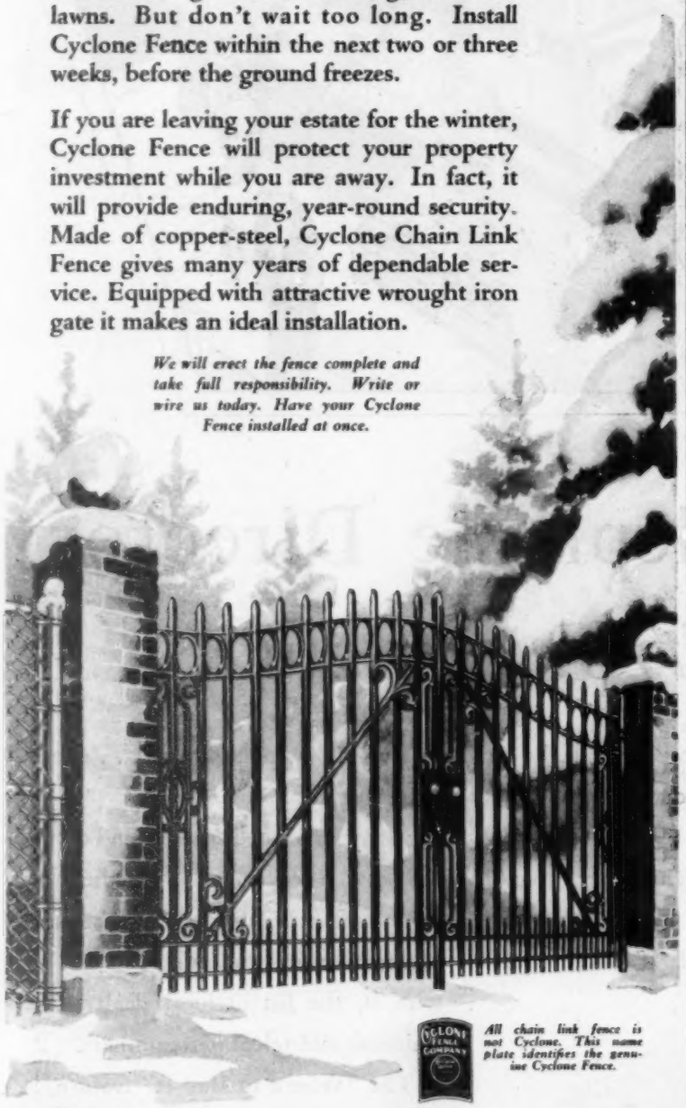
NOW—

THE NATURAL TIME TO FENCE YOUR ESTATE

Cool days, short days — nature's warning that now is the ideal time to enclose your estate. Now, with the growing season ended, the fence can be installed economically without disturbing flowers, shrubs, gardens and lawns. But don't wait too long. Install Cyclone Fence within the next two or three weeks, before the ground freezes.

If you are leaving your estate for the winter, Cyclone Fence will protect your property investment while you are away. In fact, it will provide enduring, year-round security. Made of copper-steel, Cyclone Chain Link Fence gives many years of dependable service. Equipped with attractive wrought iron gate it makes an ideal installation.

We will erect the fence complete and take full responsibility. Write or wire us today. Have your Cyclone Fence installed at once.



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GENERAL OFFICES: WAUKEGAN, ILL.

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Quality Products — Dependable Service

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(Continued from Page 72)

oh, years ago, this was, when I was a little girl—that sang like nothing on earth. Someone told her it was the sweetest singer of all, but I can't remember what kind it was."

She wanted a modest aviary—not more than $100—near a tree in a corner of the garden. Her house was a pleasant little white-painted, green-shuttered place, with alyssum and mignonette and larkspur and marigolds in front. I fixed her up a few small cages, simply made, of song birds—a blue mocking thrush from Mexico, a lot like our catbird; red-crested cardinals for their twittering song; a European goldfinch, a fine singer; a small, quietly dressed Southern gray seed-eater, with a sweet, varied song; a linnet, Europe's finest singer; a chaffinch, a cheerful, though slightly weak, singer; and an Indian dial bird who had a beautiful song. Last but not least there was a shama thrush; in front of his cage my client listened a long time, smiling delightedly.

"That's it," she said finally. "That's the bird I meant."

The smaller of those birds cost around two to five dollars apiece; only one was as much as ten dollars.

Most people who want to make small show places out of their grounds like the decorative aviary pheasants, but the man who enjoyed them more than anyone I ever got them for was a man who tied them up, like the lady and the shama thrush, with something in his youth.

"In the shooting season," he told me, "when I was fourteen, my dog Snag and I used to trail over fields and marshes where hunters had passed. Snag would occasionally find pheasants and ducks wounded in the wing and overlooked by shooters. We'd bring them home, and put them in cages I'd earned money for by doing all sorts of chores around the house. Sometimes they were so badly hurt they'd stay there the rest of their lives. I liked them so much I swore that whenever I could afford it I'd have them, and the other more decorative kinds as well."

We started off with one or two of the simpler kinds—ring-necked and golden pheasants, with a wood pigeon in the same cage; doves run with pheasants because they can fly straight up off the ground and keep out of the way, and because they eat about the same food. The ringneck scuttled around like a nervous curate, with that ecclesiastical white collar around his neck. The golden was a lovely bird, somewhat smaller and more compact, with yellow-golden head and crest and orange cape. Later on we had another cage with a quarrelsome Reeves' pheasant, and the ancestor of all domestic pigeons, the rock dove. Eventually we included the rarer Swinhoe, Impeyan and argus pheasants.

Something to Keep Him Busy

I had one customer—a lady—who had a perfect mania for white things. Before we got through we had a couple of pairs of white peacocks on her place, and a white pheasant—an albino—and a great white cockatoo. The white peacock came from a peacock farm in California where you could get all kinds of peacocks for from $20 to $200, depending on beauty. This one stole a nest and raised four youngsters. My client was terribly disappointed when she discovered that not only were they not born with miniature tails identical with their mother's, as she'd expected, but she'd have to wait three years for full plumage. We had a couple of white Java sparrows, and a silver pheasant that trailed a cloud of snow around behind him as he walked.

All this time I kept importing birds, buying and selling sometimes as many as 2000 in a year. But I found my commissions as consulting adviser even more interesting. As people were usually well pleased with my work when it was done, I lost all my early dislike of the responsibility. Often I would train the caretaker of a big estate, if there were birds on it he wasn't familiar with, and go on supervising him until I was sure everything was all right. Some jobs paid me twenty-five dollars or even less; occasionally one would run up to a thousand, though that was rare. I made, of course, a profit on the birds themselves at the same time.

One day an elderly man, somewhat pale, came to me. He asked about birds, then branched off into questions about raising rabbits and fish.

"Just what is it you want?" I asked him finally.

"Why, you see, it's like this," he said. "Doctor says I've got to retire. I haven't a great deal of money, but enough; and I guess I'll have to take his advice. But I'm afraid of it—of not having anything to do. What do you think I ought to go in for?"

I finally advised him to try breeding small birds in aviaries three by six by six feet, built on one side of his garage, with flight cages adjoining and a little compartment for himself, with an easy-chair and a lamp, at one end. With a pair of love birds and some Java sparrows he fussed around, studying birds' habits; the first year he succeeded in raising two masked love birds. He was quite tickled when he announced to me that love birds do not pine away and die if they lose a mate. That is a pretty, but unfounded, tradition. True, if a love bird dies the mate who occupied the same cage is likely to contract the same disease, but aside from that they make far from inconsolable widows and widowers. The first time he bred Zebra finches, papa and mamma threw all three youngsters out of the nest the day after they were born. He crossed a goldfinch with a canary, producing a bird that had an intermediate song, half wild like the goldfinch, yet varied like that of a canary. He experimented with bullfinches and goldfinches, siskins and linnets, producing a great many interesting hybrids. His health never improved a great deal, but the hobby took up as much of his time as he was able to give it, and the last I heard of him he was quite happy.

A Refined Forest

Still the various wants and favorites go on. Occasionally a man likes to have his birds and animals as free-living as possible. One such man I worked for had a magnificent estate up the Hudson, 1500 acres, with parks for deer and elk and antelope, inclosed by invisible fencing painted black so that you hardly saw it against the dark green of the shrubbery and rustic, knotted fence posts. The landscape architect had treated the grounds the same way, and you found yourself in a sort of refined forest, with natural resources cleverly used to produce an effect of virgin wilderness. The house was a sublimated log cabin of rustic exterior and every possible convenience you can think of inside. I had to improve coverts for pheasant and other upland birds to live in controlled liberty. Plenty of alder, sumac and blackberry bushes attracted bobwhites; seed patches of buckwheat, millet, wheat, in addition, for quail; with mulberry bushes for a special treat. These, with blueberry and dwarf birch added for sharp-tailed grouse, and scrub oak and bayberry for ruffed grouse and pheasant, made bird sanctuaries out of those overgrown pastures.

One lady who came to me had been a buyer for a big Eastern department store before she married into a Cinderella ending of wealth and prominence. Her husband owned several fine homes, among them a lovely old estate in Georgia that had belonged to the family for several generations. I saw the place eventually, at their request. There was a sense of fine luxuriance about the whole estate—a roomy, gracious white house, brick-paved walks of box and conifers, with flowering plants intermingled, backed by azaleas, then taller shrubs building up to trees. They talked over plans with me. They wanted cages for golden and silver pheasants; a few good-looking macaws and cockatoos here and there around the garden, a dovecot back of the house,

(Continued on Page 76)

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

Most Styles
$10

for the Man who Cares

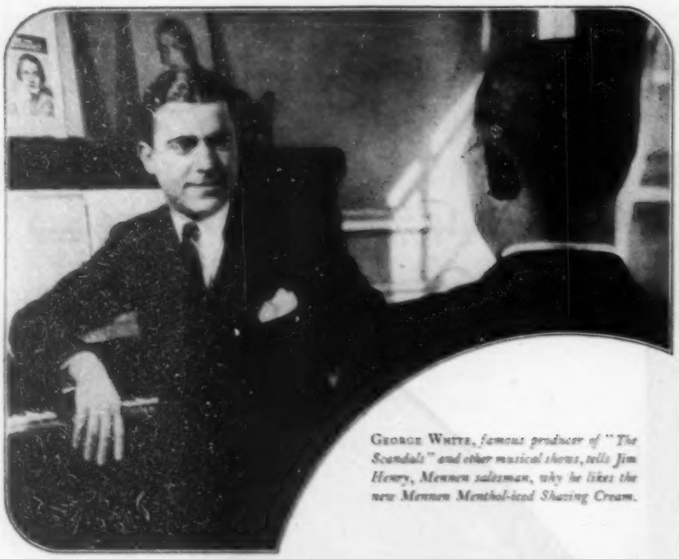
The Florsheim SHOE

SHOES are the tell tale part of a man's attire—they can make or mar the whole effect! How important, then, to select shoes that are thoroughly smart! And what a satisfaction it is to choose Florsheims —*the smartest of all*. . . . Florsheim Shoes are standard equipment with the majority of well-dressed men.

THE STRIDE . . . . . *Style* M-367

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers . . . Chicago

THE MAN WHO CARES OWNS SEVERAL PAIRS



GEORGE WHITE, *famous producer of "The Scandals" and other musical shows, tells Jim Henry, Mennen salesman, why he likes the new Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream.*

GEORGE WHITE tells Jim Henry:

"Fine for first-night nerves—those new triple-cool MENTHOL-ICED SHAVES"

"PRODUCING elaborate musical shows isn't exactly the best thing in the world for one's temper. And so I try to save my nerves as much as I can. That's why I like your new Menthol-iced. It gives me a good quick shave. It's good for my disposition as well as my face. The cool tingle of the menthol is like a tonic—refreshing—bracing. Sets me up for the day.

"And say—Jim—my razor blade seems keener and it certainly keeps its edge longer when I have a Mennen shave. . . ."

Mennen Menthol-iced—
THE YOUNG MAN'S SHAVE

Like George White, millions of men are turning to the new Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream with the triple-cool lather. Triple-cool shaves suit young faces, young ideas and young standards of well-grooming.

And Menthol-iced really does something for your skin. Specialists find that it (1) tones tired facial nerves, (2) heals minute shaving abrasions, (3) protects the skin . . . Try this young man's shave! At any druggist!

2 TYPES OF MENNEN—
with or without menthol

Mennen is the only manufacturer who makes two kinds of shaving cream. First, Mennen without menthol (in the green striped carton)—for years the smooth shave standby of millions of men. Now—Mennen Menthol-iced (in the orange striped carton) for those who want the extra thrill of triple coolness. Both creams have *dermutation*—the exclusive Mennen process of softening the beard, lubricating the blade and toning the skin—which gives cleaner, smoother, happier shaves.

MENNEN SHAVING CREAMS

TWO KINDS—MENTHOL-ICED AND WITHOUT MENTHOL

TALC talk by *Jim Henry*

Mennen Talcum for Men is a special powder for masculine skin—not merely a neutral tint powder. It is scientifically blended with antiseptic and astringent ingredients. A man's skin needs this protection after shaving or bathing.

Thanks to its special formula, Mennen Talcum for Men forms a fine film which is a two-way protection. It absorbs oils and moisture thrown off by your skin. It keeps floating dust in the air from settling on your skin, and working into the pores. And—Mennen Talcum for Men *doesn't show.*

SPECIAL BARGAIN. Big size can for a quarter—or, if you want a bargain, get the traveler's size free by buying the new Mennen After-Shave Special. Contains full 50c tube of Skin Balm with special size Talcum for Men, both for half-a-dollar.

(Continued from Page 74)

and peacocks. On a fine pond that occupied part of their marshy land we put ducks and swans; I even managed a crane and a heron or two. The crane we pinioned and let range in a large fenced inclosure at the pond, with a shelter. He grazed there, growing very tame, and got some extra grain and insects, with raw fish now and then. Later we got him a companion, a Manchurian crane, the lily bird of Japan, pure white, with black bands down each side of his neck. He once was sacred in Japan, and still figures prominently in Japanese art. The herons were a little different. We had two great blue herons—grayish-blue above and black striped, with white below—and a white heron with plumes on the foreneck. They were watchful, voracious birds. When they minced around doing sentry-go they looked like the watch-and-ward society. But how they did eat! They've got some mysterious secret of how to stay thin, and they never put on an ounce of fat, though they eat a pound and a half of fish a day. If I could find some way of persuading them to divulge their beauty secret, there's no doubt I could make more money whispering it around than a patent-medicine man selling bottles of the Fountain of Youth.

Before I started south with the stock, I asked the lady finally if there was anything more she wanted.

"Just one thing," she said. "You know, I was a salesgirl long ago, ten years before I became buyer. It was an awfully hard job on the feet at first, when I was out at special-sale counters in the middle of the aisles. No place to sit down, and you'd be frowned on if you did, anyway. As the day wore on, your feet ached until that was all you could think of, and by four you were standing first on one foot, then on the other, to rest them. I used to think of flamingos then—those birds that are always standing on one foot. Could we have any of those around, just for old time's sake?"

So the strange, pink, long-necked and long-legged waders, with strange bills bending abruptly in the middle, and a strange idiosyncrasy about standing on one foot, came to eat bread and shrimp contemplatively and put the finishing touch on the place.

I've become much more familiar, since I've been aviary adviser, with sources of supply than when I was simply a source of supply myself. I journey clear across the continent, sometimes, to get a special bird someone has set his heart on. I pick up rare specimens for my clients by watching the boats, whose stewards are likely to be bringing in a few things from the tropics. There are approximately seventy dealers in this country today from whom you can get hand-reared wild ducks, forty who carry wild geese, twenty-five selling peafowl, a dozen handling swans, and half a dozen from whom you can get cranes. I usually insist that my clients let me pick out all the birds they buy.

One of my customers, unable to resist the temptation to wander into dealers' showrooms, prowl around on the upper floors looking at new birds that had just come in, and order twenty of this or a hundred of that, used to get badly trimmed sometimes. I would find that a crate of sick birds or misrepresented specimens had arrived to join his aviaries; he would exhibit the unfortunate errors to me with all the pride of a small boy finding a bird's nest. One time he bought a dozen Australian pennants that were so sick we had to force food down their throats.

One of my oddest customers was a Wall Street man who seemed set on getting the strangest assortment of birds you could imagine. Not rare specimens but freaks. He had an ostrich, an emu, a cassowary, a secretary bird and an adjutant bird. I used to remonstrate with him. "You're making a curiosity shop out of the place," I'd tell him. "Don't you want things with more beauty about them?"

No, he didn't. As long as he could take one look at some strange new acquisition and say, "My lands, what a bird!" he was happy. Well, it takes all kinds of people to make up a world, they say; from my own experience I know it certainly takes all kinds of birds to satisfy them.

CUT AND DRIED

(Continued from Page 62)

Two days before the Slappey-Buck bet was to be decided definitely, Mandamus Marshal made a date. The young lady was named Vera Tassel and she was employed as private secretary to Lawyer Eyans Chew.

Mandamus and Vera had attained that point of intimacy where they enjoyed long automobile rides and earnest conversations. They shared confidences, and tonight as they rolled through the moonlit radiance of Shades Valley, Mr. Marshal informed the young lady of his choice that a great day was in store for him.

"When?" she asked.

"Day after tomorrow."

"On account of what?"

"On account of Martin Buck goin' away. Of all the fellers I has ever met who is useless to me, that guy comes first. An' when he gits away fum Bumminham day after tomorrow ——"

She eyed him peculiarly. "Are you positive he's leavin' Bumminham, honey?"

"Sure."

"Who told you?"

"President Latimer."

She shook her head sadly. "I'm sorry it means that much to you, Mandamus."

"What you mean 'sorry'?"

"I mean that you are goin' to be terrible disappointed. Day after tomorrow Martin Buck is goin' to git appointed production manager to succeed J. Cæsar Clump."

A large rock suddenly caressing Mandamus' cranium could have been no less shocking than Vera's news. Mr. Marshal's hand went limp on the wheel and the car slewed violently. He pulled over to the side of the road, stopped the motor and faced the girl.

"It ain't true!" he croaked.

"I wisht it wasn't, honey. But it is."

"Who told you?"

"Nobody had to tell me, Mandamus. Lawyer Chew has drawn up all the contracks and I am typing them in my office now."

"Disaster," murmured Mandamus, "you has sholy backed right up against me an' pushed."

"Anything wrong?"

"Oh, golla! An' how!"

"You thought he was leavin'?"

"Why shouldn't I? Orifice Latimer tol' me so with his own mouf. I reckon ——"

"You reckon what, Mandamus?"

"I reckon, Vera, if you see a lot of lilies growing aroun' heah soon an' you will look under them, you'll find yo' boy friend."

"It cain't be as bad as that."

"It ain't, Vera. It's worse."

The remainder of the ride held no happiness for Mandamus Marshal. His thoughts were very much elsewhere, and as soon as he decently could he deposited the young lady at her home and then flew in search of Florian Slappey. He found that gentleman in Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor.

"Florian," he gasped, "gimme back that money."

"Which money?"

"The money I was stakeholdin'."

Mr. Slappey grimaced. "What you tryin' to do, kid me?"

"I never felt less like kiddin' nobody in my whole life. Ise desp'rate."

"You an' me bofe."

"Ain't you got that money?"

(Continued on Page 78)

Washes more swiftly—

Damp-dries without a wringer

EASY
now offers
2 New Washers

Suction Type or Agitator Type Washer, both equipped with the famous centrifugal

Damp-Dryer
at
new low prices!

WHEN the wringer was taken off these new EASY Washers, it was because a better method of extracting water from clothes had been found. It is the famous EASY Damp-Dryer. It is *safe*. The most negligent grown-up or curious child cannot be harmed.

Further, these new EASY Washers are faster from basket to line than any wringer type washer. Gone is the drudgery of slowly and tediously hand-feeding an entire washing into a wringer—piece-by-piece.

With the EASY you merely transfer a tubful of clothes from the washing compartment to the Damp-Dryer. Then drop the lid and turn a lever. *In less than two minutes* the water is whirled out of this tubful of clothes—ready for sun-drying on the line. Think of the time and labor saved!

The Damp-Dryer gives you this extra speed without placing the least strain on fabrics. There are no torn or twisted clothes. No stretched blankets or woolens. No broken buttons. Sheerest silks can be damp-dried without risk.

In addition, this marvelous Damp-Dryer speeds up sun-drying by taking out more water than wringing does. It leaves clothes *evenly* damp. The hems will not drip.

In bad weather, clothes can be line-dried indoors for ironing the same day. Ironing is also easier because clothes are free from deep, hard creases. Bulky things like pillows and blankets which will not go through a wringer are easily handled. Rinsing time is saved. Clothes can be rinsed right in the Damp-Dryer without handling them until ready for the line.

While one batch of clothes is being damp-dried, another tubful can be washed, for washtub and Damp-Dryer operate independent of each other. All water is emptied for you electrically.

You can have all of these modern *extra* advantages on your favorite type of washer—either suction type or agitator type. Both sell at the same new, low price—the lowest at which any no-wringer EASY Washer was ever offered.

Inspect them at once. See for yourself why they have revolutionized washing—why their sale in the four months since they were announced has exceeded anything in washing machine history. Don't be content with an old-fashioned washer.

Free Trial Offer

The best place to test these new, no-wringer EASY Washers is in your own home . . . on your own clothes. Call your EASY dealer today—he is listed in your telephone book—or write us for a free demonstration. Then if you like you can pay for it on EASY terms.

SYRACUSE WASHING MACHINE CORPORATION
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

EASY THE SAFE **WASHER**

Also supplied with 4-cycle gasoline motor for homes without electricity

DEALERS EASY offers a plan of making money that will command the immediate interest and respect of your banker. Let our representative tell you about the opportunities in your locality. Write us today.

SYRACUSE WASHING MACHINE CORP., SYRACUSE, N. Y.
I am interested in the EASY franchise in my locality.
Name .....
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Suction Type no-wringer EASY
This new, improved model is more compact—shorter and lower. 8-pound washing capacity—2 more than the average. Three suction cups move up, down and around, flushing sudsy water back and forth through the clothes.

Agitator Type no-wringer EASY
The new EASY single vane agitator produces unobstructed action of water and clothes. This EASY feature secures the ideal "roll over" action—that tremendously fast, efficient yet gentle washing principle. 8-pound capacity.

The Keenest of Sports

SHOOTING—once a livelihood—is now the keenest of *sports*. And it's a sport which grows more thrilling as you hunt for bigger game.

There's big game in North America — big enough to test your mettle and to give you the keen thrill of handling a true masterpiece in sporting rifles — the Winchester Model 54.

This powerful yet simple rifle (shown herewith) marks a high spot in the development of bolt action firearms. Graceful in line, mighty in strength, beautiful in balance and in action—a supreme achievement in modern guncraft — it has won the hearts of all who love great rifles. And it is chambered to handle Center Fire Cartridges in sizes that meet practically all requirements of big game shooting.

Shoot Winchester Staynless Cartridges in a Winchester Rifle — they are made for each other while the Staynless (non-corrosive) feature safeguards your rifle barrel and prolongs its accuracy. Write for our FREE booklets describing guns and ammunition, cleaning and lubricating preparations, flashlights and batteries, ice and roller skates, fishing tackle, cutlery and tools made by—

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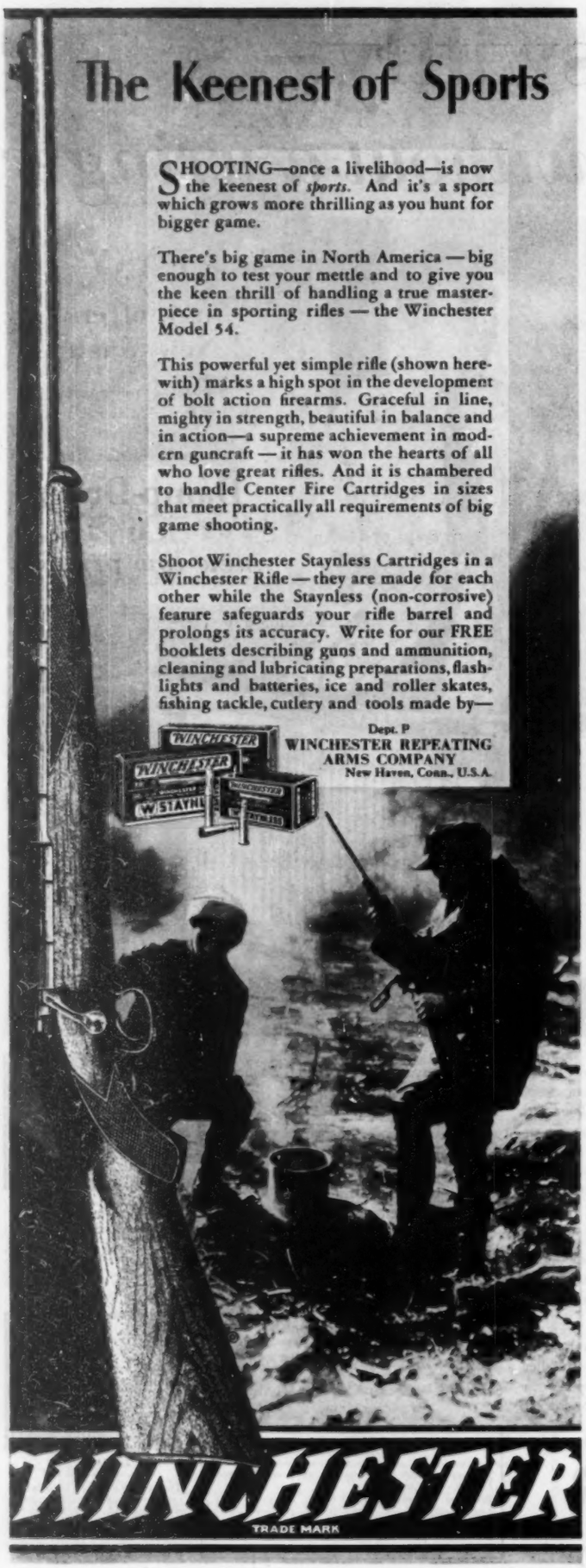
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY
New Haven, Conn., U.S.A.



WINCHESTER
TRADE MARK

(Continued from Page 76)

"Boy, if ev'y cent I possesses was multiplied by ten I'd owe somebody a heap of cash."

Mandamus sank lugubriously into a chair. "Ise ruint!"

"How come?"

"Day after tomorrow Martin Buck signs a contrack as production manager fo' Midnight Pitchers Corporation, Inc."

"No!"

"Don't tell me no when I says yes."

"Gosh! You got to do somethin'."

"Me? You mean we got to do somethin', an' we got to do it swif' an' drastic. You got me into this heah mess, Florian, an' you got to think me out."

"I'll try. Helpin' my friends is the fondest thing I is of."

"You got to be mo' than fond. You got to git enthusiastic. An' soon!"

They rambled up the street together, discussing the matter in all its ghastly phases. The more they talked the worse the affair appeared. Two days later Martin would sign on the dotted line and immediately descend upon Mandamus for his money. His wrath would be awful to contemplate, and the chances were that he would invoke the aid of the law to punish the inoffensive stakeholder who had sought merely to assist his friend. The least that would happen to Mandamus would be the loss of an excellent job.

"An' what gets me," moaned Mr. Marshal, "is that when Martin Buck bet you, he was bettin' on a sure thing."

"Tripe like him woul'n't bet on nothin' less."

"Can you 'magine Orifice Latimer fallin' fo' him? Once that feller has signed his contrack the ve'y fust person he's gwine step on will be Latimer—on'y Orifice is too dumb to reelize such."

"Quit speakin' words," snapped Florian. "I crave to think thoughts."

"About savin' me?"

"Uh-huh. An' I commences to glimmer an idea. Now listen, Mandamus: Tomorrow mawnin' I comes to the studio with a scheme. Don't ask me what kind of a scheme, 'cause I don't know. But it don't seem hahdly possible that if my brain worked all night it woul'n't git one good idea. You just leave ev'ything to me."

"Yeh! I lef' all that gamblin' money to you, an' where at did it git me?"

Mr. Slappey waved a cheery farewell. "You leave me do the worryin', buddy."

"If I could, Florian, I would; an' I woul'n't charge you a thin dime fo' the privilege."

Somehow the news spread that Martin Buck was on the threshold of becoming production chief of Midnight, and when the uppity Nawthern gentleman arrived on the sound stage the following morning he could almost feel the hostility of his future underlings.

But Martin Buck was not unhappy. He enjoyed the hatred of those who were helplessly under him. From tomorrow on it would be his pleasure to crack the whip while they went through their paces, and anybody who didn't like it knew just what he could do.

After all, Mr. Buck wasn't part of Midnight and never would be. The future of the organization held little interest for him. He was selfishly ambitious, and this new job meant for him merely a chance to advance Martin Buck. That he was supposed to be aiding a young and struggling picture company never occurred to him.

Martin had the world by the tail on a downhill pull. It pleased him to note the general resentment. He relished the fawning servility of those few who catered to whoever happened to be on top. His voice crackled through the dead air of the sound stage as he assembled his company for the final shots of his second picture.

Opus Randall, Welford Potts and Glorious Fizz were in costume, ready with their lines. Julian Fever, chief electrician, had his corps of assistants on the job. Twenty thousand watt incandescents cast a noonday glare over the set. Simeon Broughton, head of the grips department, stood ready with his men for any hurry call. Forcep Swain was acting as script clerk, and in the background stood J. Cæsar Clump and Edwin Boscoe Fizz, wrathy but silent, bitter but outwardly calm.

Callous Deech had arranged his microphones and tested them. He was now perched in the monitor loft where he could stare down on the stage through soundproof windows; the noises from the stage reached him through the huge amplifier in the monitor room. He had a cue script before him and could follow the action visually, although he heard the sound only as it would be audible to the eventual audiences.

Exotic Hines, head cameraman, arranged his three camera booths and adjusted the lenses. Simultaneously the three machines would shoot, one photographing close-ups, one the mediums and the third taking the long shots. All three cameras were on an interlocking device with the two film and one disk recorders. When the scene was ready to be shot this interlocking device would be started, throwing photography and sound into synchrony, with Callous Deech mixing and controlling the dialogue and incidental noises from his monitor loft.

Martin Buck was in a captious mood. Nothing seemed to satisfy him. It was obvious that he was enjoying this *foretaste* of the power that was to be his definitely by the night of the following day. He railed at the grips men, criticized the camera crew, found fault with the arrangement of the lights, set the nerves of the actors on edge through a dozen bitter rehearsals. And then he made ready to shoot the big scene after having roused everybody on or about the set to a murderous frenzy of nervousness.

The tiny glass jewels on the control board commenced to flash. The ready lights came in from the monitor room, recording room and the motor room. The stage, always the last in line, gave its O. K. signal.

"Sink 'em!" snapped Martin into the telephone.

A few moments later came the report from the motor room: "They're sunk!"

"All right." Martin's voice grew softer as the motors got up speed. "Silence, everybody. Watch my arm for the signal; and for goodness' sake, you hams try and make this good."

The motors attained proper speed and a large red ruby flashed on the control board. The directorial arm dropped, and the actors commenced their action and dialogue.

Perhaps because of the nervous tension—perhaps in spite of it—the three principals gave a gorgeous performance. The comedy lines snapped from their lips; the action was funny; the pantomime far better than average. It was a long and difficult scene. A single slip would have meant the stopping of all machines and the junking of five lengthy negative footages. But there wasn't a hitch or a flaw, and before the scene was completed, even the hardened spectators were grinning broadly.

The scene ended in a burst of riotous action and sparkling dialogue. Martin's voice snapped.

"Cut!" he roared. Then he leaped into the middle of the set. "Pretty rotten," he commented when everybody knew it had been perfect. "Pretty rotten, but it'll do."

J. Cæsar Clump, slender and quiet, detached himself from the background and joined Martin Buck on the set. The actors were glad enough to move away.

Clump extended a congratulatory hand. "That was great, Martin."

"H'mph!"

Cæsar smiled. "Looks like Orifice R. Latimer is really doin' somethin' with this sound stuff after all."

Martin Buck frowned. "Who is doing what?"

"It looks as though Orifice Latimer is really the genius I thought he was."

"What you mean Orifice Latimer? What's he got to do with this?"

(Continued on Page 80)

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Film hardens into tartar. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Film is also the basis of tartar and all decay.

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Ordinary brushing ways are not successful in removing film from teeth. You must employ the scientific method that first curdles film so that light brushing can easily remove it in perfect safety to enamel.

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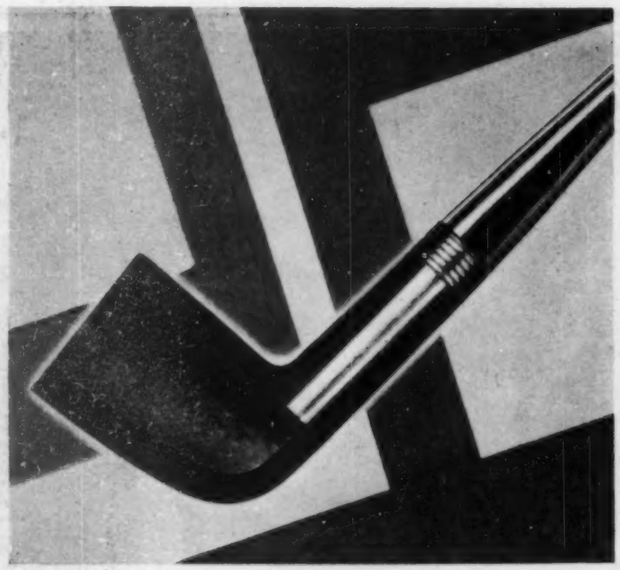

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Why pack fresh tobacco in a pipe that is rank and sour?

Good tobacco . . . rich, fragrant, carefully blended . . . you know how good it can be when your pipe is sweet and clean. A shame to lose the mellow enjoyment of a single pipe load! You don't have to . . . one briar pipe is constructed scientifically to smoke smoothly, evenly, sweetly, every time you pack the bowl and light up.

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Demuth Milano

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(Continued from Page 78)

Mr. Clump shrugged. "I ain't trying to take nothin' fum you, Martin; but us—we is just Orifice Latimer's hired men. It's his brain that puts the thing over, an' it looks to me as though he has made a knock-out pitcher here."

"Like he has made?" Martin's fury burst its bounds. "You gimme a pain in the neck, Cæsar Clump. Latimer ain't got anything to do with it."

"Tha's what you think. On'y fo' his great brain there woul'n't be no Midnight. On'y fo' his cleverness, this ve'y pitcher would be rotten. He's one of the biggest, finest men in the whole movin' pitcher world ——"

"Yah! He's a fat-headed dumb-bell, that's what he is. Say, if Orifice Latimer an' a cabbage was to have a thinking contest, Latimer wouldn't even come out second. What's good about this picture, I done. And I done it in spite of that fat slob of an Orifice Latimer—so don't forget that."

Cæsar Clump shook his head and backed away. "I didn't go to make you mad, Mistuh Buck."

"Well, you did. You made me furious. That's the whole trouble with you: You can't tell the difference between a brainy man like me and a big bag of wind like Latimer."

Mr. Clump was loyal. "Just the same," he finished, "I still think Orifice Latimer is one of the great men of history."

"Great hunk of tripe!" snapped Martin. "Now git from under my feet. I've got work to do."

During the balance of the day there were retakes and new shots and arguments and quarrels and criticisms. Every little thing was accomplished as the result of bitterness. It was a sadly unhealthy condition for a little company like Midnight, and everyone knew it. That is, everyone save President Latimer. That gentleman spent the evening with Martin Buck, listening to the latter's honeyed words and luscious promises. According to Mr. Buck, his employment by Midnight marked the company as one of the future greats of the industry.

The following day was filled with action. Shortly after noon the contracts were delivered to President Latimer, but Lawyer Chew was tied up in court and so the actual signing was postponed until five o'clock. At four o'clock the laboratories sent over the rushes of the previous day's shots.

The projection room was filled, for word had passed around that the shots were unusually good. President Latimer and Martin Buck entered arm in arm and seated themselves on the front row. Opus Randall, Welford Potts and Glorious Fizz, the three leads, were there. J. Cæsar Clump and Edwin Boscoe Fizz came in together. Callous Deech sauntered in to hear his sound work, and even Mandamus Marshal came over from the cutting room. A dozen others drifted in unobtrusively, and just as the lights were lowered the hefty figure of Lawyer Evans Chew arrived and was ensconced in a corner seat.

The figures flashed on the screen, and from the very first minute the audience started laughing. The photography was crystal-clear, the sound recording perfect and the three actors in fine fettle. Three times the scene was played from different angles, and then the voice of Martin Buck was heard giving the order to cut.

Then something happened. The picture did not die away. Instead two new figures appeared on the screen. One was Martin Buck and the other J. Cæsar Clump. Clump extended a hand.

"That was great, Martin."

"H'mph!"

Cæsar smiled. "Looks like Orifice R. Latimer is really doin' somethin' with this sound stuff after all."

Martin Buck frowned. "Who is doing what?"

And suddenly there was a commotion. Mr. Buck leaped to his feet and sent a wild yell toward the projection room.

"Cut!" he howled. "This picture is finished. Let's have the lights."

The man at the projection machine didn't hear; or, if he did, he paid no heed. On the screen Cæsar Clump was saying suavely:

"It looks as though Orifice Latimer is really the genus I thought he was."

And Martin's face registered fury as he answered:

"What you mean: Orifice Latimer? What's he got to do with this?"

Clump shrugged. "I ain't tryin' to take nothin' fum you, Martin; but us—we is just Orifice Latimer's hired men. It's his brain that puts the thing over, an' it looks to me as though he has made a knock-out pitcher here."

"Like he has made?" came Martin's angry roar from the screen, and the expression of the man's face made quite clear that he was sincere. "You gimme a pain in the neck, Cæsar Clump. Latimer ain't got anything to do with it."

The beginning of Clump's answer was drowned out by Martin Buck's howls for light. Mr. Buck was beginning to suspect that something was happening to him. Orifice Latimer, his face very hard, put a firm hand on Martin's arm.

"Hush yo' mouf, cullud man. Leave me heah the rest of this."

Clump was speaking from the screen: "He's one of the biggest, finest men in the whole movin' pitcher world ——"

"Yah!" screamed Martin Buck. "He's a fat-headed dumb-bell, that's what he is. Say, if Orifice Latimer an' a cabbage was to have a thinking contest, Latimer wouldn't even come out second. What's good about this picture, I done. And I done it in spite of that fat slob of an Orifice Latimer. . . ."

A few more lines and the scene ended. The projection room was flooded with light. Down in front President Latimer was staring malevolently at the quivering, cowering figure of Martin Buck—the man whom he so nearly had made production manager.

Martin took one look at the presidential face. He realized the hopelessness of arguing or explaining. The evidence against him was incontrovertible. Latimer had seen with his own eyes and heard with his own ears.

President Latimer was dignified in the crisis. He merely looked at Martin Buck for a moment, then strode to the back of the projection room and took the unsigned contracts from the hand of Lawyer Evans Chew. Without a word he tore them to bits and flung the pieces at the feet of the crushed Mr. Buck. Then he turned and walked from the room.

Stripped of his power, Martin Buck was a ludicrous figure, and the assembled guests didn't hesitate to notify him of that fact. It was only after he had gone that a knot of conspirators assembled and congratulated one other.

"I never could understand why you made me do what I done yestiddy," confessed J. Cæsar Clump. "Whose idea was that?"

"Florian Slappey's," answered Mandamus Marshal gleefully. "An' boy! How Martin fell into the trap. It couldn't of been mo' puffeck. When he yelled 'Cut' I kept the motors runnin' an' the recordin' machines goin'. That also kept the cam'ras turnin' over, but Martin couldn't heah them through the sound booths. Callous Deech held the mikes open an' so everything was taken down in pitchers an' sound ezackly as it happened. Then when I cut an' assembled the rushes, I just tacked that little scene on to the end."

An air of bliss pervaded the room. Mandamus jovially poked Florian Slappey in the ribs.

"Brainy boy," said he, "you sho did go to a lot of trouble to win that bet."

Mr. Slappey shrugged.

"I just done it to save Midnight," he explained. "That feller would of ruint this company in less than no time. Do you-all reelize that until five minutes ago Mistuh Martin Buck didn't even understand the possibilities of talking pictures?"

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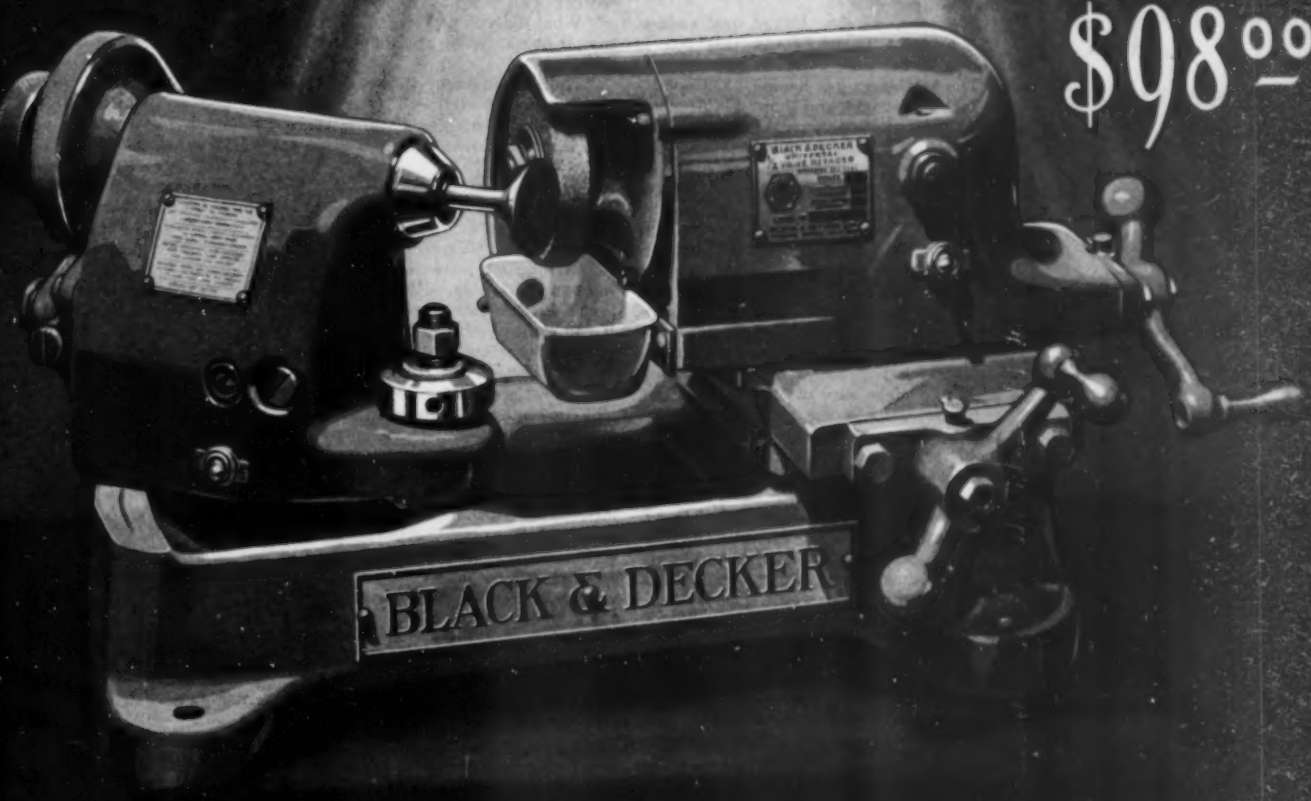

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PEARLS

(Continued from Page 17)

minded to have the trifle and refused to quit when someone in the rear of the room raised the bid beyond reason. He retired to a corner to examine his purchase at leisure and with the clearness of vision that is the ironical gift of the gods to the successful bidder.

He was spoken to; he looked up and saw the amiably smiling gentleman whom he had passed in the appraiser's doorway.

"Hello, Brown, my boy," said the gentleman sportively, taking Brown by the arm. "Put a price on that box you just bought, like a good fellow."

"I don't care to sell it," said Brown, not at all pleased, but putting the other's unsolicited camaraderie down to youth and innocence. Brown does not hold himself cheaply; there are people certainly, and often of a worthy sort, who are captivated by such an assumption of immediate intimacy.

"Oh, I say, Brown," scoffed the other with more tolerance than was called for, "I know it's only a matter of price with you. You're a dealer, I'm told, and everything you have is for sale. You and I talk the same language, Brown, so we'll omit the preliminary sparring. You want to sell and I want to buy: How much—*combien—cuanto dinero?*"

"I reserve a few things, my sudden friend," said Brown, "and this box is among them."

The gentleman lost his mistaken jauntiness then, too late, and showed in its stead an anxiety as impolitic. "Very sorry, Mr. Brown; no offense intended. I was told that you were a dealer ——"

"You were misinformed," said Brown, leaving him.

The sale that day had been, ostensibly, of the jewels and jewelry of a certain well-known millionaire lately deceased; put on inquiry by his knowledge that the box had been imported shortly before—the appraiser had said that it came with the Berenice, a steamer home from an around-the-world cruise—Brown went to the bookkeeper to make sure of the source of his purchase; since it was an antique it had possibly an extrinsic value. He would know its history.

He was told that the box had been put into the sale by a dealer named Leary. Richart lets dealers do that sort of thing, possibly in abstracted moments, when he is conning the poets; it's a poor practice. Brown learned that Leary was in business on Thirty-fourth Street off Eighth Avenue, and dropped in to see him on his way back to his office.

He liked Richart's complaisant practice even less when he viewed Leary's establishment; a thief might slip in there with a bit of loot. It was a small and dingy shop in whose window were a few pieces of blackened silver amid bundles of cigarette coupons and gay theatrical advertisements. A theater-ticket scalper was soliciting from the doorway; in the back of the tight little place a fellow with eyes as shifty as his fingers was demonstrating parlor tricks—magic coins and cards and such—wherewith one might "entertain a circle of admiring friends," if the friends were a little silly or if one were so low in their esteem as to be admired for such sorry competence. Leaning on a small showcase in front, and looking as pleased with himself as a man should who has written off his rent and has no overhead, was Leary in person, a rat-faced little chap as alert and knowing as a circus follower, and probably as perpetually hard up. He was talking race horses with a shabby and starved betting commissioner with a pinch of cigarette under his red nose. When Leary had laid his bet and provided for himself an opulent future, unless his choice lost, he nodded genially to Brown.

"I bought this box just now," said Brown, "at the Bowery Diamond Exchange."

"And paid two hundred and twenty-five dollars for it, Mr. Brown," supplemented Leary.

"You have been studying under our eloquent friend in the rear," said Brown, "and he has taught you a parlor trick worth while. But I see—you were there, of course, to protect your property."

"I didn't have to," smirked Leary. "That sport came through nicely. He was in here yesterday asking for that box, and I told him I had put it into the sale and that he could go down there and buy it cheap. And I went to see that he didn't buy it for less than two hundred dollars, that being what he finally offered me for it."

"A smooth gentleman in a Charlie Chaplin mustache?"

"Yes, yes. Looked like an actor."

"Was he the man who sold it to you originally?"

"No. Why?"

"I'd like to learn something of this box. Where did you get it, Mr. Leary?"

"Police Department?" queried Leary, growing meditative.

"No."

"Well, I bought it of a sport that happened in. I wouldn't know him again, and I know nothing more about the box, so why worry? You bought it and it's yours."

"What did you pay for it? You can tell me; it doesn't make any difference to you now."

"Well, I paid twenty-five dollars for it."

"Twenty-five dollars? I want you to come with me to Police Headquarters and find if there is an information down there about this box."

"That doesn't concern me," said Leary huffily.

"It does, my man, and very much," retorted Brown, giving the dealer his card. "Now that you know me, I'm sure you'll want to be obliging. I'd like to make sure that the seller came by this box honestly. If you come cheerfully I'll guarantee that you'll never refund a cent of the money."

That promise, and the formidable name of the Jewelers' League, decided Leary; he met Brown the following morning in Police Headquarters at Grand and Centre streets. Brown explained his errand to Captain Donophan, who turned him over to Sergeant Green, with whom was spent an interesting hour in the Rogues' Gallery. Brown has always found the gallery an absorbing place, having a bent for criminology; each rascal, he says, has his own pet villainy, which he will execute again and again, to the neglect of other devilment, so that it is possible to catalogue him and to make his history and his picture one of a row of cards. More; each racial strain among us has its favorite rascality. This one expresses itself in business frauds, that one in confidence work, another in thieving in hotels, and another by the strong arm; so that the authorities need only sketchy information to reach a hand to the very drawer in the gallery, and out the rascal pops. But Leary could tell the sergeant nothing indicative, and they went on a long hunt by guesswork, looking into the faces of hundreds of outlaws, marveling always that smiling and presentable men could be knaves, before they finally found their man among Confidence Men.

"That's him," asserted Leary positively. "That's the son of a gun that sold me the box for twenty-five dollars, and remember I'm not to give up a cent of what I got for it."

"One of Slick Dick Byrne's mob," said the sergeant, looking. "See, here's Dick himself rubbing shoulders with his man. Well, he's one man we won't bother to send out for; he's escaped us entirely."

"He's left the city?"

"He has indeed, and for a far country. He's dead."

"A natural death?"

"Yes, for the likes of him. He was murdered about a week ago. Found in a ditch in Queens; shot through the back as usual. You know what that means."

"Taken for a ride," supplied Leary cheerfully. "And a good job; he came near costing me twenty-five dollars, the son of a gun."

Brown was disappointed. "Then we can't go back of him?"

"We'd like to, Mr. Brown. The newspapers are not as well content as your friend here. I'll get the man who has the case—he's upstairs now—and perhaps you'll have a talk with him."

They returned to Captain Donophan's office and were joined there shortly by a detective named Grover.

"That homicide in Queens," said the captain, giving the victim's name, which has escaped Brown.

"The finger murder," nodded Grover. "I brought it with me, in case it means anything." And he handed Brown a small object that Brown looked at and quickly put down; it was a human finger that had been severed close to the palm. The police are too habituated to horrors to be reliable company.

"It isn't from him," said Grover, noting Brown's aversion. "He had his own ten pickers and stealers. It was found in the ditch with him."

"The fancy of some gun, carrying that thing about with him," offered Captain Donophan. "That's a very unusual pocket piece, Grover. I can't believe but that you can find the grifter that had that thing about him. It'd be noticed, and he must have had it for years, from the look of it."

"It might have belonged to the dead man himself," suggested Grover obviously. "You can see how it came; it was cut off a man's hand—probably a dead man—to free a ring. There's the mark of the ring on it yet."

"A blind man could see that much, Grover," said the captain dissatisfiedly.

Brown picked up the dark and desiccated thing. A brutish nature indeed, he reflected, that could take pleasure in the possession of this melancholy relic of mortality. There was the mark of the compressing ring.

"Where's the bottle?" he asked with a sudden enlightenment hardly short of certitude.

"The bottle?"

"I should like to see the place where the man was found," he said, not caring to pretend to superior wit when he had merely a bit of extra knowledge.

He went in a police car with Grover, across the Queensboro Bridge and out toward Jamaica.

They swung into a new road called Home Place and rolled by a fair half mile of Maloney Model Homes, little houses newly run up and all untenanted, standing like soldiers on parade, all the same, neat little travesties of the old country home, built for city dwellers who would go back to the land and would take with them the soothing sameness of their flats.

A road down which no one would go of choice; the site had been capably chosen by some executive in the murder industry, some fierce and cunning brute sheltering under our laws.

"Here, Mr. Brown," said Grover, alighting about a hundred yards beyond the last Maloney Model Home. "He was there in the ditch, which looks as if he got out of the car under his own power."

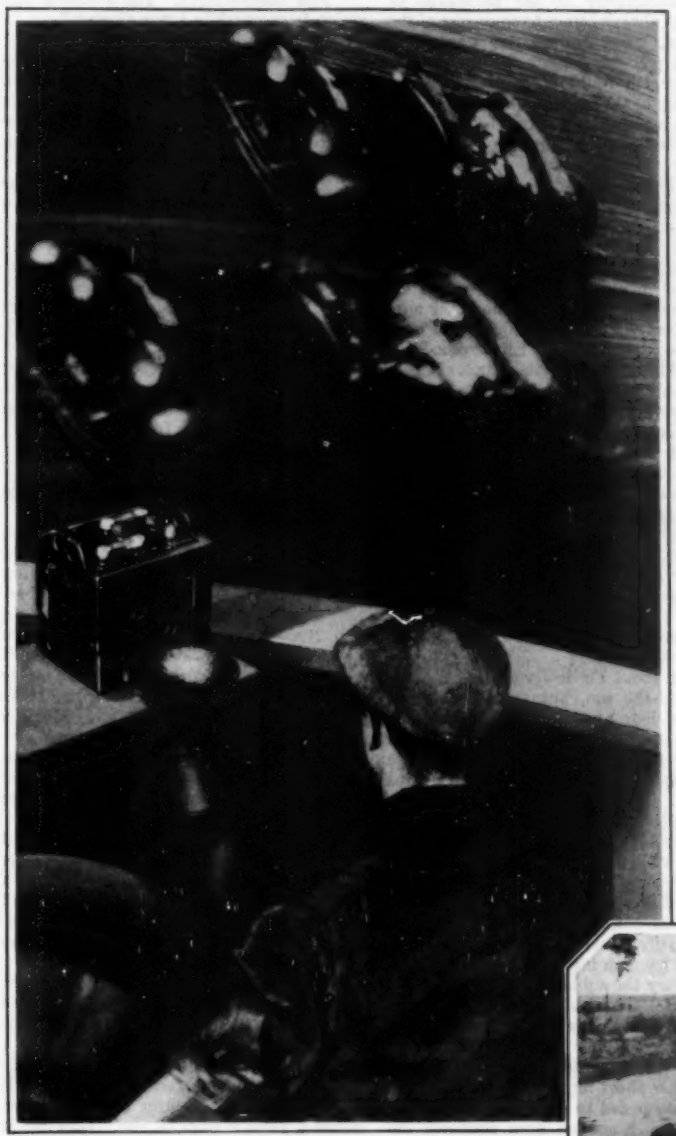
"And where was that finger?"

"The officer said it was close by; a few feet about."

"And here's the bottle," said Brown after a short search, picking the receptacle from a clump of poison ivy. He tried the severed finger in the neck of the small blue bottle—formerly containing an English headache remedy—and it fitted. "Right it is, and that's why you thought a ring had been on it. Let's see what's in the bottle. There should be rice in the bottle."

(Continued on Page 84)

Known Battery Value through CAR BUILDERS' TESTS



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(Continued from Page 82)

He shook from it a few gray grains onto his palm.

"It looks like rice, Mr. Brown."

"Rice it is, Grover. And there were pearls in this bottle, I'll take an oath."

"Pearls, eh? The body was robbed, eh, Mr. Brown? This chap had the bottle; the killer took the pearls from it and tossed the bottle and finger away. You think so, don't you?"

"I'll confine myself to giving you what facts I can," said Brown. "Not that your surmises aren't plausible."

"Then we have to look for pearls. What would be the description of them, Mr. Brown?"

"They were unpierced pearls, probably white or yellow, ranging from seed pearls up in size, but unlikely to be more than seven grains, in number anywhere from five to sixty. And now, if you want me to guess, I'll say that they were eleven pearls, white, from two grains to seven, well-shaped and lustrous. In another half hour I can get you their exact description, so that you can mistake for them no other lot. I saw this silver box in company with such a lot of eleven pearls."

As they rode back in the car, Brown told Grover of his visit to the appraiser in the customhouse.

"But what about the finger and the bottle, Mr. Brown?"

"When I visited the pearl fisheries in the East," explained Brown, "I encountered the superstition that pearls breed—an extraordinarily persistent and prevalent notion not confined to ignorant people and held most stubbornly by the pearl fishermen themselves. The idea is that if pearls of good size and fresh from the mother oyster are put in a vessel with a few grains of rice, they will feed on the rice and will grow in size and will breed other pearls. There are many variations. In China the bottle must be secluded from the sight of women; in Borneo it must be stopped with a human finger. I saw such breeding bottles in almost all the huts that I entered, and Europeans of standing assured me that the alleged phenomenon was a scientific fact. Such bottles were pressed on me for sale at no great advance over the value of the pearls contained, with the plea that I try the experiment under my own conditions; but my mind was closed on the subject."

"And that's all there was to it, Mr. Brown, eh?" commented Grover. "And I thought it was wonderfully clever of you—ha-ha!"

"That's about all there ever is to it, Grover," said Brown, amused. "Having no reputation to support, I give you the secret. It seems to me that I've heard of detectives making a great show of divination with the help of a word whispered to them by a thief looking for a favor."

"They do that very thing, the snoozers," agreed Grover heartily. "I mean the detectives; personally, I got to dig my stuff up out of the ground and I don't know anything about being slipped information. But, by the way, Mr. Brown, since this don't mean anything to you ——"

"I understand, my boy," said Brown with gravity.

He went to the customhouse and saw Inspector Robbins of the jewel squad; Robbins and he had long been mutually helpful.

"The box and the eleven pearls," said Robbins, "were brought in by a man named Jewett, landing from the Berenice."

"Is that Jewett of the Little Shop?"

"I believe so; the address was the same, on Fifty-fifth Street, though the passenger wasn't old Eli himself, but is given here as Forde Jewett."

"He paid the duty, of course?"

"That's what we're here for, Brown."

"The duty was paid, I'm sure, Robbins; but by whom? When I was here in the appraiser's office I saw a man whose face was somewhat familiar to me; I saw the same man in the auction room, where he bid on the box and tried to buy it from me later. I saw his face for the third time in the Rogues' Gallery at Police Headquarters, and then I remembered him. He was a notorious sharper named Slick Dick Byrne."

Robbins spoke into his telephone to the appraiser; he hung up. "He didn't take particular notice of the man. He wouldn't, you know. The record shows that the duties were paid in cash."

Brown went to Fifty-fifth Street for a word with Eli Jewett, whose Little Shop was patronized only by the smart and wealthy; it never advertised. Eli didn't cheapen his goods by hawking them; if an intending patron was of the elect, worthy, wealthy, Eli would let him buy. If a gift was wanted for someone who had everything else, it could be had of Eli Jewett. A solemn and daunting man on first glimpse, he became, when he chose to extend himself, a surpassing salesman; he would discourse unhurriedly of the increment of value that always comes to souvenirs of the past, and, when the patron was about ready to pay ten dollars for yesterday's newspaper, Eli would put before him something unique. For three hundred dollars it might be a yellowed walrus tusk authentically carved in an Eskimo igloo; he could have for three thousand dollars a mat whereon a sultan had done his morning exercises, and thirty thousand dollars would get him a set of emerald studs wherewith to enliven his somber evening dress. If he didn't like Eli's price when he heard it, he might feel inclined to reach over and hit Eli on the nose, but he had no other adequate retort; he couldn't chaffer and offer thirty-five dollars when Eli was asking, say, a cold and clammy thousand. Brown entered this dear little place and asked for Mr. Jewett.

"Mr. Jewett's not with us any more," explained a pretty girl clerk, waiting on him with an eagerness that told him that the spirit of the Little Shop was fled. One could bargain with a pretty girl and politely pooh-pooh her opinion, whereas one could not be brash before the lidded and turtlelike eyes and black skullcap of Eli. "Mr. Jewett passed away almost a year ago."

"You mean that he's dead?"

"Yes, sir."

"What about Forde Jewett?"

"That's the son, but the family's not connected here any more, sir. I can give you the address. They used to reside on Park Avenue, but now they live in the Grubb Apartments on West Eighty-third Street. . . . Not at all, sir; and was there anything else?"

The Grubb Apartments proved to be a walk-up without hall service. After interviewing several hostile housewives, Brown descended into the cellar, threaded murky passages in constant fear of an invisible but throatily growling dog, and received a direction from an invisible woman; he was told to "try the sublet on the fourth floor, east rear; I think that's the name." And so he came to Eli Jewett's widow, a plump and wide-eyed lady of fifty, sitting in a veritable parlor with two hideous little dogs in her short lap; her expression and posture suggested to him a first-cabin passenger from a sunken liner suddenly deposited on a raft.

"Mr. Forde Jewett?" he asked after preliminaries.

"My son, Mr. Brown. He's at work."

"Ah, he has taken employment. And may I ask when he will be at home and at leisure?"

"He's home now, but he's always so occupied. Is the matter very important?"

"I hate to trouble him."

"Forde is working for a prize of twenty thousand dollars offered by the National Potato Chip Company for a new way to use potato chips. And there's another prize of ten thousand dollars for a new way to enforce the Constitution, but he has that one about ready." She looked at Brown uncertainly, at once seeking and defying his opinion of these enterprises. "It was in all the newspapers."

"And somebody will win the prizes, Mrs. Jewett. My affair is not so important as making thirty thousand dollars, but it may still be worth his while. I had the privilege of your husband's acquaintance in a business way, Mrs. Jewett, and I'd be very glad to be of service to you or to his boy."

She went to a chamber door, tapped on it, listened, and ventured to open it; the chamber, which would have been the dining room of a tenant living in the grand manner, was blue with tobacco smoke. On his back on a day bed, fuming cigarette in fingers, was Forde Jewett.

"Now, mother!" he protested, starting up. "Just when I'm trying to concentrate." He saw Brown in the background. "Oh, well, what is it?"

"Forgive me the intrusion, Mr. Jewett," said Brown. "My business may be with the present management of Jewett's Little Shop. You are out of there, I believe?"

"You believe right. The business was stolen from us while I was abroad."

"On the world cruise of the Berenice?"

"Yes. Father used to buy from all over the world, and, after his death, I took six months off to study the business in a large way before settling down to minding the counter. But when I got back, there was no counter."

"Pardon me for asking. How does your account stand with the Little Shop? Are you clear of obligations or are you still in debt to the business?"

"I should hope not; that would be rich. The creditors took the business and about everything we had, and then released us from any further claims. But how does all this concern you?"

"I shall tell you that at once. You brought in some merchandise on the Berenice, Mr. Jewett. Some pearls and a silver box that were subject to duty."

"Has that got into the newspapers?"

"I haven't seen it," said Brown, and he held up the little silver box. "Here's the origin of my information."

Forde Jewett snatched it from him, jubilant, credulous of good fortune, as a man must be who expects to earn a living while lying on his back. "Look, mother, this man's from the customhouse! I told you Byrne would work it for us as he promised, and now what do you say? Here's the box back again already—and the pearls too, I suppose. . . . You brought the pearls, too, didn't you? . . . Mother, see if you have a dollar for this man."

"You anticipate, Mr. Jewett," said Brown, recapturing the silver box. "And what did Mr. Byrne promise to work for you?"

"Never mind, if you don't know," said Forde cunningly. "I can see that it's been worked through the upper channels. . . . What did I tell you, mother? I told you that if we just sat tight, as Byrne advised, he would get us the things back. And here they are!"

"Mr. Jewett," said Brown, "I am not from the customhouse and I did not come here to give you back this box without proof from you that you still own it. I bought it at an auction in the Bowery Diamond Exchange last week and you'll have to show me a better title than mine before I hand it over to you. How did it leave your possession?"

"Yes, Forde," said Mrs. Jewett tremulously. "I'm sure I don't know what to think, but I feel sure this gentleman wants to help us. Mr. Brown ——"

"Be careful, mother! Remember what Byrne told us about talking to people we don't know."

"You'll have to tell me this at least," said Brown impatiently, "if you expect to lay any claim to the box: Where did you get it?"

"There can't be harm in that," the young man said after sage reflection. "It was waiting for me in Hong-Kong, having been left there by one of my father's agents, who had bought it for him."

"What did your father pay for it?"

"I don't know, if you think that matters."

"The purchase price sometimes matters in a business way. And now about the

(Continued on Page 87)

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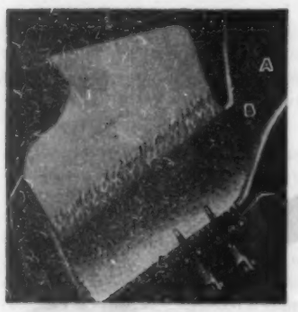
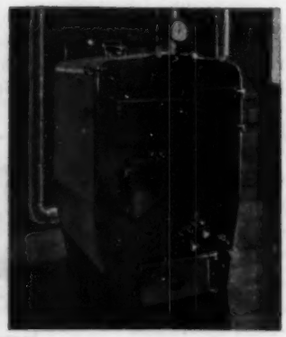


★ Once a day fuel is put into the magazine (A). It fills the sloping Gable-Grate to the level of the magazine mouth (B). The fire bed always stays at the level shown at (C) for as fast as fuel burns to ash (D) it shrinks and settles on the Gable-Grate (E). As the surface of the fire bed (C) is lowered by this shrinking process, more fuel feeds down of its own weight over the top of the fire bed, with no need for motors or mechanical parts.



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(Continued from Page 84)

eleven pearls in the blue bottle; the Berenice stopped at Marichchikadde, in Ceylon, for a look at the pearl fishery, and that's where ——"

"It did not. The pearl fishery we inspected was in Borneo. But don't try to pump me."

"You're too clever for me," snapped Brown, changing his tone, deciding that the youth could be more easily bullied than coaxed. "You're coming with me to police headquarters, and you're going to learn some of the recent history of your importations, and you're going to tell the circumstances under which you parted with them. Put on your hat."

"And he's to be arrested after all!" wailed Mrs. Jewett, giving way to her pent terrors. "Oh, Mr. Brown, he's a good boy and he didn't mean to do wrong. I don't know what's to become of us; they've taken everything away from us, and now Forde is to be arrested after all."

"Oh, pshaw, Mrs. Jewett," said Brown soothingly. "If Forde didn't intend to do wrong nothing will happen to him. He'll be home with you again in an hour or two, and can hurry up and win that thirty thousand dollars before dinner. Then everything will be just fine."

"I'm going too," asserted Mrs. Jewett, sitting down under the weight of her determination. "Forde, dear, get me my beige cloche and coat with the stone-marten collar and cuffs."

Brown handed the lady into his car and the trio started for Centre Street.

The history of the little silver box was still incomplete, but his fear that his title would prove bad seemed likely to be realized. That was the sum of his interest in the matter; he is neither legalistic nor prurient-minded, and the murder of the good-for-nothing in Queens excited in him only a modicum of the usual inquisitiveness; it was a mere detail in his problem and should not divert him. Forde Jewett had been the lawful owner of the box. Brown had still to trace the box from him and into the possession of the fallen ruffian.

Mrs. Jewett entered Police Headquarters in fear and trembling, and found herself in a place as decorous as a correct club, with something of the unavoidable bleakness of a hospital, with nothing apparent of the traditional terrors of the Bastille. Leaving her in Captain Donophan's office—where she must have perceived, if capable of first-hand impressions, that the atmosphere of the building emanated from the character of the pleasant and kindly men who are the New York police—Brown went down the iron stairway with Detective Grover and Forde Jewett into the Rogues' Gallery.

To the right was the large room where twenty clerkly gentlemen who happened also to be policemen were studying and filing fingerprints; to the left was the quiet domain of Sergeant Green, where involuntary guests were registered, one hand at a time, and had their pictures taken. Grover led the way down a narrow aisle between filing cases, pulled out a drawer and displayed an excellent likeness of Dapper Dick.

"Know him, Mr. Jewett?"

"Why, yes," said the youth slowly. "That's Mr. Byrne, whom I met on the Berenice. Why is he here?"

"Read it!"

"No, I can't believe it," he protested, when he had scanned the recorded history of the swindler. "He wasn't that kind at all! I'm a pretty good judge of human nature, if I do say it myself, and I can read a man's character at first sight. Well, by the time I have the second drink with a man ——"

"There's a grand career for you with the police, Mr. Jewett," said Brown. "Show him the other one, Grover."

Another card was whisked out, and Forde was looking into the smiling countenance of the man who had ended in a ditch in Queens.

"But that's the Federal agent! The man who came to me and ——" He paused, still guarded, reluctant. "Just a minute till I read this."

Belief flooded in on him, mortification, resentment.

"So he thought he could fool me like he has fooled other people. I'll show him! I'll show him his mistake, and I don't care what happens to me. They may arrest me for smuggling, but I'll get him what he deserves! Mr. Brown, I met this man on the Berenice—he got aboard at Miami, where the ship put in ——"

"And quite justifiable of you, Mr. Jewett," said Brown. "However, I don't want you to make an incriminating statement without having the benefit of counsel. You speak of smuggling. Do you refer to this box and the eleven pearls that were in the bottle?"

"But of course."

"I can ease your mind in that regard. The duties were paid, and it seems now that they were paid for you by your shipmate, Dapper Dick Byrne. No charge of smuggling can be filed against you."

"You mean that he paid the duties?" cried Jewett, letting his anger mount freely, since to satisfy it seemed not only possible but safe.

"Can you get Byrne down here, Grover?"

"He has an interest in a handbook up at Longacre," said Grover, "and he's usually there at this time of day."

They returned to Donophan's office and advised with the captain, after Forde, tearfully urged and seconded by Mrs. Jewett, had told of his dealing with the confidence man. The captain, aware of the evidential value of having the accuser face his man when launching the charge, sent Grover at once to Longacre Square.

"Hello, Forde," cried Byrne an hour later, when he was ushered in by Grover; his pursed lips and lifted eyebrows said that he found the encounter startling but not unamusing. "Don't do anything rash, Forde. I'll explain this to you later. Well, captain, my friend Grover tells me that you want to see me. Quite at your service, captain, as always."

"Here are the eleven pearls," said Grover, giving an envelope to his superior. "He tried to pass them to a pal when he saw me coming."

"And very sensible of me too," smiled Byrne. "They're mine, but I've had my property taken from me by you gentlemen before, and spent months in compelling you to give it back."

"If the pearls are yours, Dick," said Donophan, "you should be willing to tell us where you got them."

"Absolutely. I got them from a friend of mine who used to be in the oyster-packing business in Boston. If you're going to make an issue of this, I'll produce my friend when the time comes."

"I dare say he will," said Donophan to Brown. "He'll have a witness to swear the story through."

Brown laughed. "And so your friend got these out of the Cape Cods and Lynnhavens that he was packing for the delicatessen trade."

"Pearls come from oysters, I believe, Mr. Brown," retorted Byrne cheerily.

"I don't wish to bore you with a show of learning, Mr. Byrne," said Brown enjoyably, "but I can tell you now that that will not be your story in court—not if your counsel knows his business. You're almost as likely to find a diamond in an edible oyster as a gem pearl. The pearl oyster is another mollusk altogether. Pearls are also found in West Indian conchs and in the abalones of California and in our fresh-water mussels—in any mollusk that coats the interior of its shell with mother-of-pearl. Your alleged friend might have found something like gallstones in his oysters, but not such pearls as these; he could shuck a million bushels and not find a pearl worth a dime. These are more valuable; they have been appraised by the customs at twenty-five hundred dollars. These are the same lot, I'll be sworn. A single pearl might be duplicated, but to suppose that another such eleven was assembled by chance is to speculate in the realm of the higher mathematics."

"I stand corrected," bowed Byrne, who had listened attentively.

"Well, Mr. Jewett?" said the police captain.

"This man," stammered young Jewett, pointing a shaking finger, "came aboard the Berenice at Miami on our way up the coast. He became very friendly with me, and when I showed him a copy of the customs declaration that I had made he said he had great influence and that he would get everything through for me without paying duty. I let him manage it. About a week after I landed, a Federal agent—a man with a badge—came to the house and accused me of smuggling, and demanded the box and pearls. Byrne advised me to let him have them, saying it was a mistake and he would use his influence to get them back for me."

"And the way Mr. Byrne got the goods through the customs was by the simple and reliable device of paying the duty," said Brown.

"So I've learned. And this officer showed me, downstairs just now, a picture of the man who came to me and said he was a Federal agent; and he's nothing but a professional crook and a friend of Byrne. That is all that he was. I understand that he has been murdered since."

"He sold the box to Leary, on Thirty-fourth Street," commented Donophan. "And when he was killed he seems to have had with him the eleven pearls in the blue bottle. The box went on to Mr. Brown, but the eleven pearls came back to Mr. Dick Byrne. . . . What was the trouble, Dick? Did he run out on you and try to keep the loot for himself?"

DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

First Desperado: "Something Tells Me There's a Catch in This Kidnaping Racket!"

Byrne shrugged his smartly tailored shoulders. "Why ask me, captain, when you gentlemen have everything doped out to suit yourselves? You'll hold me anyway, so I'll just save my breath for my lawyer."

"Take Mr. Jewett to the desk, Grover," directed Donophan, "and let him make a complaint for the swindle. You'd better not count on going back to Longacre tonight, Dick, as I'm already in touch with the district attorney in the matter of the murder."

On their way uptown in the car, Brown tendered the little silver box to his passengers, Mrs. Jewett and her son. "May I ask whose this is?"

"If it's ours, it belongs to Forde," said Mrs. Jewett. "His father left everything to him."

"Perhaps you'd care to sell it to me, Mr. Jewett. I am willing to pay again the two hundred and twenty-five dollars that I paid for it in the auction room."

"And I'll be very glad to take it, Mr. Brown," said the boy, much subdued. "We're awfully short of money, and might as well admit it."

They went to Brown's office. Brown gave Forde a check for the purchase price of the box, took his receipt and called in a plainly dressed man who had been sitting in the anteroom with a leather case on his knees.

"This is Mr. Earl Meyers, Mrs. Jewett. Meyers' specialty is pearl faking—a legitimate occupation in spite of the name. . . . Here's the box I've spoken to you of, Meyers."

Meyers brooded over the large gray stone in the lid of the little silver box. "A black pearl," he nodded. "Very old and in very bad condition."

"Can you peel it?"

"If you want to risk it, Mr. Brown. It's not valuable as it is, but it's still rather pretty."

"Save your scruples for remorse, Meyers"—smiled Brown—"after you've botched the job. The stone is mine at last; go to work on it."

Meyers opened his leather case, set out pearl powder for a gentle abrasive, if needed, put on gloves, fastened a lens in his eye, and brought a sharpened steel file to bear on the surface of the worn old pearl. He gashed it with the confidence of a surgeon and proceeded to lay back the skin, until he could seize the flap and strip it back like a layer of an onion. When the process was advanced, he pried the pearl from its setting in the box. He was impassive, but the Jewetts saw the growing eagerness and delight in Brown's face as he hung over the workman, watching the new surface develop. It might still prove poor over a considerable area, lusterless, flawed.

Beekman Brown, coming back from that exultant moment when the pearl peeling was done, ceased speaking and reached across the table again and stirred the great black pearl. "That's it?" I asked.

"That's the result, Case. Rather nice, eh? If you read the newspapers, you know that the district attorney did not put Byrne on trial for the murder of his confederate, but used it to bargain with, and took from him a plea of guilty to the charge of swindling young Jewett; and that, on his record, got him ten years in Sing Sing, where he has ceased from troubling."

"And you got a twenty-six-thousand-dollar pearl—on which you expect a further profit—for a total of four hundred and fifty dollars! Rather a pleasing bargain, Brown."

"A satisfactory bargain in any event, Case," said Brown stiffly, "but not quite so good as you're ready to think. It is my habit to let the seller beware when he is a business man, but I can still make a fairish living without taking advantage of inexperienced women; the check I drew today—less expenses—went to the account of the widow of the former owner of the black pearl, Mrs. Eli Jewett."

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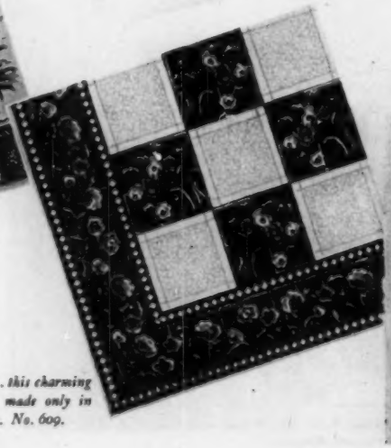

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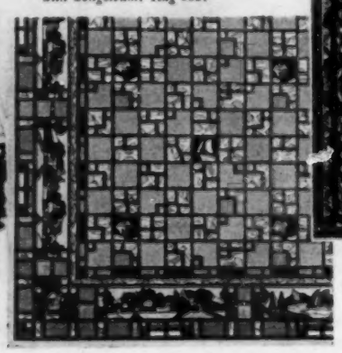

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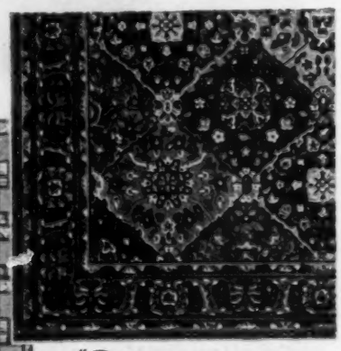

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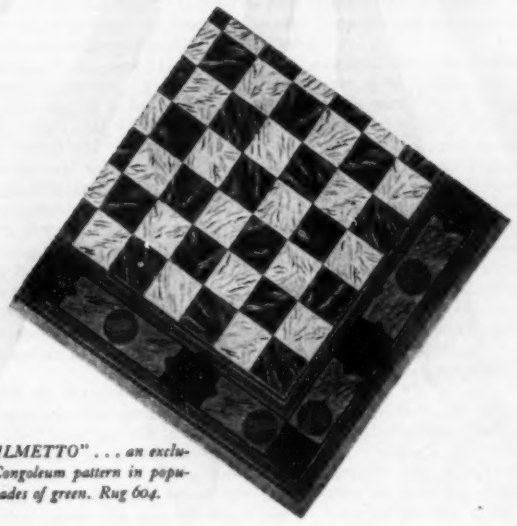

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ONCE AN ENGLISHMAN—

(Continued from Page 19)

above normal. But that had been two hours before, I noticed, and a man can get up a lot of temperature in two hours. I took a thermometer from my waistcoat pocket, removed the case and advanced on him. With his good arm he pushed the thermometer aside.

"Doctor," he said, "I ain't got it the fever. I got it earls in my family!"

He handed me the newspaper clippings. I sat down beside his bed and examined them. The first glance showed me that they pertained to a matter which I had seen mentioned from time to time in the newspapers for a month past. A representative of a firm of English solicitors was now in America searching for one Gerald Thornbury, who had recently become, through the death of an uncle, the eleventh Earl of Danesmoor. And this tailor in the bed ——

"You're Gerald Thornbury?" I said, turning abruptly to him. Surprise and a measure of excitement must have sharpened my voice, for he jumped and hurt his arm.

"*Oi! Oi!*" he said, with the pain. And then, controlling it: "Yes, doctor, that's me—Gerald Thornbury, the eleventh earl by this Danesmoor yet."

I don't know why it should have made any difference to me, and yet I could not help being grateful that he had not referred to himself as the eleventh "oil."

"And this is what has been worrying you?"

"Yes, doctor." A sudden panic showed in his face. "You wouldn't have it the heart to give me away? That would be a low-down trick, positively!"

He had trusted me with his secret, and I assured him that if this thing got out on him it would not be through me. But I did not see how it could help getting out sooner or later, if it were really true.

"Are you quite sure of it?" I asked.

"There ain't no doubts of it, doctor—I wish there was! My poppa tells me when I am yet a little feller who we are. There ain't no question what these earls runs in my family." He sighed, as if he were the predestined victim of some heritable malady.

"But why"—I inquired, more and more puzzled by the tone of the man—"why do you object to being an earl?"

Mr. Cohen shifted in his bed so that his face was toward the wall. When he spoke next, after an interval, there was a touch of self-deprecation in his voice.

"Now, doctor, you should ask me that! Rather you should look me over once!" I knew he did not refer to his personal appearance; that was well enough.

"I ain't had the education from that stylish kind of a life, nor the experience yet," he went on. "I should be an earl? No! Neither I ain't one of these fellers, y'understand, what he is always pushing himself in where he don't belong, neither."

This modest sentiment was genuine enough, I did not doubt. But I did doubt that it could be strong and stubborn enough to account completely for Mr. Cohen's attitude. Leaving the title and its social connotations out of the question, there was a considerable estate, according to the papers; and a sense of cultural inferiority would scarcely keep a man from claiming that, I thought. I was sure he had not told me his chief reason.

"Also," he continued presently, "I should be an American, and not one of these rich low-lifes from the old country yet, what they got no more heart than a stone."

I told him that while I knew nothing of earls at first hand, yet it was my understanding that they were not all low-lifes.

"Loafers!" he cried.

"But there's the property," I reminded him.

"Should I be one of them big bugs by Europe what builds property by grinding the bones of the poor?"

"An earl doesn't necessarily do that," I said.

"Bloodsuckers!" he retorted.

I began to perceive that his objection to becoming the Earl of Danesmoor was not a simple fabric, but was woven of various strands; strands of misconception, some of them.

"Also," he said, resentment coming into his manner, "these here Thornburys, they make it a bum of my father already! When England got it no use for him, they could kick him out. Now, when they want it I should come back, maybe I should tell them they got it another guess coming to them."

He was never quite able to put into explicit and coherent speech his objection to becoming the eleventh Earl of Danesmoor. But I got a look into his mind as he talked and was able to piece together something like a map of his emotional state. There were many quaint misunderstandings in him, but I began to comprehend after a while how he must have picked them up.

"This here stuff from the old country, it ain't so good," he said, all his perturbations and misconceptions finding expression in his tone.

The father, also a Gerald Thornbury, had been the fourth son of the ninth earl. His youth seems to have been devoted to spending more money than he had. A debt and a scandal pitched him out of the army almost as soon as his family pitched him into it. He proposed going into business, and his father vetoed the business he proposed. More debts. More scandals. Then a period of reform, due to his marriage with the daughter of a tea-shop proprietor, who kept him straight while she lived, which was but three years. His father had frowned on the marriage, in spite of the phase of reform. After his wife's death, still more debts, still more scandals. He became a blot on the family name and a drain on the estate. Finally, an arrangement. He was to have his debts paid and leave England permanently; on the fifteenth of every month he was to call in person at a New York lawyer's office and receive a remittance. If he returned to England, the remittances were to cease forever. They were to cease if any word of misconduct in America reached England. They were to cease if he failed, on the fifteenth of any month, to present himself in person at the lawyer's office, thus giving tangible evidence that he was not on his way back to England. He accepted the terms, gathered up his five-year-old boy from the maternal grandparents, and came to New York. Within a year he had violated the terms on which he received his remittance, and was penniless almost at once. Now, he tried in earnest to go to work, only to discover that there was no decently paid work for which he was fitted.

"The trouble with my father," said Mr. Cohen sadly, "was they never learned him no trade."

Before he and the boy starved, Thornbury got a job as dishwasher in a restaurant; another spirit might have risen from this start in life to a waiter's job, but he had not the knack of rising, or even of holding what jobs he could get. They gravitated to the lower East Side, where rooms were cheapest. Thornbury's health broke; by the time the boy was seven years old the father worked less than he loafed; I suspect he was always discouraged, and drunk as often as he could manage to be.

"There was a good many years of my life already when I didn't know a stomach was nothing but a pain," said Mr. Cohen—or the Earl of Danesmoor, as I should call him.

Out of the depths of his distress, the father wrote to England, describing his condition. There was no answer. He wrote again and again, for another chance, eager now to conform to any and all conventions; but still there was no answer. He had had his last chance.

"They got it the hard heart, them earls," said the son.

The father fell into a ranting habit of cursing his family, cursing the class from which he sprang, cursing England; he did not blame himself. He blamed, illogically enough, the caste whose codes and prejudices he had violated; and this was the beginning of the son's own biases and fears.

The son saw him die when the boy was nine years old. A Jewish family across the hall in the squalid tenement took the child in and shared their scant space and their scanty food with him for a while, but this could not last long.

"They need it, every mouthful of food and every inch of room what they got," said the narrator.

The neighborhood swarmed with children younger than himself in a desperate competition for the bit of food that meant blood corpuscles and survival. Young Thornbury peddled herrings, he sold newspapers, he struggled, he starved, he slept anywhere, he wore rags, he begged, he worked, and if he got a chance he stole—or rather, the pain where the stomach should have been, reached out through the medium of his skinny hands and snatched at any shred of life.

All about the wretched boy, in thronging thousands, were people who had but newly escaped from some part of the Old World, or whose immediate forbears had. This America in which they succumbed or survived was bad enough; it was not what they had expected it would be. But, disillusioned as they were, there was one point on which most of them agreed: It was not, in some respects, as bad as the Old World from which they had fled. To many of them that Old World meant oppression and pogroms and the stark denial of any opportunity whatever to rise into even comparative comfort. There was despair and destitution and brutality here, too; but there were also occasional gleams of hope. Hundreds were sinking little by little, but other hundreds were rising little by little. With luck, and the perseverance of the coral insect, and more luck, and the raging industry of the brown ant, and the help of whatever gods there be, and the constitution of an angleworm which crawls away in two pieces undaunted and starts life anew after he has been chopped asunder, and once again more luck, even the most anæmic starveling might hope to endure and lift himself into a condition where air was breathable and food was edible and clothing held together. But many of the people with whom young Thornbury came into contact were from places in the Old World where there was not even that much hope. There might be with some of them a lingering sentimental fondness for certain folkways and customs of the lands they had left, but for the most part the Old World presented itself to their memories in pictures from which they shuddered away.

The Old World was all of one piece to young Thornbury; what his associates might say of Poland or Russia represented a condition which he attributed unthinkingly to all Europe. He feared and he hated the Old World; it was in his consciousness as a great dark dread; to his imagination the Earls of Danesmoor would be little different from the most brutal of Cossack captains; all the "big bugs" of the Old World were of one blood and one ilk to his mind; all the Old World was one hateful thing, to flee from and avoid and distrust and forget if it were possible.

He was still that way to an astounding extent.

"You could never tell how you might get mixed up with them old countries yet," said the man in the hospital bed, with a look in his eyes that must often have been that of the urchin of the slums.

He was twelve years old when the Cohen from whom he took his name—the father

(Continued on Page 94)

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(Continued from Page 90)

of the girl he had eventually married—dragged him in from a winter street, half frozen and two-thirds starved, and warmed and fed him and gave him work. This Cohen ran a secondhand-clothing shop; he bought cast-off garments and reconditioned and sold them. From old Cohen young Thornbury's abhorrence of the old country received still more strength. From the same source he got another thing—a militant Americanism, as Cohen understood it. They must have come into contact with radical orators who preached to them that America was just as bad as the Old World, but they were unmoved by this; they had gone on serenely believing in America, and adding, by great toil and patient thrift, here a dime and there a quarter and now a half dollar to the family fund of savings which was one day to be the capital that would put them into a better business.

From the moment young Thornbury—now become Cohen, because the name was so American—touched cloth, he heard his true vocation calling him; an ambition rose in him to be a tailor.

"I remember it like it was yesterday, the time when Poppa Cohen looks over a repair job I done and shoves his glasses up into his hair and hollers I had the makings in me of a real A-1 stylish tailor!" he told me.

He had been working toward that ambition ever since. After his marriage and his father-in-law's death, he and his wife had added cleaning and pressing to the secondhand trade. Then they had managed to get away from the lower East Side and establish themselves uptown, where they were now. Just before the Great War it had looked as if his ambitions were to be realized—that he was to become a tailor with his own shop. Then he had gone to the Front. It had amounted to volunteering, for Cohen, with his wife and family, might have claimed immunity from the draft. But he and his wife had decided that they owed his services to America. After the war they had had to start all over again; a period of bad luck had struck them. Just this season they had begun to realize for the first time the cherished dream of Cohen's life—he was, finally, after all these years, actually becoming a real tailor with a shop of his own!

"And now along comes this here earl business to spoil everything!" said the peer. A tear detached itself from the corner of his eye and rolled glistening down his nose.

This calamity, this earl business, had struck him unexpectedly. For all his vague dread of the old country—that vast, hovering, amorphous old country of his mind, which had nothing good in it—he had never explicitly feared that a peerage would swoop, beaked and clawed, upon him from the cloud and tear him away from his beloved tailor shop. At the time of his father's coming to America there had been five lives between the father and the title—three brothers and two nephews—and every logical expectation that this number would increase rather than diminish. But the Boer War had taken one of these lives, another succumbed to aviation in its earlier stages, two more were snuffed out in the Great War; for ten years there had been between the unknowing Cohen and his fate only the frail barrier of one withered uncle.

"I would rather be a tailor as an earl," he said. "Europe should leave me alone, and I would leave Europe alone. In five or six years I would have it one of the nicest little select businesses in New York already, what I work for it all my life and all my life I should be proud of it yet. But this, now, Earl by Danesmoor don't come from nothing I done!"

This simple statement came from something more than fears and prejudices; it was grounded in convictions and principles, and it had its own dignity and seemliness. He was proud of himself as a tailor; he could not be proud of himself as an earl. He had built something worthy, spun it out of his own personality, and the other thing he felt to be irrelevant by the side of it. Moreover, there was a flavor of the elder traditional Americanism in the utterance which abashed me; for I had been thinking that were I in Cohen's position there were three things I would take at once: The title, the estate and the next ship for England. Our fathers taught American ideals to these immigrants and they are teaching them to us again.

"But your wife will make you take it," I said.

"That's what I'm scared of," he replied. "That's why I ain't told momma nothing."

"Isn't there anything about England you like?" I asked. He described to me—as I had thought perhaps he might—the ceremony of changing the guard in front of St. James's. He must have seen it very often as a small child, to remember it so vividly, and his eyes glowed as he told of it, in confirmation of his wife's statement that he almost forgot he was an American when he spoke of it. It was the one thing that he knew of England, and he liked this one thing—he thrilled to it; it touched something in him below the surface of his life as he had lived it.

I watched him, and said deliberately: "You'll find lots of things like that in England." It was a hint as to the scattered remnants of pageantry which still exist in that ancient isle. He recovered his habitual manner with a jerk, as if startled at his own enthusiasm, and ready at once to deny it.

But I went on, trying to clear away some of his misunderstandings; trying to show him that England was not, after all, exactly like those portions of the old country from which his friends of the lower East Side had fled. He had been thinking all his life of England as an exile from Kieff or Kishinef might think of the country he had left. I labored to make him see, also, something of the opportunities that would be his as the Earl of Danesmoor.

"You're a fervid believer in America," I said. "Well, then, you'll have a great chance to help cement the good will and friendship between the two countries."

"I guess America gets along okay a good many years before I am an earl already," he said; "and I guess maybe she should get along if I ain't ever no earl. I should be a tailor."

"I don't see why on earth you can't be both," I replied half idly. "Go over and get your estate and start the best tailor shop in London."

III

A CHANGE came over the man. He stared at me a moment in incredulous silence, and then broke into a hearty laugh, a guffaw.

"Oh, oh, doctor!" he shouted. "Such a joke that I could be an earl in London and run it the tailor shop there at the same time!"

"Why not?" I asked, thinking that plenty of the aristocracy were in one sort of business or another.

"I could have it the earl business in England, and own it a tailor shop separate in America," he said; "but not the earl business and the tailor shop in England both at the same time yet. No, no, doctor; positively, no!"

He laughed at me again. I felt that something was stirring in him deeper than his American predilections, deeper than his Jewish associations. And what was stirring in him was an Englishman, an Englishman of a definite caste.

He couldn't explain to me where the difference lay. But he knew it. He felt it. It was a part of him. It reminded me of the time I had bought a broad-brimmed velours hat in a Piccadilly shop, and an English friend who was with me had admired it, and wanted to have one like it. But he had put it aside reluctantly, despite his wanting it—it wouldn't do, for him, in London, he said. It would do for me in London; I was an American. It would do for him in America. He couldn't tell why. But he knew; he felt it. The English palpitate with hundreds of perceptions such as that, which they are unable to communicate explicitly. It was so with Mr. Cohen. He knew that he could be an earl in England, and own a tailor shop in New York, but that he could not be an earl and have his tailor shop at the same time in London; but exact elucidation was beyond him. This feeling is deeper than mere good taste; it is allied to the instinct that keeps the home island peaceful and tidy no matter what Viking conquests and imperial alarms and excursions may be going forward overseas.

"You could be an earl openly," I suggested, "and have your tailor shop on the quiet, somewhere around the corner."

"Yes, that could be done," he agreed; "positively!" He appeared more English than ever while he considered it; the gift for compromise which is very English and very American also, was a part of him too. "If the shop was on the quiet," he said, "it would maybe get about, under cover, y'understand, that it was a feller in the earl business was running that shop, and it would make it trade a lot better."

This did not seem to him the same thing at all as being an earl and having a tailor shop at the same time, openly; and I marveled once more at the subtleties in the English and American make-up which Latin and Slavic critics are so apt to mistake for hypocrisies.

"Well, then?" I said, as I saw him meditating this possible compromise. But again he started back from the idea, he put the picture from him, and became once again the mournful and stubborn Cohen whose life was in a fair way to be ruined by "this here earl business." While he inveighed against it, I examined the newspaper clippings again.

And I made another discovery. Clothes were in this man's family, as well as earls. It was no accident that he had become a tailor, and loved it. He thought he had been fleeing from heredity; in reality, with his taste for fabrics and his knowledge of craftsmanship, he had been conforming to it. Among the clippings was a history of the Thornbury family, some two columns long, sent by a London correspondent to the Sunday edition of one of the New York papers. Clothes were in the Thornbury blood.

The third Earl of Danesmoor had gone with Henry VIII to France, where Henry and Francis I vied with each other in splendor in that fabulous show known as the Field of the Cloth of Gold; and the third Earl of Danesmoor had outdressed everyone there except the two kings, wearing the proceeds of a manor house, two forests and a colliery upon his back. The fifth Earl of Danesmoor had actually taken the lead in fashion away from Walter Raleigh himself, with a new cut of doublet, and held his supremacy for eight whole weeks at Elizabeth's court, before the other sprigs of nobility turned back to imitating the gallant and sinister favorite of the queen. There were clothes in the Thornbury family, a feeling for fabric, a taste for cut; there was costume in the blood. The Danesmoor of Charles II's time had fought a duel with the French ambassador about a ruffle. The Thornburys would fight about clothes; I remembered the look in Mr. Cohen's eye when he had made me take the two-button cut for my coat, and his evident impulse to run me through with his shears. An earl of Danesmoor had had a public altercation with Beau Brummel, in the pump room at Bath, concerning a waistcoat, and it was only royal interference which had saved the Beau from the risk of an exchange of pistol shots.

I handed him back the clippings.

"London," I said, "has the best-dressed men in the world."

"Now, doctor, you couldn't coax me," said the eleventh Earl of Danesmoor.

I went to telephone his wife where he was.

IV

IT WAS inevitable that momma should discover that she was a countess. I was quite prepared for her getting his secret out of Cohen following his return home from the hospital.

But I was not prepared for the stubborn resistance Cohen continued to make against her pressure; I had thought she would break him down within a week and make him take his place among the lords of the realm of England. I continued to look in on the injured man from time to time, although his arm was doing very nicely, and so I kept in touch with the struggle. The issue was doubtful; it began to appear possible that Cohen would actually, in spite of his wife, continue to be Cohen the tailor.

The family lived in a flat over the shop. But the shop itself, and its doorway, and the sidewalk in front of it, constituted their living room.

"Doctor," Mrs. Cohen appealed to me one evening, "can't you help me make him see it what he's got to be an oil?"

Cohen sat in his shirt sleeves on one side of the doorway of the shop; his wife was on the other. Florence was inside, looking at a moving-picture magazine.

"I should be it a tailor, what I am," said Mr. Cohen firmly.

"You should be it an oil," said his wife, just as firmly.

"Mother," said Florence, laying down her magazine; "don't say 'oil'; say 'earl.'"

"Positively, you should, momma!" said poppa. Florence and her father pronounced the word correctly, while momma, Mannie and Philip were unable to; I wondered if the line of separation marked other differences. Mannie at the moment was sparring all over the sidewalk with Hymie Wertheim, the son of the delicatessen proprietor next door, to the great annoyance of innocent pedestrians with whom they frequently collided; and the Right Honorable Philip was sitting happily on the curbstone, practically under the front wheels of a parked limousine, trying to wheedle the negro chauffeur into giving him a puff from a cigarette.

"Say it like I do, momma—earl," said poppa. She tried again, and failed.

"Listen, now, momma. Say what it is Doctor Bennet comes in last week to get the spots of took out of that blue suit of his already with gasoline."

"Yes?" said momma, puzzled.

"Say what it was spots of, momma," insisted poppa.

"Erl it was spots of," said momma, brightening up—"erl from when he puts it in his oitermobile."

"Well, then, momma, that is what I would be if I was sucker enough to give up a good tailor business and go by England—the same word like them spots is you should try to say—earl."

"Say it, mother—earl!" urged Florence.

"Oil," said Mrs. Cohen.

"Say it the thing which you think it ain't, already," said Mr. Cohen; "and, absolutely, you should get it okay."

"As soon as we get to London," said Florence calmly, "the first thing we should do, mother, is go to some voice teacher, all of us, before we start going to parties and places."

"We ain't going by no parties in England!" declared Mr. Cohen belligerently.

"That's what you keep saying," said Florence placidly, and went back to her picture magazine.

As I left and took my way down the street, I heard Mannie explaining to Hymie Wertheim that his father was really a big oil, if he wanted to be.

"Like these here Rockefellers?" asked Hymie.

"Yeah," said Mannie, "only more stylish."

This made me wonder how long Mr. Cohen's position would be tenable. If the neighbors knew him for what he was, the story must soon spread beyond the block; it would get into the papers.

V

AND in the papers it was, within another two weeks. I suspect Florence. Florence knew enough about the world to be aware that Paris was situated on its surface not a

(Continued on Page 99)

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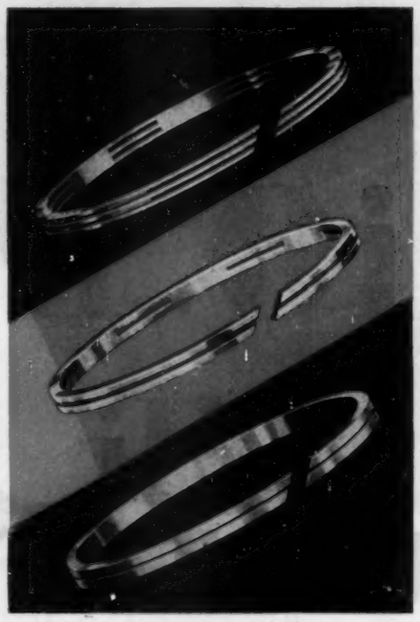

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PERFECT CIRCLES

(Continued from Page 94)

great way from England, and she had a very pleasing picture of herself, as the daughter of an English earl, buying gowns in Paris. Florence was not only decorative herself but she had the family flair for decoration. I believe she deliberately betrayed her father to the press, hoping that the publicity might help to break down his attitude, and Mr. Henderson, the London solicitor, was of the same opinion.

This Mr. Henderson, of the firm of Henderson, Henderson and Henderson, having located his missing heir through the newspaper stories, became an ally of momma and Florence. He was one of those tall Englishmen who slope away in every direction from the bridge of the nose. After abundantly satisfying himself that he had the right earl by the ear, so to speak, he took the simple attitude that Mr. Cohen's position was incomprehensible, and therefore did not exist.

I was present at one scene which ended in Cohen ordering him from the shop.

"I guess maybe I got it the right, y'understand, Mr. Henderson, not to be bothered with this here earl business all the time; and you could do me the favor, Mr. Henderson, what you should beat it away from here, y'understand."

"Quite so, My Lord," said Mr. Henderson, with a wonderful blend of dignity and deference in his voice and manner.

Mr. Cohen snorted as he left, looking after him.

"My Lord!" said Mr. Cohen. "Maybe some of these fine days that feller will call me that once too often!" But there was a note in his voice that made me look at Cohen closely; his indignation, this time, was not quite convincing, I thought. Again I felt the submerged Englishman stirring within his profounder depths. Mr. Henderson had been calling him "My Lord" ten times a day for three weeks now—and the tailor was having a terrible fight with himself not to like it!

I do not know to this day whether Henderson was an insidiously artful man or composed entirely of bland and friendly innocence. There is a type of Englishman in whose interior subtlety and simplicity exist in a bewildering juxtaposition; he may be spoofing you when you think you are joshing him; finesse and candor move forward shoulder to shoulder in all the British conquests.

Cohen's collapse came unexpectedly. It was the very next day after he told Henderson to get out, that I went around the corner into Lexington Avenue and found myself literally engulfed in the Cohen departure. Momma and Florence must have been packing, secretly, for a week; Henderson must have taken a gambler's chance and booked passage well ahead. The Cohens and their baggage—I should rather say the Danesmoors and their luggage—overflowed three taxicabs, and Mr. Henderson was negotiating with the driver of a fourth.

The block was bidding them good-by. The news-and-tobacco shop, the two grocery stores, the drug store on the corner, the shoe-shining stand, the barber shop, the florist's shop, the lunch room—they were all represented by anywhere from one to three people each. The Cohens had been popular in the block; I heard many New York accents in the babble, none of which had been cultivated either at Harvard or Oxford; but I heard envy in none of them—only good will and affection. New York, under its rude exterior, is a warmly human place.

A crowd was forming and spilling over from the sidewalks into the street; a crowd that wanted to laugh and had occasional impulses to cheer a little. A traffic tangle impended. A cop came down from Sixty-third Street, and another one up from Sixtieth Street, professional anger in their countenances, to see, as they phrased it, what the hell; but they were both friends of the Cohens too.

"Now then, Percy," shouted one of the policemen at Mr. Henderson; "you get your damn circus parade out of here right away!"

"Right, officer," said Mr. Henderson efficiently, and got into his taxi. He was cheered for this; a rumor had been circulating through the crowd that he was the British Prime Minister come in person to induct the Cohens into their new magnificence.

The countess stuck her head out of her cab window and shouted at me:

"Doctor! Doctor! You should come by the ship with us and say good-by!"

I climbed in with Mr. Henderson.

Just as we started Mr. Wertheim, in his white apron, came running out of his delicatessen store. He bulged his way through the crowd with a cold chicken in one hand and a carving knife in the other.

"Hey, Cohen! Cohen!" he shouted, waving the chicken in the air while he danced among the motor cars. "You should give my love to the queen, Cohen!"

A shout of appreciation went up from the multitude at this exquisite witticism, in which the earl and the countess joined with gusto. But a puzzled frown took possession of Mr. Henderson's countenance. It remained there while we rode eight blocks in silence.

Then he remarked: "I say, he couldn't know the queen! What?"

I said I thought it rather improbable.

"Then how absurd to send such a message!"

I told him I thought it was intended facetiously.

"Ah, American humor," murmured Mr. Henderson, with a forgiving amiability. "I see!" A few blocks farther on he turned to me with a rather winsome smile.

"It's the very absurdity of the idea that makes it laughable, you know," he said. "What?"

"Precisely," I replied.

"Positively," said Mr. Henderson. I was startled by the way he said it; it was like a remote echo of Mr. Cohen. I reflected that they had been talking with each other every day for three weeks now.

"The man was really spoofing himself," said Mr. Henderson presently.

"Quite so," I said. I had seen quite a bit of Mr. Henderson myself.

"That rather tends to take the offense out of it," said Mr. Henderson.

I said I was sure that there was no real impertinence intended.

"When one sees it in that light, it's rather deliciously ridiculous," said Mr. Henderson. "Ha!"

But in a minute he became worried again. "Of course, His Lordship wouldn't think of actually delivering such a message, would he? It might make a situation rather difficult to explain."

"Positively not," I reassured him, speaking confidently for Mr. Cohen.

"What was it," I asked, "that finally won him over?"

Mr. Henderson took from his pocket a newspaper clipping and handed it to me. It was a brief account of a movement, sponsored by some Labor member of Parliament, to strip the gorgeous uniforms from the guards at St. James's Palace and put them into the regulation khaki.

The Earl of Danesmoor had gone over to take his rightful place in the peerage and do what he could to stop it.

"I think I get a glimmering of what influenced him, finally," I pondered.

"Oh, it's quite apparent," said Mr. Henderson. "His Lordship would naturally wish to put a stop to any such nonsense, you know. A very sound sentiment, too, if you ask me. We must keep the old show going—what?"

His love of costume and pageantry—that was what had finally changed Cohen into the Earl of Danesmoor. This ceremony was all he remembered of England; otherwise, he had feared and dreaded England as a part of that dark Old World. But beyond this ceremony he had begun to see, dimly and uncertainly, all the reality of long historical endurance of which the ceremony was a symbol. He had begun to feel it in himself. The remnants of ceremony and pageantry in England were flowers blooming as they might in this modern world, sometimes with a strangely incongruous air; but they were still living flowers that got their life from deeply imbedded, living roots; roots that were intertwined and matted underground deeper than the conscious reasoning of the people. And, whether he would or not, the tailor in him and the earl in him were inextricably entangled among these roots; there was a tendril of the green rich growth of that rainy, verdurous island that reached out and snared him.

He was going back to keep the old show going, if he could help in that. Through the bit of pageantry which he remembered, he had been suddenly inducted into a realization of everything behind the pageantry and everything that slumbered in himself. He might never be able to understand well enough to state it, but it had, ultimately, possessed him. Mr. Henderson understood it, but he would never state it otherwise than in the nonchalant slang phrase that they "must keep the old show going."

I thought that Cohen would be a Conservative of the Conservatives; a Tory of the Tories, and that England might find use for him. I wondered how he would be used.

I wondered how the new Countess of Danesmoor would be used. But I discovered, when we got on the ship, that she herself was not worrying at all about that. She had been too much occupied with thinking how she was going to treat England to worry about how England was going to treat her.

"Even so if they did kick his poppa in the pants," she said to me, "we should maybe start out by being nice to them yet. Because, y'understand, it wasn't the whole of England already what kicks his poppa in the pants. And we should forget all them mads from the old times yet, and treat them English good!"

I saw there was no reason to be unduly anxious about momma. One way or another—but mostly by virtue of genuine good intentions and an opulent kindliness of nature—she would get away with it, in the long run. With regard to Florence, I had never been unduly anxious. And Cohen himself—well, after all, why should not this tailor be an earl—an English earl? He would not be essentially out of step with the conservatism that is mingled with English democracy or the liberalism which so often manifests itself in the English aristocracy. And he would probably find plenty of self-made men, like himself, in the House of Lords, even though he should fail to find many whose earldoms, like his own, antedated the Tudors.

A battalion of reporters and camera men descended upon them, and when this was over I bade them my last good-by.

"Well, doctor," said the Earl of Danesmoor, as he and Mr. Henderson and I stood by the gangplank, "I guess maybe this here old wise crack has got some sense by it, after all."

He looked a little sheepish, and I understood that he was referring to his own change of front.

I asked, "Which wise crack do you mean?"

"This one what it is from old times already," he replied—"vunce an Englishman, always an Englishman."

"Quite so, My Lord," murmured Mr. Henderson approvingly; "quite so!" And then he added: "Positively!"

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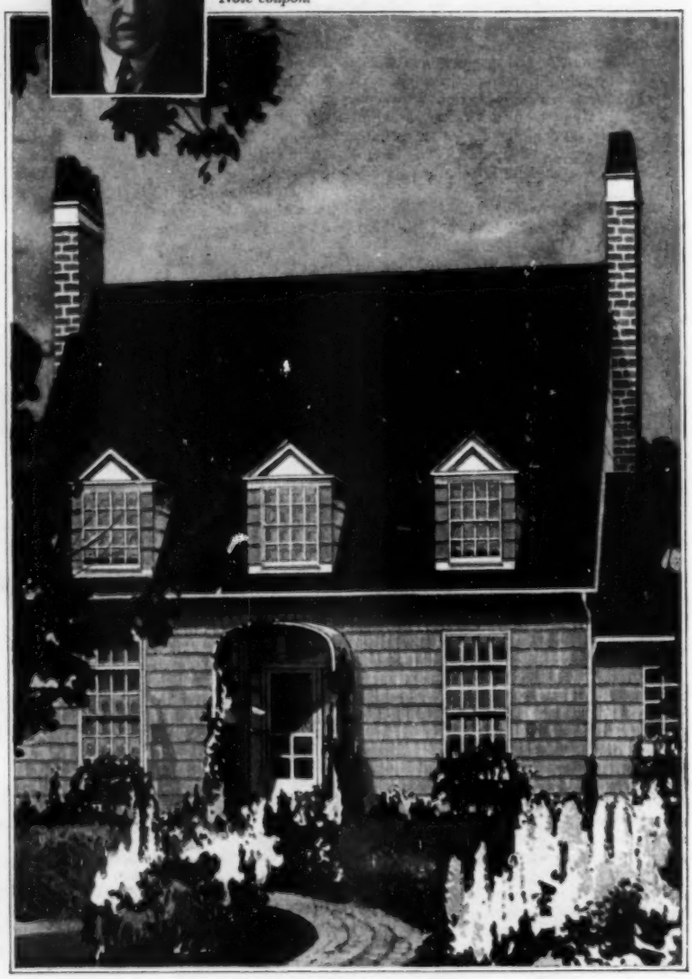

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BLACK SHEEP'S WOOL

(Continued from Page 31)

blond mermaidens rise. The tiny girl—she seemed a mere child—gazed upon Crow with eyes that tears had washed to a more translucent blue; but Coralie was sure of him—always sure—and not afraid.

"Well, Crow, I have come."

With deferential homage he placed her chair, and the four of them gathered round Nina's table. The husband did not speak. He cut no figure.

"Mrs. Storr"—Crow made a gesture of gallant deprecation—"pardon our abruptness, but we have little time. You are marvelous tonight, and must exert yourself to be very, very clever."

It was an old story, and the girl inquired "What am I to do?" listening with quick intelligence as Crow told her that Nina would provide a seat next to Harry Athole. Her business was to get acquainted, learn his tastes, what books he read, horses, dogs, who were his friends—everything.

"Oh!" Coralie burst out laughing. "I must inveigle the man to talk about himself? And you call that clever?"

"Your delicate touch will make it clever." Crow bowed. "Take this hundred and play. Remember that you have never seen a roulette table. Be excited, fluttery; make pretty errors and let Athole correct them. Take supper with him if possible."

With some unkilled remnant of respect, Coralie glanced at her husband and asked, "Joe, is that what you want me to do?"

"Must do it. We are strapped. Do anything."

"Anything," the blue-eyed child repeated with a quiver of her lips.

In late October a sturdy little steamboat, the Wood Ranger, went plowing up the Yazoo River. There could be no two opinions as to her character—a gentleman's sport craft, exploring the wilderness in search of bear and deer. Crates of barking hounds showed upon her lower guards, gun racks hung in the tiny cabin, and on the upper deck sat two Virginia sportsmen calmly puffing at their pipes. The speech of one proclaimed his Virgininship, for Joe Storr spoke of "gyardens," "gyurls," and "cyards."

The other man was Crow, masquerading in a belted jacket of tweeds and the name of Dunbar Pelham.

For this enterprise of shearing Harry Athole on his own plantation, Crow had taken care that their theatrical properties bore every evidence of use. The real thing. It had required weeks for him to assemble his outfit on the boat that Nina had won from a St. Louis distiller. There was no hurry. He must time their attack while Athole's mother and sisters still lingered at the springs, and the deer season furnished a pretext. Altogether this was the most artistic front that Crow had ever put up. He meant to make it pay—pay big—for Harry Athole could stand a loss of fifty thousand dollars.

"Joe"—the gambler chuckled—"I don't believe the devil himself could suspect us."

Storr leaned forward in his chair and pointed to a crate on the lower deck. "But what in thunderation do you want with that black bitch? She's an ugly brute."

"Genius, Joe—genius. Even if I do throw bouquets at myself. Amongst other things, Coralie told me that Athole, being of Scotch ancestry, imported a pair of black St. Hubert stag hounds. The female died, and he cannot find another mate for his dog.

"So I bought that bitch from Jok Jardyne. Our sucker will recognize the St. Hubert strain. Then I make him a princely gift. Trump card, Joe—trump card."

"Oh, I see! Captain Battle himself can't beat that."

"Battle's methods could never catch this sucker. If we came up here announcing ourselves as professional gamblers, Athole would not receive us in the house."

"No, a brace o' blacklegs couldn't sneak into his blue-blooded kitchen and eat with a pedigreed cook. Some day, Crow, I want to see you pitted against Battle, and make history."

"Perhaps. As Coralie says ——"

"Don't speak of her," the husband growled. "Eloped with another man, and ——"

"Hush!" Crow confronted his partner. "You understand perfectly that she did not. No lady, and she's a lady to her finger tips, can endure life with a man like you—or me," he added as a salve.

"We won't discuss Coralie." Slick Joe overturned his chair and stalked into the cabin.

By nights the Wood Ranger always tied up, preferably near a plantation home, where "Mr. Dunbar Pelham" and "Mr. Carson of Virginia, suh," made themselves acquainted. In a sparsely populated country news travels fast along the grapevine telegraph, and settlers far up the river knew of these hunters from the Old Dominion who came to try the Mississippi canebrakes. At the mouth of Sunflower River they left the Yazoo to follow a narrower, more tortuous stream, and wriggled through a canyon of winding greenery. Just below Deepwood, Crow stopped overnight at two different plantations, because he wanted it to appear as a chance drop-in on Harry Athole, rather than a coming by deliberate intent.

Groping farther and farther into the jungle, Crow became more and more impressed by the courage of white men who chose this for a home. The Atholes, as he knew, were part of a migration from the Atlantic seaboard; pioneer sons that left their fathers' overcrowded estates with herds and negroes to settle upon rich, new, virgin lands. The hardships that they suffered, the chances that they took, made gamblers of them, not with cards and dice but contending against the variable forces of nature.

"Nina was right," Crow decided. "Harry Athole is a born gambler, and I'll soon find out what kind."

Toward dusk, as Crow had timed their arrival, Ben Briggs sang down from the pilot house: "Oh, Mr. Pelham! Deepwood is just around that next bend. Mighty fine youngster lives there. We'd better tie up for the night."

"Maybe so," Crow answered. "Slow down at the landing and we'll see what happens. . . . Now, Joe, if I were Captain Battle, I'd twirl my cane and sing 'Ben Battle was a soldier bold.'"

"And wouldn't have a dog's chance. Look here, Crow," his famished partner whispered; "we've got to clean up. I'm flat."

"So will I be. Look!"

No other sound broke the jungle's solemn hush as their insolent little boat went chugging around the bend, and both gamblers were amazed by what they saw—a vast clearing, fields that seemed level as a billiard table, green pastures and browsing cattle. A line of whitewashed cabins fronted the river. Black children tumbled about in the dust, with dogs and pigs and chickens. There was a long break in the row of cabins, leaving an open vista through which Crow saw the residence, perched like an egg shell on top of a blossoming Indian mound. At either side were parallelograms of golden corn and cotton, cotton, cotton, miles of cotton.

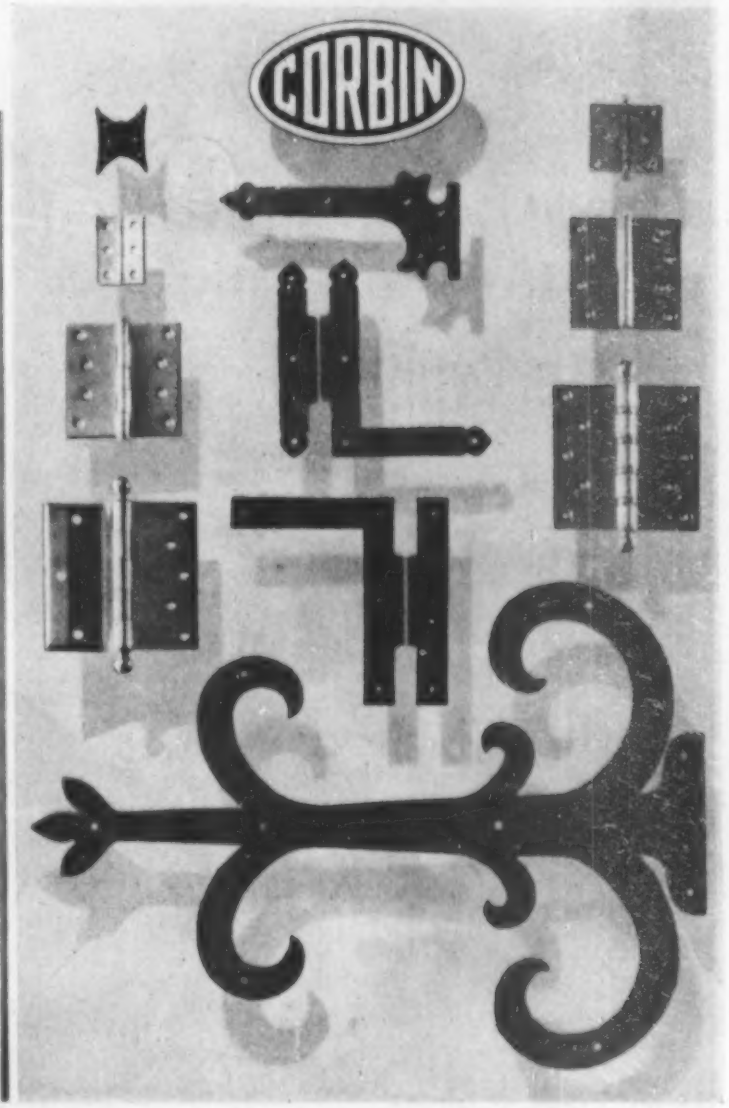
"By George!" Storr gasped. "No wonder that sucker's rich. Owns all that."

"He'll own a little less when we get through skinning him."

The Wood Ranger approached, and from somewhere in pasture or field three horsemen sped toward the landing place. Their leader, on a magnificent stocking-foot sorrel, Crow recognized as Harry Athole. The

(Continued on Page 103)

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware



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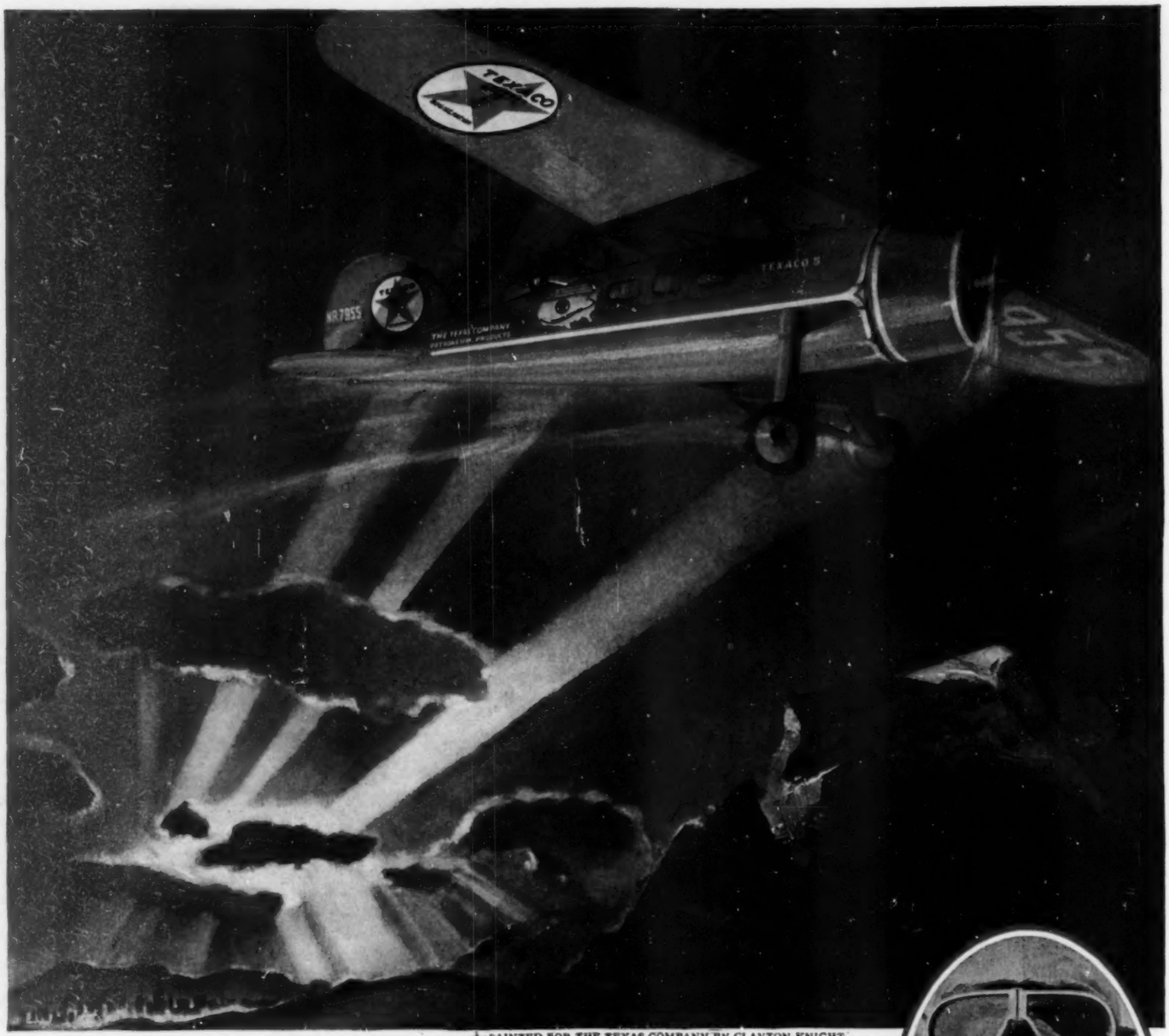

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(Continued from Page 101)

slim young planter rode like a Spanish nobleman, black-haired, wide-hatted, tight leggings; and at the crest of the river bank threw himself to the ground. The negro groom raced up behind and took his bridle while Harry beckoned the boat, and Briggs called down from his pilot house:

"Must I tie up here, Mr. Pelham?"

"We might as well."

Bells jangled. The Wood Ranger nosed in shore. A roustabout leaped off in the mud and made fast his lines. The miniature stageplank was run out, and no Andalusian grandee could have been more courteous than Harry of Deepwood as he boarded their boat, with head uncovered and hand outstretched in welcome:

"This is Mr. Carson, I believe?"

With equal courtliness and grace the Crow rectified his error, "My name is Pelham, sir—Dunbar Pelham. Here is Mr. Carson."

"I'm Harry Athole, and almighty glad to see you. Nobody on the plantation but Tom Yandell. He's a bore. So am I. We are sick of staring each other in the face. Been watching those woods for your smoke."

"Last night," Crow volunteered, "we spent at Doctor Bailey's."

"Yes, sir. The doctor was kind enough to send me word that you were looking for deer. You don't have to look for deer on Deepwood. Royal bucks run over you. Got to kill 'em in self-defense. Hey, boys"—Athole waved his hand, and half a dozen young negroes came tumbling down the bank—"carry this baggage to the house."

"But, Mr. Athole"—Crow held back—"we can't intrude on you like this."

"Intrude? Man alive, you're a godsend. I'm dying of dry rot. Come ashore."

At the top of the sloping bank Athole presented his sole guest, Tom Yandell, a sun-scorched, say-nothing swamper who climbed down from his horse and let the groom lead all three animals to their stable. Athole and Crow sauntered ahead, chatting, toward the house, when two coatless white men came jogging along a turn-row and halted beside their path, evidently plantation managers waiting to consult the boss.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," Athole apologized. "Want anything, Kennedy?"

"Yes, sir," the man answered, a blond with short-trimmed whiskers. "We are done picking the gin-yard cut. Must I start the gang on Ridgefield tomorrow morning?"

"Or the Magnolia hundred?" Athole's tone was a suggestion, not a command.

"Ridgefield needs it worse; more open cotton."

"Very well. Forgive me, Kennedy. These gentlemen will be our guests for quite a while. . . . Mr. Pelham, this is Mr. Kennedy. Mr. Carson. And, gentlemen, that modest person in the background is my submanager, Mr. Stites."

Stites, who had reined his horse behind Kennedy, did no more than nod; neither of them dismounted, but turned and galloped off to where a gang of pickers waited.

"Well"—Harry laughed—"that ends my day of labor. We are hard at it, Mr. Pelham, picking out the cotton. Fine crop this year. Fine!"

"Don't let us take you from your work," Storr entered the protest of a considerate Virginian.

"No danger, Mr. Carson. I've got the best managers on earth. Kennedy's a miracle. He lives in the big house and you'll see a lot of him."

Directly in front of the residence ran a line of white pickets to fence off a flower garden that circled the base of Deepwood mound. Athole opened the gate and his guests passed through to the mound itself, terraced and blooming with roses.

"I've never seen an Indian mound treated in that way." Crow paused to admire. "It is very beautiful."

"The beauty of roses, my friend," Harry remarked, "fails to satisfy. But we have other vegetable products. . . . Annie—Annie," he called to a mulatto girl, "cut us some mint. Plenty of it."

In the gathering dusk on Deepwood's broad front gallery four men sat discussing dogs and horses. The aroma of mint filled their nostrils while a julep mellowed their souls.

A hot and tired Kennedy came tramping up the steps, sent his broad hat sailing to a bench, wiped a sweaty brow, combed his short blond beard into shape, opened his blue cotton shirt a little wider at the throat, and reported:

"All right, chief. Pickers start at daylight on Ridgefield. The gin's running smooth. Now I've earned my tot o' poteen"—for Kennedy was Hibernian.

"Oh! The dogs!" It seemed that Crow thought suddenly of them.

"Yes. You must get your dogs out of the crates." Athole sprang up. "I'll go with you."

At the boat it happened just as Crow had foreseen. Two negro deck hands were leading them on leash, when from eight tugging animals Harry singled out the black.

"A St. Hubert!" he exclaimed. "A black St. Hubert, by the girdle of Diana!"

"Ah! You know the strain?" Crow nodded as he quoted from the popular Sir Walter:

"'*Two dogs of black St. Hubert breed,*
Unmatched for courage, strength and speed!'"

"I had two," Harry spoke with intense regret. "Splendid specimens. But the female died."

"I count myself fortunate, Mr. Athole." Quite simply Crow took the leash from his roustabout and laid it in Harry's hand. "Allow me, sir, to replace your loss. She is yours."

"But, Pelham! Man alive! Such a prize! I cannot ——"

"It is my wish. Next season when we come again to hunt, you may save me a pair of pups."

From his seat in the front gallery, Slick Joe eyed the comedy and chuckled. At dinner it tickled him even more to see how skillfully Crow patched together scraps of what he'd learned from Coralie, casually alluding to various friends of Athole in Louisville, Saratoga, New York. By the second day they were calling each other "Harry" and "Dunbar."

Side by side on superb Thoroughbreds they chased the nimble deer, and St. Hubert's dogs distinguished themselves. Together they followed a pack of fighting mongrels through the canebrakes and slew old bruin in his lair. By night there were jovial dinners, rare wine, and story-telling games.

Before the week ended Storr grew fidgety for Crow to pull off their coup. Still the other gambler dallied, still perfecting his details. So far, Crow's sole advance had been to note the design upon the cards that Athole used—two patterns only—lattice back and Punch back—of which Crow smuggled in duplicates from their boat. And once, when everybody was absent, Storr found Crow making a minute inspection of Harry's poker table, an octagonal, its center of smooth white cloth, and its rim of walnut exquisitely inlaid with bird's-eye maple. Inlay and craftsmanship, however, did not concern the Crow—not when he detected something else—and he smiled.

"Ready, Joe. We'll skin our sucker at the first game when they sit in proper position."

On that night of incredible surprises the players sat exactly right. Crow saw to that. Poker addicts are like homing pigeons that return to the same seat—Athole at Crow's left, then Yandell, Storr and Kennedy. They had dined well—flaky perch from the lake, the juiciest of venison, and a sauterne of which Crow imagined that Kennedy drank too much. In the absence of ladies, their dinners were shirt-sleeve functions, the four men being dressed as they returned from the hunt, and Kennedy in his dress from the field. Free and easy, the Deepwood company was in such roaring humor that Crow remarked, as they sat down to play:

"Bridles off, Harry? Bit o' sport?"

"Suits me. Sky's my limit."

"No, gentlemen"—Kennedy half rose—"I can't trot in your class."

"Be still, Kennedy," their genial host assured him. "Dunbar and I may gamble, but we won't tread on your sore toe."

"All right. Don't skin this shirt off o' my back."

The gambler known as Crow could wait and wait with Oriental patience, but at a crisis employed the cunning of Machiavelli to direct the merciless thrust of D'Artagnan. Their game opened hilariously—not good poker except for such as Crow—wild bets, bluffs that won, loose talk. Once, after Crow had chased Harry out of a sizable pot and jeered at him, their host went to an escritoire, from which he waved a sheaf of bank notes, saying:

"See that. You won't scare me again."

His stage was set. His killing Crow intended to make when Kennedy dealt the blue-latticed cards. From nights of careful observation he knew that Harry's manager never exercised his prerogative of shuffling the pack after it was handed to him for the deal. Always Kennedy passed it on to be cut by the player at his right. That player tonight was Slick Joe Storr, who had salted down a cold deck—a blue-latticed pack to be substituted on Kennedy's deal. The construction of Harry's table made this ludicrously easy. Underneath its top there ran a secondary shelf, divided into eight compartments, like slices of pie. In his compartment next to Kennedy's, Storr kept the cold deck.

"Now!" Crow signaled his partner. "On Kennedy's next deal."

A delay occurred against which no foresight could avail. The blundering manager lost a pot and complained, "These cards are pizen to a buzzard"—replacing the lattices with Punch-back decks. Crow's coup must therefore be postponed until the lattice-backs came on again. He waited.

Kennedy continued to lose on Mr. Punch. Cursed his luck. Got restless. Left the table. Gulped a glass of wine at the sideboard. Felt better and sat in the game again. Risked a small bet, lost, and flung handfuls of Mr. Punch over his shoulder.

"That deck's worse'n the other."

He might have fretted the Crow, but such annoyances must happen when gambling with amateurs and hayseeds.

Anyhow, the lattices came on again. Crow shuffled while spinning a comical yarn, and laid the cards before Kennedy. Untouched, the bearded manager passed them on to Storr, whose handkerchief fell off the table; as Slick Joe bent over to pick it up, he shifted the two decks.

Then Kennedy dealt; one, two, three, four, five—one, two, three, four, five—all the way around. Crow merely glanced at his cards—four lovely eight-spots and a jack. The manager might be tipsy, but he'd made no bungle on this important deal. If Crow's cards came so accurately, Athole must have the prearranged ace-full on fives; Yandell must have kings and nines; Storr three queens; Kennedy nothing.

Crow never batted an eye as Harry Athole opened the pot for one dollar, their ante being only a dollar.

"I'm in," said Yandell.

"Raise." Storr tossed up five.

"Make it ten," from a jolly Crow.

"Twenty-five more."

Harry seemed jubilant over the prospects of a big pot.

The prudent Yandell considered his kings and nines, then shoved in thirty-four dollars. "Call."

"Tilt her twenty-five." This time Joe Storr put up fifty-five.

"Just for the love of gambling, one hundred dollars more." Crow pushed his stake to the center.

"Hey!" Kennedy remarked. "Somebody's tail is fixin' to hit the ceilin'. Glad I'm out."

"Stay out, if you don't believe hell's hot." Crow began to laugh and gibe at Harry. "Now watch this little rabbit run."

It was not good policy to force matters before the draw; yet Crow had succeeded in tolling about six hundred dollars into the pot—sufficient to warrant Harry in calling a real bet.

"Cards, gentlemen?" Kennedy held the deck ready.

"I'll play these." Crow smiled like a purring cat.

"Ditto," from Harry Athole.

"Give me one." Yandell held up a finger, and Crow knew that he'd caught a king, making a king-full on nines.

Storr drew two and failed to help.

It was Athole's bet. "Five hundred dollars—with the privilege."

Yandell squirmed. 'A king full ought to be the best, yet he had only ninety dollars, and could only call to that extent. Hard luck.

Storr passed. The bet came up to Crow.

"Harry," he bantered their host, "your manager has been kind enough to deal me some lovely cards, and I don't believe you hold a darn thing. Raise twenty-five hundred."

The young planter stared, scrutinised his adversary, and remarked, "Dunbar Pelham, if I didn't love you like a brother, I'd denounce you for a poker liar. My hand beats yours ten thousand different ways, so I'll bet ten thousand. Now, be a good boy and quit."

"My dear, dear Harry, why suggest that I quit when, in the language of our most immortal sailor, I'm just beginning to fight? Ten thousand? Is that all? There it is. And I shall let my hide go with the horns and tallow." Crow began counting the money that remained before him. "Here's my last thrip—eight thousand, six hundred and fourteen dollars. I'd like to add twenty thousand more."

On the clean white table between Crow and Athole, each player had wagered twenty-one thousand six hundred and fourteen dollars, when Harry said, "My optimistic friend, you spoke of an itch to add twenty thousand dollars."

"Itch? Harry, it is a rabid craving, but unfortunately I have no more cash."

"You have a boat," the host suggested. "What's the Wood Ranger worth?"

"Around eighteen."

"Near enough in a friendly game. Does the Wood Ranger go on this hand? Against my additional twenty?"

Always the Crow was quick to snap up extra thousands on a cinch; so, before Harry could back down, he answered, "That's a bet."

To the very tips of every greedy finger Joe Storr sat tingling. No gambler alive, not even the boasted Captain Battle, could have lured a sucker to bet more than forty thousand in a pot that started on one dollar. Eagerly Storr leaned over the table, pretending a curiosity as he watched Crow spread his hand—four cold eights from a cold deck. Fine. No hitch. From his partner's triumphant face Storr's glance shifted to Athole, and Harry's expression seemed very, very queer. Instead of surprise, dismay, wrath, their host smiled sweetly at the four eights and complimented them:

"A very nice hand, very nice indeed. More than I gave you credit for." Then with excruciating slowness he laid down his own cards—but not the ace-full that Storr had so carefully provided.

"Four—tens!"

The words burst from Crow in two explosions, as he shot a piercing glance at Storr. Had the scoundrel betrayed him? No. For Slick Joe turned ghastly pale, his eyes bulged and refused to believe that they actually saw four tens.

"Kennedy"—Harry pointed to Storr—"you and Tom take that fellow out of here. Mr. Dunbar Pelham, oblige me by keeping your seat."

A career of ups and downs had tutored Crow to the nonchalance that he soon

(Continued on Page 106)

"That's

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YOU can't blame them . . . Mr. and Mrs. Valspar . . . for bubbling over with enthusiasm. Their pride in their home has soared beyond all expectation, for they see *now* . . . not the house that was dull, neglected looking . . . frankly ashamed of itself . . . but a home as fresh and lovely as ever dreamed of. *Valspar* PAINTS *have made a transformation!*

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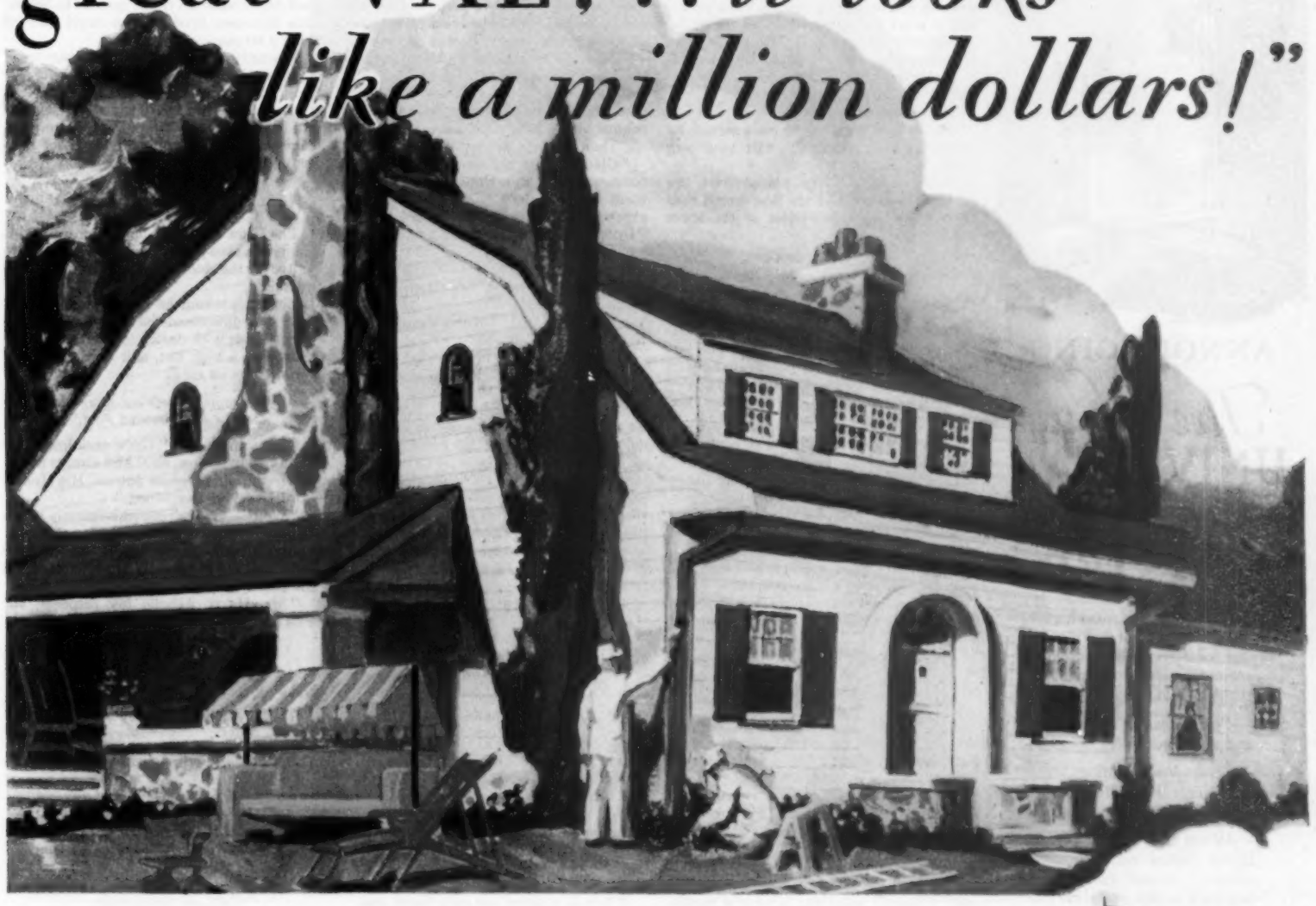

ever since that day, when with kettle and round-table Mr. Val demonstrated the resistance of Valspar Varnish to boiling hot water, she has realized the durability and quality of Valspar painting materials.

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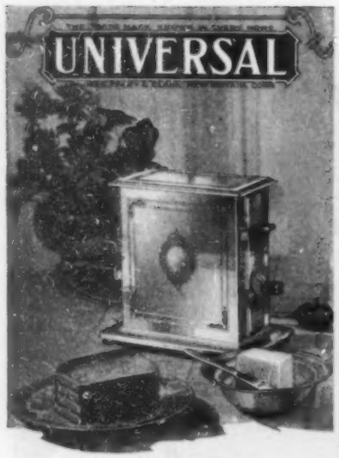

ANNOUNCING

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—Place bread in toaster rack and slide into oven.

—Press down timing lever and forget that you are making toast.

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The Exclusive UNIVERSAL *"Sliding Rack" Method* of delivering toast free of oven allows current to remain on continuously, resulting in an evenly heated oven which toasts exceptionally fast and always with beautiful uniformity.

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New Britain, Conn.

(Continued from Page 103)

recovered. He rose, poured a glass of wine at the sideboard, came back to the table and sat sipping it while two men half carried Storr into the hallway. Meanwhile Harry took from his pocket an envelope, already addressed, and inclosed three thousand dollars out of what lay scattered about the table. Apparently he dismissed their poker game for other affairs, and inquired of Crow:

"I assume that you return to New Orleans? At once?"

"Necessarily."

"Be so kind as to render me a service by delivering this, personally, with your own hand."

As he spoke, Harry passed over the packet, unsealed, and the first words that Crow observed were written at the lower left corner:

BY COURTESY OF CROW

"Mr. Athole," the gambler queried, "you knew me?"

"Yes. From the start."

This seemed a piece of Crow's own strategy, and he swallowed his medicine—but how did four tens get where an ace-full ought to be? The unmasked blackleg dropped his eyes to the envelope and scanned its inscription:

TO MADAME LUCIEN DE VERRON,
THE ESPLANADE

the grande dame under whose protection he knew that Coralie was now hiding.

"This is for Coralie?" he guessed, not meaning to speak aloud, but his astonishment burst out.

"Yes. Mrs. Storr wants to go home, and I am her debtor to a large amount."

The seasoned adventurer never asked questions that would not be answered, yet Athole's sending of money to Coralie roused a swift suspicion which changed to certainty as his host explained:

"You asked if I knew you. Mrs. Storr wrote me fully, one month ago."

It was clear as daylight now, and Crow understood. In her two *petits soupers* with Harry Athole, Coralie had recognized a man of honor, and every decent instinct revolted at being a party to his plunder by such a sneak as Storr.

"She's a lady, Mr. Athole," the beaten gambler said without resentment, "and I cannot blame her."

"Then you will deliver this packet?"

"Gladly—upon one condition." The card room was very still, the two men chatting upon the most amiable terms, when Crow expressed a curiosity that devoured him: "Upon condition that you tell me what became of your ace-full? And how did four tens take its place?"

"Oh, that." Harry Athole eased back, while a puzzled pucker settled upon his face. "As to that I'm not exactly clear. Kennedy did it."

"Kennedy? Your manager?"

"Excellent manager, but doesn't know much about cotton. It happened this way: When I heard that you were coming, I sent for my old friend, Kennedy, to engineer a defense. He arranged that last hand. You may recall that Storr kept a cold deck in reserve—the blue lattices. Therefore Kennedy removed the latticed cards and put on the Punch backs. This gave him an opportunity to examine Storr's deck and find that you would get four eights, while I would be given an ace-full. So Kennedy substituted four tens, which he dealt to me."

"Kennedy? A plantation manager did that? How?"

"Perhaps he'd better explain." Harry stepped to the hall door and called, "Kennedy, would you be good enough to come?"

"All right, sir."

Harry Athole sat down again, and Crow half tilted back his chair, curious to behold this unknown prodigy who could pull off such a stroke.

Kennedy was coming. His military tread resounded along the hallway, and for the third time that night the imperturbable Crow was startled into a cry of amazement. He heard Kennedy's footsteps, then heard someth'ng else—a voice singing in the richest of Irish brogues:

"Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms."

The Crow staggered up and grappled his chair, two eyes popping wider, when a figure halted in the doorway—a figure not to be mistaken.

The man whom he had known as Kennedy was now clean-shaven, wore a plum-colored coat with flaring lapels, a sunflower waistcoat, a high hat, and twirled a swagger stick as he sang:

"On the field I left my second leg
And the Forty-second Foot."

"Captain Battle!" Crow exclaimed.

"At your service, sir. And always at the service of my generous patron, His Honor, Lord Harry of Deepwood."

"Well!" Crow dropped helplessly into a chair. "That accounts for the four tens."

Immediately he rose again, poured some wine, and stood proudly erect as he lifted the glass:

"Mr. Harry Athole, my respects, sir. You're a gentleman and a sport."

CARTOON AND COMEDY

(Continued from Page 38)

left. . . . Yeah, I guess she has got genius, but what's an attractive girl like that want to worry about a career for, when there're at least a dozen fellows she could marry in a minute, if she wanted to. For instance, there was that fellow who used to play for ——

"That reminds me. For heaven's sake, tell me how the pennant races are coming out. I haven't heard any news in a month, and I want to get some money up on the World's Series. . . . Is that a fact? And I figured them for the second division. You never can tell, can you? And McInnes is only batting 212? What happened to him? Eyes go back on him? . . . Yep, I had heard rumors. Say, is the St. Vitus Club still going? . . . What are the latest traffic rules? . . . Did they convict Lockjaw Scaretti? . . . How much does Mary's baby weigh? . . . Have you broken 90 yet? . . . Where—but I've got to be going. Gosh, I had a marvelous time. I tell you one thing: Nobody's ever quite the same after a trip to Europe. Yeah, it's the truth." —PARKE CUMMINGS.

The Grasshopper and the Ant
A Fable With a Backfire

FRANK WITHERS was born up in Maine
In the village of Phillipson's Neck.
He said the place gave him a pain.
He was going to travel, by heck!

So he harked to the wanderlust's call
And from Phillipson's Neck he pulled out.
The world—he would look at it all
And see what it all was about.

So Frank of the wandering foot
Forty years roamed the land and the sea.
He died in a flop in Beirut—
In his pants they found $2.33.

II

A year from this mournful event
Another one equally sad
Occurred in the death of Bill Brent,
Who'd played round with Frank as a lad.

But Bill, who'd no yearning to roam,
Had told Frank to go on and trek.
He could see all he wanted at home,
He would stay right in Phillipson's Neck.

So he got a job down at the store,
Where he weighed out oats, butter and tea
For forty-one winters or more.
Then over the river passed he.

When they'd paid the last funeral bill
And came round to appraise his estate
The schedule read: Property, nil;
Cash in pants, $7.78.

III

We learn from Frank Withers' loss
That a rolling stone gathers no moss.
We learn from Bill Brent's—which is droll—
That a mossy stone gathers no roll.

IV

And when both of these truths in our minds have been burned,
What a lot we have learned!
—*Baron Ireland.*

Ballad of the Banker's Daughter

THERE was a banker's daughter
As blooming as a rose.
Her comeliness would slaughter
Her many banker beaus.

When none of them could urge her
To be his lien for life,
One suitor made a merger,
So she could be his wife.

Though she could well resist 'em
In competition bold,
On that strong single system
She rapidly was sold.

Since bigger, better banking
Is any merger's aim,
The banker who was ranking
Said love should be the same.

The girl he made his vow to,
When all was said and done,
Was then instructed how two
Merged hearts can beat as one.

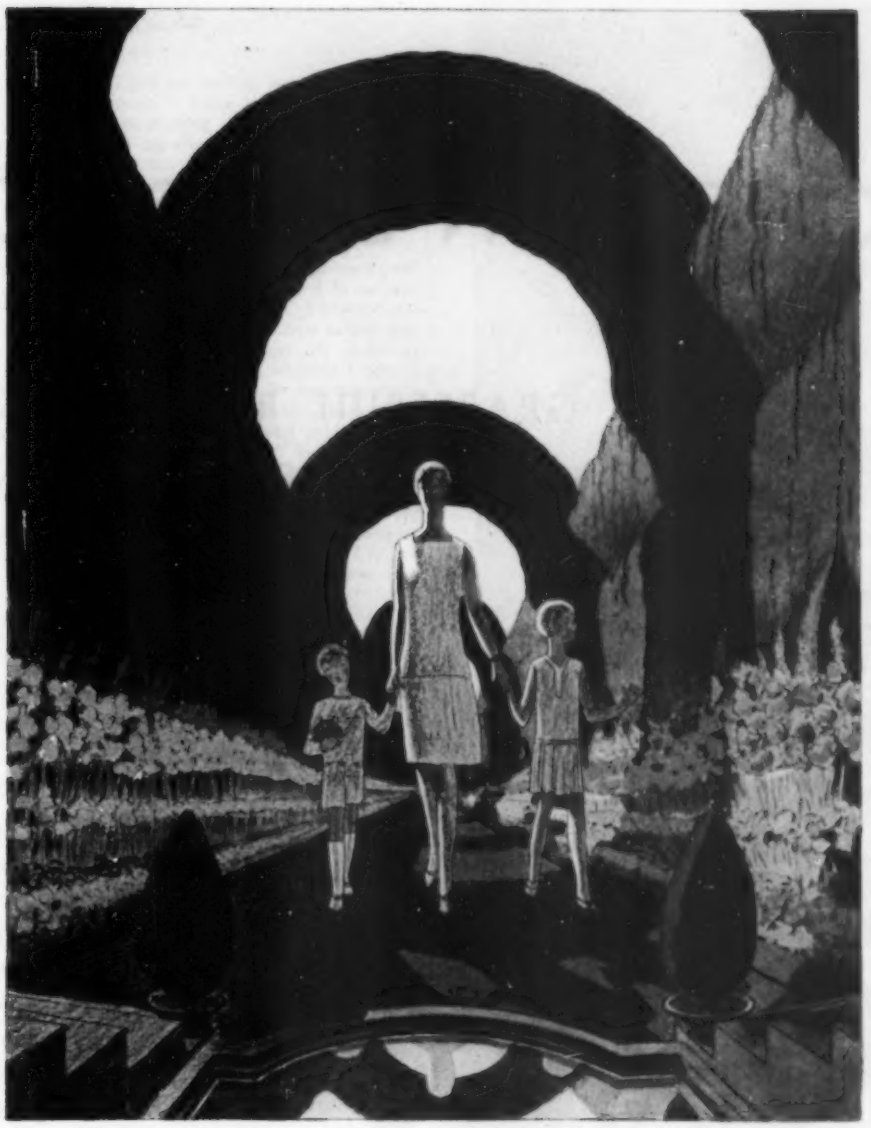
He demonstrated deeply,
Until she had it clear,
How two can live more cheaply
Than one—or pretty near.

Her father at the altar
Resigned rights in the bride,
And there without a falter
The pair was unified.

But mergers economic
Have outs as well as ins.
The stork in manner comic
Has brought that couple twins.
—*Fairfax Downey.*

Smith

LET Fame erect a monolith
To those who boast the name of Smith,
Including, too, if space permits,
The brotherhood of Smyths and Schmidts.
How often Tyranny has trembled
Whenas our free-born Smiths assembled
Their vast, indomitable clan
That in all progress leads the van!
Like demigods of ancient myths
Those dauntless regiments of Smiths
Go sweeping on and on and on,
And half of them are christened John.
In countless tasks they've proved their pith,
The tribe denominated Smith;
They've stood their ground and have not quailed
Though White and Robinson have failed.
I would not dim the fair renown
Of Messrs. Johnson, Jones and Brown;
But when I count the kin and kith
Who bear the honored name of Smith
I think, with Lincoln, God must love them,
Because he made so many of them.
—*Arthur Guiterman.*



. . . to Carcassonne

There is a poem which tells of an old French peasant who all his life longed to see Carcassonne—that bright city with castle walls as grand as those of Babylon. Carcassonne—where every day was "not more or less than Sunday gay." It lay five leagues away, just beyond the blue mountains. And you remember that when the belated opportunity came for the Ancient to make the pilgrimage, old age overcame him . . . He never looked on Carcassonne. ❧ Isn't there in the life of every young woman a Carcassonne—a lovely, shimmering city that some day she must see? How strong the wish, how vivid the picture! Some dream place *she* must see; some dream things *she* must do! But years pass, and in the busy life of the wife and mother so many of her personal hopes and dreams recede. ❧ Yet, strangely enough, she finds no regret in their fading. For other hopes and ambitions have taken their place—less purely personal, but so much keener. And she finds, one day, that she has come upon her Carcassonne. It's a lovely, shimmering city that lies within the four walls of her home—made up of persons, things, and relationships that are infinitely dearer to her than herself . . . Many men have dropped upon the road in belated pilgrimages to their Carcassonnes. But few women there are who have not looked on Carcassonne, and that without even setting foot on the highway.

There are 2,400,000 women who read McCall's each month. And if they find in it some modicum of service that will help to keep *their Carcassonne lovely and shimmering, McCall's will be more than satisfied.*

McCALL'S

A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN

"TEMPO TENDON DEVAB HOOTED"

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All business is turning to this service. And for these reasons: Speed, Accuracy, Reliability. A written record of the delivered message. Privacy for sender. Instant attention of recipient. World-wide wire connections.

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FRESH GRAPEFRUIT—how good it is! Postal telegrams have brought it thus fresh to your table—telegrams from local merchant to wholesaler, from wholesaler to grower. Business everywhere is using the Postal Telegraph to insure speed and accuracy in all transactions.

Postal Telegraph

Commercial Cables *Mackay Radio* *All America Cables*

TELEGRAMS CABLEGRAMS RADIOGRAMS

ON THE ROAD

(Continued from Page 35)

would call out the number and price, remembering them from former purchases: "Send me a quarter of a dozen 466 line G gents' vest chains at forty-eight dollars a dozen," or, "I guess I can use another of those L-79 Blue Lodge Masonic charms at nine dollars apiece!"

Yet in spite of this facility in figures he was a slow man to sell. He was a great believer in keeping down his investment, and would frequently jump up to run to his jewelry department to look at his stock on hand. If he found he had in stock a single article to correspond with the sample I showed him he would refuse to buy. I tried to overrule him only once. He looked at a gentleman's ring that we were manufacturing at the time with great success—a patented design of a lion's head carrying a little diamond in its mouth—and remarked that it was a good seller, but he had one in stock, left over from the Christmas business. I suggested that he ought to have at least half a dozen of so popular an item.

"I understand the United States Government still carries the mail," he said sententiously, "and when I sell the lion's-head ring I've got in stock I'll use a two-cent stamp and order another one!"

When noontime arrived Mr. Bradford had not yet finished looking at my merchandise, and I asked him to go to dinner with me at the Mansion House, across the square. They served an excellent seventy-five-cent table-d'hôte meal, with ham and eggs as the principal dish. The girl who waited on us brought two cups of coffee; Mr. Bradford returned his cup to her.

"I never drink coffee, sister," he said. "Suppose you take this back to the kitchen and swap it for another fried egg."

I learned one lesson from Mr. Bradford that has been of service to me during all the years that I have sold goods on the road. The Swiss watch factory controlled by the Charles H. Rennolds Company had begun the manufacture of a man's pocket timepiece much thinner than anything made in America, and before I left New York Mr. Rennolds instructed me to push the item as much as possible. When Mr. Bradford had finished looking over my regular stock I got out these samples and urged him to stock the line. He looked them over curiously and finally carried one of them to his head repair man, who opened the case and examined the mechanism through a magnifying glass. Directly Mr. Bradford came back and returned it to me with the remark that he believed it was not so strongly built as the watches of American make. I started to argue the point, when he interrupted me:

"I suppose you never carried one of those fancy watches in your overalls pocket when you were sacking wheat at threshing time."

I said I had never worked about a threshing machine, but I was confident that my imported watches would stand any test. With all the earnestness of my twenty-two years I added:

"Mr. Bradford, I guarantee these watches personally!"

He cocked his head to one side to peer at me over his steel-rimmed spectacles and then remarked quite genially:

"I've heard of a mosquito guaranteeing an act of Providence, but I never took much stock in it!"

Since that day I have never tried to override the judgment of a man who knows his business. And I have always been shy of offering a personal guaranty based on nothing more substantial than a desire to sell a bill of goods.

Altogether I sold quite a satisfactory amount to Mr. Bradford—more than Herbert Cassin had done on his last visit. When I sent in the order I had the idea that the house would respond with a congratulatory letter; but several days passed with no mail for me at the various hotels where I put up, and at last, fishing for a compliment, I wrote in to inquire if my work was proving satisfactory. I mailed my letter one afternoon in Watertown, and next day the hotel clerk handed me a telegram:

NO NEWS FROM RENNOLDS COMPANY IS GOOD NEWS KEEP GOING

CHARLES H RENNOLDS

I suppose I had the usual beginner's good luck, for though I drew zeros in several towns I made a fair average. I evolved one bit of technic that I believe helped my cause. There was always the question, when I reached a town, whether I should take my trunks directly to the customer's store or whether I should leave them at the railway station until I had paid the customer a visit and asked if he would look over my line. Being a stranger, I did not know the preferences of the different merchants. I found some resented having samples brought to their places of business without notice. But others, when I called, would ask where my trunks were and, when I replied that they were at the station, would say it was not worth while to send them up because there was little needed anyhow. Yet often I felt I could sell some of these indifferent ones if I could actually show my merchandise.

My scheme for steering between the Scylla of resentment and the Charybdis of indifference was very simple. When I got off a train I had my trunks loaded at once on whatever conveyance was handy and went with them to the customer's place of business. The driver waited at the curb, in plain sight of the merchant, while I went in. No man could complain that I was taking liberties, but my trunks were a mute advertisement of the fact that I was anxious to do business. And on the other hand, it often happened that a merchant who believed he needed nothing, and would never have asked me to bring my baggage from the station, would suddenly decide to look at the merchandise so conveniently stationed at his front door.

It was on this initial trip of mine that I sold a bill of goods in the most peculiar way imaginable. There was only one man in the town for me to call on, Mr. Clark, a very successful merchant and for many years a good friend and customer of the Rennolds Company. Mr. Clark was cordial enough to me but said he was not in the market for merchandise. He was a mild-appearing man, but with a mildness that anyone could see came from strength, not weakness; I was wise enough not to argue, and after saying I hoped he would send in mail orders to the house for anything he needed later on I had the transfer man take my trunks to the Eagle Hotel, where I was to spend the night. It was one of those wonderful winter afternoons that they have in Northern New York, frosty and bracing, with the sun shining on the snow. There was a wide Main Street that sloped gently up from the railroad tracks through the select residential section to the business district; and on this stretch of perhaps a third of a mile a number of local sportsmen were holding an impromptu trotting meet. All were in bright swell-box cutters; three or four would drive together down to the railroad tracks, where they would turn about, and then, from a standing start, race back to the principal four corners. It occurred to me that I would like to get into this exciting game. There was a livery stable at the back of the Eagle Hotel, and upon application to the proprietor I was told he had only one driving horse at liberty. This was an enormous roan with a Roman nose and a spike tail. He was not beautiful, but the livery man assured me that his speed and spirit made up for any deficiencies in that regard. I said I was satisfied, whereupon Spiketail was hitched to a light cutter and I set out for my afternoon's entertainment.

(Continued on Page 111)

"Haven't We Met Before?"

You have, Harold, but a further association with her sweet personality is unlikely to ensue. She had Rusco linings on her brakes and you didn't. You'll do for a temporary resting place until the cops come and then, goodbye!

Holds in wet weather as well as in dry

RUSCO Brake Lining is treated with a special secret compound, so that water has no effect on its efficiency. To secure this additional safety feature, repair men pay more for RUSCO than for ordinary lining, although they do not charge you any more.

Your brakes are constantly subjected to tremendous strains. To keep them fit they need frequent attention. Have them inspected free at least once a month at the nearest RUSCO Brake Service Station, where trained experts use special mechanical equipment to test, adjust or reline your brakes with scientific precision.

When they pronounce your brakes okay, you'll know what good brakes are. Always ready to stop your car quicker. Always safe and sure in any kind of weather.

Send for free booklet. The Russell Manufacturing Co., Middletown, Conn. In Canada, The Russell Manufacturing Co., Ltd, St. Johns, Quebec.

Other RUSCO *Products:* Rusco-Ace Brake Lining, Benlock Brake Lining, Durak Brakeshoe Liners, Transmission Linings for Fords, Clutch Facings and Fan Belts *for all cars*. Hood Lacing, Tire Straps and Towing Lines; Belting for Power Transmission, Elevating and Conveying, Tractor Belts.

* * *

Rusco Aero Products—Aero Rings, Shock Cord, Airplane Fabrics, Safety Belts, Etc. Standard Equipment on Military and Commercial Aircraft.

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RUSCO

ESTABLISHED 1830 BRAKE LINING

Spirited performance
from 40% more AIR-COOLED power

ACTION! From the first turn of the motor Franklin thrills you with its *different* performance—originating in its air-cooled power. In second speed you dart ahead to 50—*as quietly as in high*. Then a short, quick, noiseless shift. Those who ride in the Franklin for the first time cannot drive a mile without an exclamation. "It's so lively!"—"You can control it so confidently!"—"All speeds seem almost like floating!" Aviators have driven Franklin and say that the car has the *airplane feel*. And that completely explains its brilliant achievement, for Franklin has captured every major road record!

COMFORT! Always recognized for its easy riding, Franklin today has even more comfort. You are far fresher after a day's trip in a Franklin than in any other motor car. A combination of air-cooling, flexible chassis, full-elliptic springs with hydraulic controls, and more scientific distribution of weight has given Franklin this sense of detachment from the road.

MODERN! Air-cooled like *all* endurance planes and like 80% of all other airplanes—Franklin is the one car that has a trouble-free cooling system in summer and winter. Without the nuisance of water, the engine never overheats—it never freezes. You can travel at top speed all day without the slightest loss of power or danger of injuring the motor.

You cannot drive the Franklin without being enthusiastic. More than doubled sales this year, are good proof of that.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

The One-Thirty, $2230 • *The One-Thirty-Five*, $2485 • *The One-Thirty-Seven*, $2775 • *Sedan Prices f. o. b. factory*

FRANKLIN

(Continued from Page 109)

I drove first to Mr. Clark's store and asked him to accompany me. He accepted, and we rode about town a bit while I felt out old Spiketail's qualities. Certainly he lacked nothing of spirit, and the frosty weather gave him extra ambition. He was a pacer; I had only to tighten the reins to encourage him into remarkable bursts of speed.

Though I had never driven a cutter before, and my experience with horses had been confined to our Second Avenue grocery store delivery animals, I soon felt myself master of the situation and ready to match my skill against the village sportsmen who were racing on Main Street.

We drove, in company with three other contestants, down to the railroad tracks. Spiketail had a fractious moment of temper as I turned him about, so we were fifty yards behind the others when the sprint started, but once in action, he overcame this handicap with amazing quickness. We passed the nearest rival and I felt him take the bit viciously in his teeth as he set out in his swinging stride for the two leaders, who were racing neck and neck. By this time I had pretty well lost control, but seeing we were about to overtake them I pulled vigorously on the right-hand rein to guide him past. Here was where my lack of technic proved disastrous. There were some ruts in the street, and having no knowledge of the trickiness of cutters, I turned out too abruptly. The cutter tipped over, flinging Mr. Clark and myself into a snowbank at the side of the street. Old Spiketail broke from a pace into a gallop, kicking the dashboard every few jumps as he made for the livery stable, where he was finally caught.

I made sure Mr. Clark was not hurt and then ran after my racer. When I reached the stable he was already unhitched and in his stall, and the livery man was examining the damages his heels had made on the swell-box cutter. A workman from a near-by wagon shop was sent for, who set a figure of thirty dollars for repairs. I paid the amount and went back to Mr. Clark's store to apologize.

He made a joke of the thing, saying no apologies were necessary. Then he asked how much I was out of pocket, and I told him.

"Now that's too bad," he said. "I feel as though I ought to make it up to you some way." He reflected a moment and added: "I guess I can use some of your merchandise, after all. Bring your trunks to the store and I'll look over the line."

He bought a bill amounting to about six hundred dollars.

I have always been skeptical—perhaps unduly so—in regard to the experts who claim to be able to teach salesmanship in a few easy lessons. Perhaps certain fundamentals can be taught that at some future time may be valuable, but broadly speaking, salesmanship is a thing to be learned only by selling. No two sales interviews are ever alike, because no two human beings are alike. To learn salesmanship by rote it would be needful for a man to commit whole encyclopedias to memory. And then in his first interview he would probably find that nothing he had learned precisely fitted the case in hand!

No quick and easy course of salesmanship I have seen touches, for example, on commercial credit; yet a working knowledge of credit is an important part of the equipment of every man who aspires to be something more than a mere order taker. In my time I have seen more than one commercial house fail because it never trained its travelers to work intelligently with its credit department. Even today, with all the progress that has been made in business technic, I could name a hundred concerns that send their salesmen out to solicit orders from any and all merchants on the territory, paying no attention to the responsibility of those whom they solicit. When an order goes in to the house, the merchandise is shipped or not according to the judgment of the credit department.

I have never been able to see the wisdom of such indiscriminate order taking. In the first place, it saps the ambition of many a hard-working salesman who sees a certain percentage of the orders he has struggled to get thrown into the discard. And in the second place, a merchant who gives an order in good faith, and later receives a letter from the house stating the merchandise will not be shipped except upon terms of cash in advance, is never going to feel much friendship either for the salesman or the house thereafter.

Probably I have noticed these things more because my early experience chanced to be in the diamond-and-jewelry industry. There is a peculiarity of that trade which makes necessary close coöperation between the credit department and the men on the road. When a jewelry salesman goes out to the trade he delivers across the counter a good proportion of the merchandise he sells. The reason is obvious. You cannot show a sample diamond and take orders, because no two diamonds are absolutely alike. The same thing applies to many other things, particularly where expert handwork enters into the manufacture. Even a gold watchcase, if it has a bit of engraved decoration on the back, cannot be sold by sample. The same engraver, working on the same design, will never do precisely the same job one day after another. This being the case, a jewelry salesman has no chance to take promiscuous orders and leave the question of shipment up to his credit chief. When he sells an assortment of merchandise and hands over an itemized bill, the deal is irrevocably closed. Even though the merchant makes an assignment the next day, the manufacturer has no redress.

In one of the Northern New York towns I ran into a situation that considerably taxed my resourcefulness. Before leaving the Maiden Lane office I was given a notebook that contained the credit ratings of all the merchants I might call upon, and the amounts it seemed advisable to sell them on that particular trip. Many were old and substantial customers of the house; with these went the notation: "Sell as much as possible. No limit." In the case of a few who were behind in their payments or who had not been customers of the house long enough to get a precise line on their qualifications, my instructions were to hold down my sales to certain amounts.

In the latter category there was a man named Carter Tomlinson, who had started in business only the previous year. We had never called on him, but he had sent in a few mail orders and paid the bills with reasonable promptness. His financial statement as listed with the Jewelers' Credit Bureau showed he had limited resources, and the notation in my book said I must not sell him in excess of five hundred dollars.

I found Tomlinson's establishment to be small, but well kept and in a fairly good Main Street location. He was a man of thirty-five, an expert watchmaker, who had worked for leading houses in Albany and Syracuse, and saved up enough money to start for himself in a limited way. His wife, a pretty, sensible-appearing young woman, worked in the store and waited on customers while he himself spent most of his time at the workbench. I could see he had a reputation in the community as a skilled mechanic; the rack on which he hung watches to be repaired was as large and well filled as that of most big city stores.

In every technical line there is always the problem of the skilled mechanic who goes into merchandising. Among such men there is ordinarily no middle ground; either they fail dismally as merchants or are more than ordinarily successful. I have often heard this discussed by executives in the electrical trades, in automobiles, in plumbing supplies and other industries. When a mechanic business man fails it is usually because he is so engrossed with the technical side that he neglects the merchandising side; his pride of craftsmanship is so strong that he prefers to earn a dollar by his mechanical skill rather than five dollars by selling. The expense of running his business soon eats up his capital.

But on the other hand, when a master artisan can divorce himself from mechanical details and put his mind on selling, he has a great advantage over the ordinary man. His reputation as a technician brings him customers. The very traits of mind that made him a skilled workman also incline him to orderliness and precision in the operation of his merchandising business.

But Carter Tomlinson had not been a merchant long enough to indicate which of those classifications he might gravitate toward. He appeared pleased to see me as a representative of the Charles H. Rennolds Company and said he would look over my line. I had my trunks delivered into his store, and that afternoon he took the time from his workbench to see what I had to offer.

I opened my jewelry telescopes first, but he showed so little enthusiasm that I began to think I was going to be blanked. However, this attitude changed when I came to my line of gold watchcases. Here, evidently, was the merchandise that interested him. The Rennolds Company was exclusive selling agent in the New York territory for a Middle West watchcase manufacturer. We sold these cases without movements. When a merchant bought a bill from a traveler the cases were delivered on the spot. After the merchant selected his cases he gave an order for movements to fit them, and these were shipped to him from our office.

Mr. Tomlinson quickly picked out a number of cases that struck his fancy and laid them in a tray on his workbench. Watches in those days were a great deal larger than they are now, and gold cases ran into money. I made a quick mental estimate of the value of the dozen or so items he had laid on his workbench and realized that the amount was at least five hundred dollars. Directly he said he believed he had bought enough for one day. I started to pack up my things while he hovered admiringly over his purchases. Suddenly he brought up a subject that I had been dreading.

"I guess I almost forgot something," he remarked pleasantly. "I haven't given you an order for the movements to go with these cases."

I was in an awkward fix. My instructions were to sell him no more than five hundred dollars' worth. But I had already delivered him that amount in gold cases. The movements that he needed would probably amount to five hundred dollars more.

A customer, fortunately, happened in and I had a chance to think. My first inclination was to take the easiest way out. I could bill him the gold cases. Then I could send his order for movements in to the house and let them use their discretion. Strictly speaking, this would not be exceeding my instructions. I would have actually sold and delivered him only about five hundred dollars' worth of merchandise. If the house chose to stretch his credit to a thousand dollars, well and good. If not, they could cancel the order for movements.

But disagreeable as it might be, I knew I ought to face the music and tell Tomlinson his credit was limited and that he was buying more than my house was willing to sell him. To do anything else would simply be skulking. I realized, moreover, that if I began to dodge responsibilities on my first trip I would never be much of a salesman. I am bound to confess it was this last that decided me. When Tomlinson finished with his customer I told him frankly that he was buying too much.

Like most skilled artisans, he was extremely sensitive. He flushed up angrily.

"If your house thinks I'm a crook," he rasped, "why did they send you to call on me?"

As diplomatically as possible I started to explain that we were anxious to sell him,

(Continued on Page 114)

Easy Drilling Through

MANY a time you have burred the hole . . . snapped your drill—and no fault of yours!

"Yankee" No. 1435, a new *two-speed* hand drill, takes care of ticklish jobs with small drills in thin metal—or thick.

Only 11 inches long! And the only small drill that gives you high speed for fast work and then a shift to slow speed for easy drilling through.

Avoids jamming. Makes holes true, smooth, free of burrs. Saves drills. Saves time. Fast or slow, or tool locked, at a finger touch.

No. 1435.—"Yankee" Two-Speed Drill. Length, 11 in. Weight, 19 oz. Three-jaw chuck; ¼ in. Price, $4.50.

No. 1530.—"Yankee" Ratchet Drill. Five adjustments, including "Yankee" Double Ratchet for continuous drilling in tight places where crank can be moved only to and fro. Length, 10½ in. Weight, 1¼ lbs. Three-jaw; ¼ in. Price, $5.25.

Ask dealer for "Yankee" Hand Drills.

Use COUPON to get free "Yankee" Tool Book, showing Spiral Screwdrivers, Automatic Push Drills, Ratchet Bit Braces, Ratchet Breast Drills, Etc.

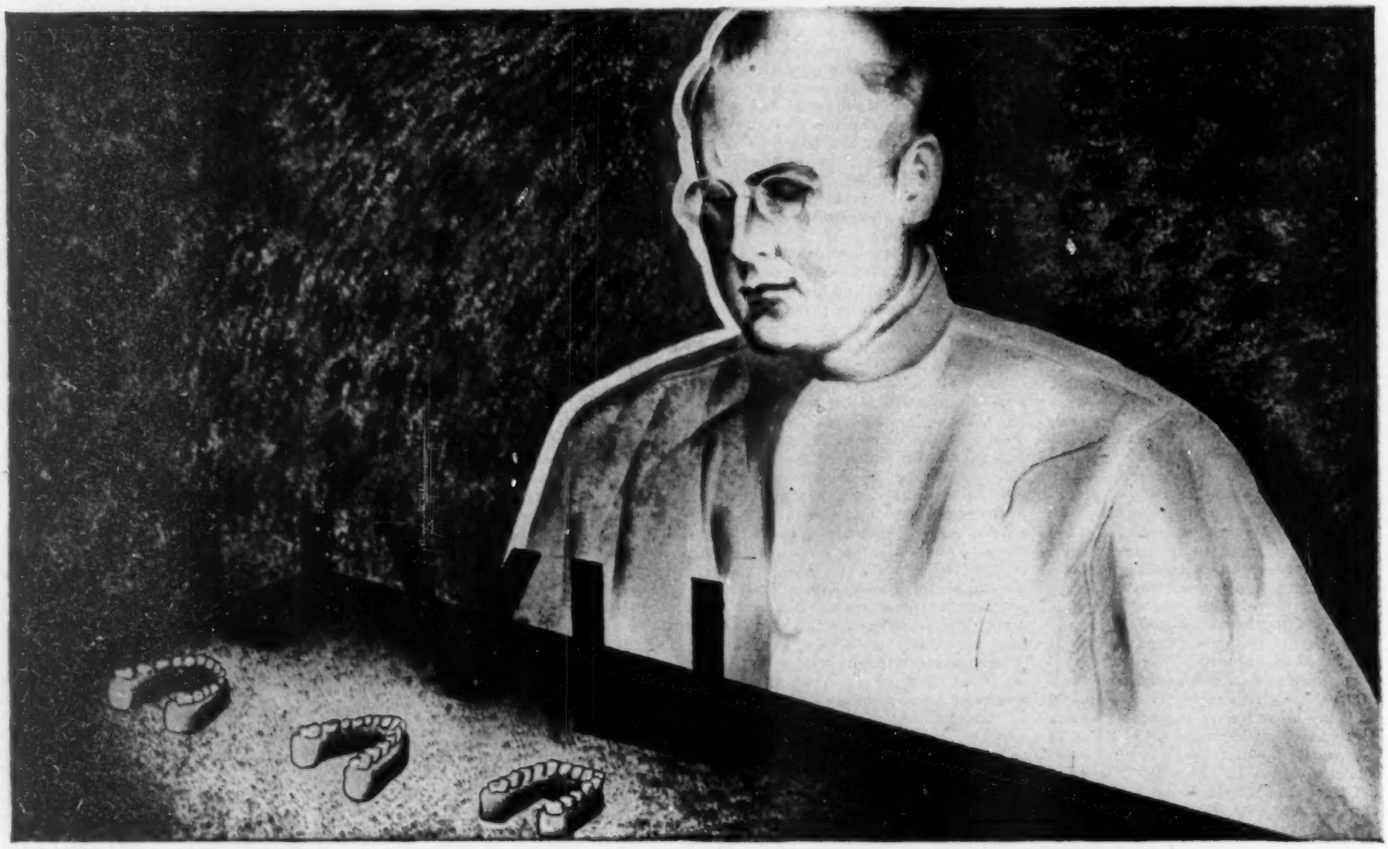
"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
You may send "Yankee" Tool Book.

Name .....

Address ..... (sep)

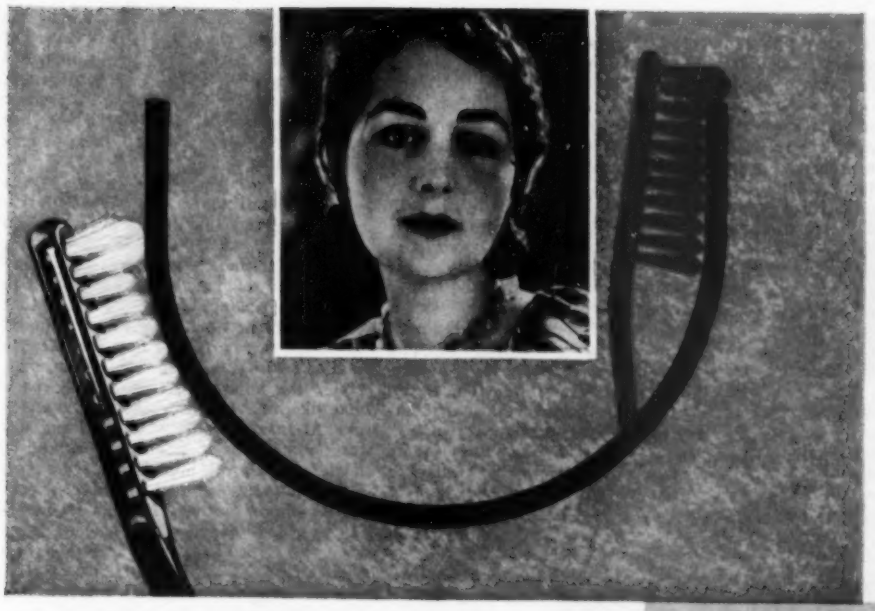


. . . a dentist's · eye · view shows three different dental curves ·

which is yours?

U? V? ⊔?

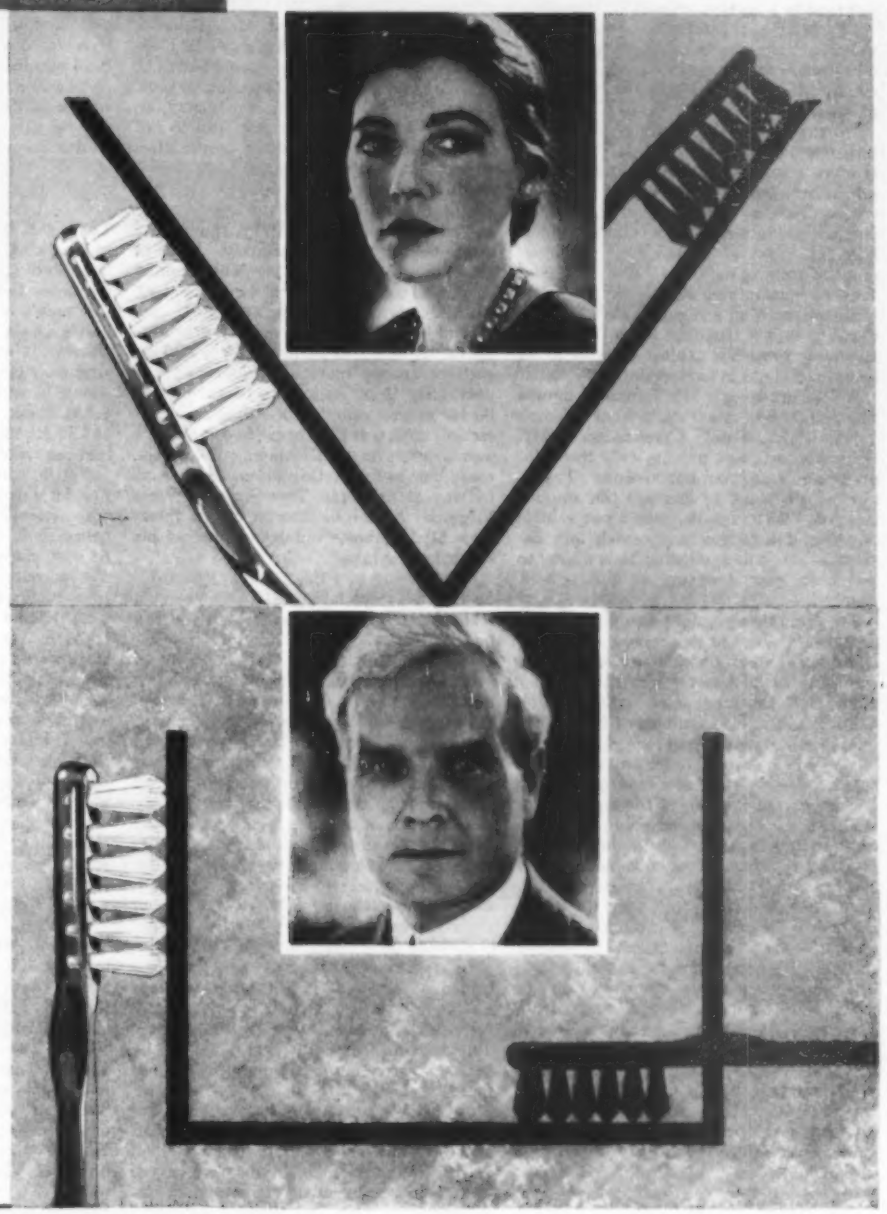
WHEN a dentist looks inside your mouth, he sees that your teeth are set in one of three distinct curves—like a U . . . or a shape more like a V . . . or in a shape like this—⊔. ¶ One tooth brush *can't* be right for all these three types. So say dentists. So says a leading medical publication. So says Pro-phy-lac-tic. ¶ The tooth brush scientifically designed to fit *your* particular type of dental curve can best reach and clean—really c-l-e-a-n—every part of every tooth in your mouth. ¶ That's why *Pro-phy-lac-tic now offers three newly designed tooth brushes—scientifically shaped—made with a fresher, livelier kind of bristle! ¶ *One* of these three brushes will bring to your teeth a sparkling whiteness that may now be hidden . . . will stir the flagging circulation in *your* gums . . . will clean away the very causes of tooth decay! ¶ Decide *your* type today.



DOES YOUR MIRROR SHOW A ROUND FACE?

If yours is a round full face—you're the U-type and you need the Pro-phy-lac-tic TUFTED. It's the one brush scientifically designed for your particular dental curve. Its very shape, the length of its quality bristles, the bushiness of its famous end-tuft, make it practically *the perfect brush* for U-shaped dental curves. Remember, if your face is round

... USE THE PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TUFTED



OR DOES YOUR MIRROR SHOW A SLENDER FACE?

Your face may be slender, your dental curve more sharply oval. Then you're a V-type. Look in your mirror. See that V? See the slope of it—*inside* as well as out? The tapered arrangement of bristles, the utterly unique shape of the OVAL brush cleans, as no other brush *can* clean, every side and slope in that V. Remember, if you're a V-type . . .

... USE THE PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC OVAL

OR DOES YOUR MIRROR SHOW A SQUARISH FACE?

If your face and mouth indicate a squarish type of dental curve, the Pro-phy-lac-tic MASSO is designed for you. This lively brush—smaller than the other Pro-phy-lac-tics—is particularly adept at whisking in and out of a square-shaped dental curve. Besides, it is more than ordinarily effective as a massage brush—for gum tissues that need special attention. If your teeth are set in a square shape . . .

... USE THE PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC MASSO

PRO·PHY·LAC·TIC* BRUSHES

*"Guarding or preserving against disease."—*Webster's New Standard Dictionary.*

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY, FLORENCE, MASSACHUSETTS

(Continued from Page 111)

but because he was a beginning merchant there must be a limit to the amount. He interrupted me by running to his workbench, where he picked up the tray of gold watchcases and slammed it on the counter before me.

"I guess you'd better put this stuff back in your trunk," he said. "And when you get back to New York City tell your house to cut me off its list for good!"

He went angrily back to his workbench. I had once heard Charles H. Rennolds dictate a letter to a customer in the West when a similar question had arisen; and after giving Mr. Tomlinson a chance to cool off, I approached him with something of the same arguments I remembered from that occasion.

"I'm sorry this had to happen, Mr. Tomlinson," I said. "But maybe you don't look at it quite from the standpoint of my house. Let's put it this way: Suppose you decided to take a partner. You might go to some man here in town and suggest that he invest some money in your business. You wouldn't get angry, would you, if he agreed to go in with you, but said he would put in only a certain amount?"

"Of course I wouldn't," he answered shortly, "but what's that got to do with it? I'm not asking the Rennolds Company or any other wholesale concern to go into partnership with me!"

"I know you're not asking them to go into partnership," I answered, "but that is what it amounts to every time a wholesale concern sells you a bill of goods on credit. Take my house, for example. Mr. Rennolds offers to put his merchandise here into your store and gives you four months' time to pay for it. When he does that, he is supplying capital for you to do business on. You can call it anything you like, but isn't it true that when Charles H. Rennolds furnishes capital for you to do business on he is in partnership with you?"

A little grudgingly Mr. Tomlinson agreed there might be some truth in what I said.

"All right, then," I concluded. "Mr. Rennolds feels like putting only five hundred dollars into your business now. Probably he will want to increase the amount later on. But anyhow, aren't you a little unreasonable to get angry with him because he sets a limit on what he is willing to invest in your business at the present time?"

Mr. Tomlinson caught the point I was trying to make, and in a more conciliatory spirit asked what I would suggest. I said the thing to do was for him to buy only about half the number of watchcases he had selected. This would leave the balance of his credit open for purchase of the movements, which I would order sent out by return express. He agreed to this compromise and we parted the best of friends.

It happened that I never made the northern territory again. But a dozen years later, when I was no longer connected with the jewelry industry, I ran across Mr. Tomlinson in a New York hotel. He told me he had prospered to the point where his credit was good for any amounts he wanted to buy. He added that he looked on our interview of that day as a turning point in his career; the date when he changed from an artisan into a business man.

I was glad to be able to say something pleasant in return. I told him the interview also meant a good deal to me. It taught me, right at the beginning of my career as a salesman, that it never pays to shirk responsibility; that when there is a disagreeable thing to be done, the best thing is to do it.

VI

THOUGH my success among the Northern New York merchants was modest enough, it gave me a chance at a further trial of my salesmanship abilities. The day after my return to Maiden Lane, Mr. Rennolds did me the rare honor of taking me out to luncheon, at which time he outlined a plan he had in mind. It appeared he was not satisfied with the volume of business he was getting in the states below the Mason and Dixon Line. Our Southern traveler, John Kendrick, had been on the territory many years; and though a man of high caliber and extremely well liked by his customers, he showed signs of going stale. It is a situation that often occurs, particularly with salesmen of Mr. Kendrick's type. He had a great capacity for making personal friends of the merchants he called on, and in return he was exceedingly loyal to their interests. But this very loyalty acted as a handicap. He seldom opened new accounts. If he had a good customer in a town he would never call on anyone else. This quixotic policy was doubtless good for some small communities, but in Mr. Kendrick's territory there were many cities where we could with perfect propriety have had several accounts.

The danger of such a situation lies in the fact that the favored firm sometimes falls by the wayside, or at least declines to the point where its purchases no longer warrant calling on it exclusively. When this happens the wholesaler has to start all over again to gain a foothold in the community. Sales executives usually forestall this by shifting the ultra-loyal traveler to another territory, where he is less handicapped by old-time friendships. But Mr. Rennolds did not care to make such a move in Kendrick's case. His plan was to send me out as a sort of second-string salesman to work towns that were too unimportant for a man of Mr. Kendrick's caliber, and also to call on merchants in some of the larger cities where Mr. Kendrick confined himself to a single favored customer.

Naturally I jumped at the chance to be put out on a regular territory, though the salary was by no means princely. I was to get $1200 a year, with 3 per cent commission on all sales I might make over $50,000. But the question of earning anything in the way of commissions was more or less academic, in as much as my work would be entirely among merchants who had not previously been customers of the house. So far as opportunity for travel was concerned, there was little cause to complain. I was to start in at Richmond, follow the coast line as far as Galveston, and return by way of Arkansas, Tennessee and West Virginia. At the conclusion of our interview Mr. Rennolds indulged in one of his whimsical sayings.

"I'm giving you this chance, Richard," he warned, "not because I think you're a real salesman but because I think you can be one if you set your mind to it. Remember, it isn't so much having a lot of brains, but using those you've got to the best advantage."

I started out the last week in February. I had never before been farther south than Red Bank, New Jersey. In school I was always more interested in American history than anything else, particularly the history of our Civil War, and I had read every book on the subject I could lay hands on. It thrilled me to go over my route list and see such names as Fredericksburg, Columbia, Vicksburg, Murfreesboro and other places where history had been made.

At that time the South was just beginning the industrial program that has continued so successfully to the present day. Yet it was still pre-Civil War in many respects. The small towns were vastly different in appearance from the snug, brick-and-stone-built communities I had recently visited in Northern New York State. Retail business buildings were generally one-story frame affairs with wooden awnings built out over the dirt sidewalks. Hardly any of the main streets were paved, and after a protracted rain the mud was unbelievably deep and heavy. At street crossings there would be a line of large stones planted a couple of feet apart for the use of pedestrians, so with reasonable skill a person might navigate the crossing safely; but many times I saw ox teams and two-wheeled carts stalled in the middle of a principal thoroughfare. All this is in dramatic contrast to the Southern small town of today. No person who knew that section in the beginning of the present century can but be amazed at the energy and resourcefulness of a people that has accomplished so much in so short a time.

In 1902 there was an alignment of business in most Southern small towns that struck me as peculiar. There were few stores that confined themselves to any particular line, such as men's furnishings, jewelry, hardware, shoes, and so on. The bulk of the business was done by general-merchandise stores, and most of these were exceedingly prosperous and well-rated financially. Even in towns of a thousand population or less there would be one or two such stores carrying tremendous stocks of merchandise that varied all the way from salt pork to ladies' diamond rings, and from plow shoes to dress shirts. The merchants did most of their business on credit, their customers settling once a year if cotton brought a satisfactory price; if not, the account went over to the next season. It was a free and easy method of business, a legacy from Colonial times lapping over into the twentieth century.

In the line I was trying to sell, my small-town prospects were mainly the general-merchandise stores, though occasionally a druggist would maintain a jewelry department and sell gold watches and finger rings along with window glass, schoolbooks and drug sundries. The business done in the jewelry line was surprisingly large. Watches were a particularly active item, for the old custom still prevailed in the South among all families of consequence whereby each son, at his twenty-first birthday, and each daughter, at her eighteenth birthday, was presented a good gold watch and chain. There was no such thing as a wrist watch at that time. All pocket timepieces were large and substantial, even those carried by ladies being considerably thicker than the man's watch of today. The young lady's chain often cost as much as her watch. It was several feet long, the two strands running through an ornamental sliding clasp that was set with a tiny pearl or diamond. She wore it around her neck and it dropped to her belt, where she carried her watch.

Yet, in spite of the apparent opportunities for business, I went a full ten days without selling a dollar's worth or even being given a chance to open my trunks. At best, the spring was a poor time to open new accounts, and I found, besides, that competition was uncomfortably keen. New York houses pretty well monopolized the trade in the larger Southern cities, but there were a number of Baltimore and Cincinnati wholesalers working the small towns so intensively that it seemed there was little chance for an outsider to break in. I was handicapped also by the fact that practically all the travelers employed by these wholesalers were Southern-born men. I wouldn't say the merchants in the territory had at that time any active feeling against Northerners, but at best my cause was not helped by my New York accent and my unfamiliarity with Southern ways.

I sold my first bill in a small town in Western North Carolina. I doubt if it had more than a thousand inhabitants at that time. There was a public square, with the railway station and tracks forming one side, and directly opposite was a block of stores. The other two sides of the square were occupied respectively by a frame hotel, painted bright yellow, and a huge warehouse for cotton storage. I got in late on a Friday night and put up at the yellow Hotel Southland. Next morning I called on my prospect, the H. M. Spruill Company, which was the one big concern of the town. Its quarters occupied fully half the business block, having a frontage, I would say, of one hundred feet, and extending back to sort of an alley where there was a platform for loading and unloading merchandise. For such a small town the stock of merchandise was enormous. Along one side and at the back was a grocery and meat department. Then came shoes, clothing, piece goods, crockery and hardware. In the last-named department I noticed an assortment of church bells. Over at the extreme right there were show cases of watches and jewelry. A young man not much older than I, named Grif Johnson, was in charge of this section. He was a practical watch repairer, and when not busy with customers busied himself at his workbench at the front window.

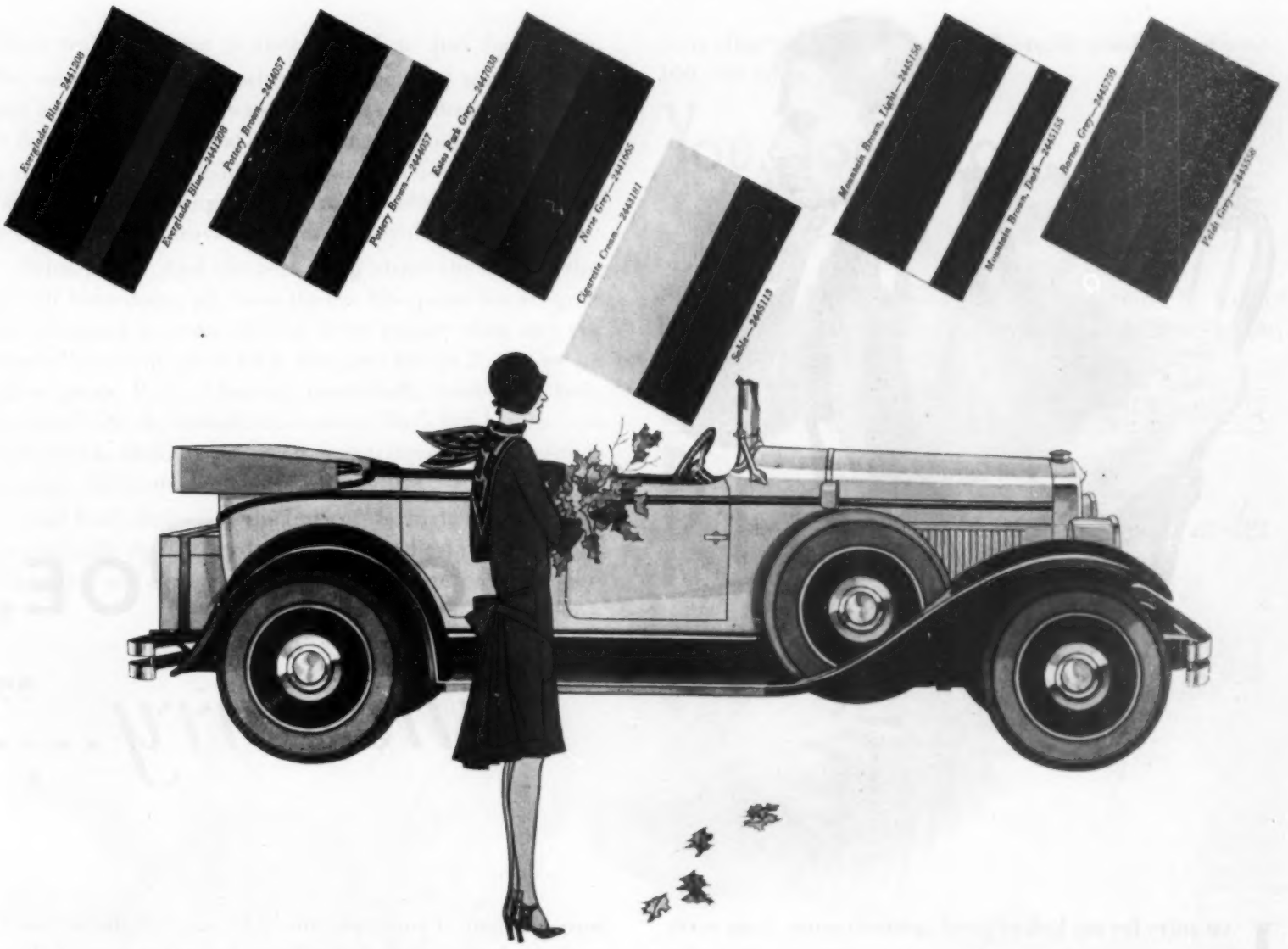
Grif was a stoutish young man with a round face and sandy pompadour hair. He had worked in Atlanta for a retail concern that bought from the Charles H. Rennolds Company, so he knew the standing of my firm, but he told me I had not so much as a Chinaman's chance to do any business that day. In the first place, he was not allowed to do the buying for his department. He said this with a distinct air of resentment, giving the impression that he believed a man like himself, with experience in a city like Atlanta, should be allowed full authority in such a small-town establishment. Mr. Spruill himself was the buyer, Grif said, and confined his jewelry purchases almost exclusively to a wholesale house in Cincinnati, whose traveler came around every ninety days. But on no account would Mr. Spruill look at anyone's line on Saturday. It was the day when farmers from the surrounding country came to town to do their trading and the store did more business than all the rest of the week put together. There was not even any use of my staying over until Monday, because Mr. Spruill was going away Sunday evening to be gone several days. Moreover, Grif advised me confidentially not to attempt to interview Mr. Spruill if I expected to do business with him in the future, because in the rush of Saturday business the gentleman was inclined to be a bit fractious.

It looked as though I were fated to add another town to my list of zeros, though Grif admitted his stock was short a number of items that I had in my trunks at the Hotel Southland. In particular he needed a few gold watches and chains for birthday-presentation purposes. I went out into the square to think it over. Though it was only a little after eight o'clock, country people were already arriving in town. The more prosperous drove two-horse carriages that they put up at the livery stable back of the cotton warehouse after depositing their lady passengers at the hotel. Others came in lumber wagons, bringing provender for their teams, which they unhitched and tied to the poles set on posts in the middle of the square.

I had the feeling that I was facing a test of my ability. I couldn't go on forever registering zeros. I had merchandise that was in immediate demand, and a prospective customer who could profitably buy some of it. I remembered uneasily what Mr. Rennolds had told me: "It isn't so much having a lot of brains, but using those you've got to the best advantage." I walked up and down past the store a few times, endeavoring to think of some way by which I might approach the owner without giving offense. The grocery side, I noticed, was the busy section. A long line of people stood in front of the wooden counters while three or four harassed clerks in white aprons ran up and down trying to wait on everyone in his turn. It was a familiar sight to me, reminding me of our family grocery store on Second Avenue during a busy Saturday morning.

Acting on a sudden impulse, I went in. I inquired of one of the colored porters where I might find Mr. Spruill, and was directed to a little balcony at the back of the place, approached by a short stairway. A young man cashier was there, making change from baskets that the salespeople shot up to him on wire cables. Mr. Spruill sat at a flat-topped desk beside the cashier. Whenever a basket came up that contained a charge slip instead of cash, the cashier would pass it to him for his O.K. In between these operations Mr. Spruill busied himself with a stack of invoices stuck on a file on his desk. Realizing it would do no good to send my card to so busy a man, I

(Continued on Page 118)



Make your car as colorful as autumn leaves

SOON the leaves will turn, and in the balmy Indian Summer the long highways beckon the gypsy-hearted motorist. Your car—it too can change its garment, for the golden orange of the hills or the soft gray of the fields. Perhaps the above pleasing, modern harmonies will suggest the right color scheme to you. Then—to the Authorized Duco Station in your community.

The finish on your car is probably in such condition that the new Duco colors can be applied directly over the present finish, combining perfectly in one hard, lustrous film. This is known as Duco Recoloring.

The Duco Refinisher has at his command the same colors used by scores of distinguished automobile manufacturers both in Europe and America. He commands the style research of the du Pont Color Advisory Service. He can recommend a great variety of distinctive, modern color harmonies, or he can help you make your own selection.

Complete Duco Refinishing or "Touch-up"

If the finish on your car is dingy and marred by the ravages of exposure, you should protect the investment you have in your car by having it completely refinished with Duco. The Duco Refinisher removes the old finish and creates a new surface—from the bare metal up. Your car comes back to you as though just from the factory. All the materials used are made by du Pont, under du Pont chemical control.

Perhaps your car merely needs a bit of retouching here or there—where a fender is dented or a door marred. An inexpensive Duco "touch-up" will quickly restore it to its original perfection.

The Scientific du Pont Process—your safeguard

The Duco Authorized Refinisher's work is done by the du Pont Process. Du Pont scientists working in collaboration with the leading makers of cars created this Process as your assurance of results. It means exact standardization at every step. The workmanship of the Authorized Duco Station is subject to constant supervision by du Pont.

The Duco used is the same famous finish depended upon in every field of industry. Today, on almost every kind of article you buy for your home, you can obtain this greater, more lasting beauty.

Complete Refinishing Service

In addition to motor-car refinishing, the Authorized Duco Refinisher will give you an estimate on any refinishing service you require—for equipment, furniture, fixtures, almost everything that needs to be protected and beautified. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, Incorporated, General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Michigan.

The du Pont Duco Authorized Refinishing Station sign is displayed by more than 2200 shops throughout the country. Only at these shops can you be sure that your work will be done by the du Pont Process and that you are getting genuine Duco materials and service.

Authorized DUCO REFINISHERS

"I, JOHN DOE, *am sorry*...."

I AM sorry for my lack of good common sense. I am sorry for my economic sins. I am sorry that, a year and a half ago, I bought a low price car instead of a Reo.

I wanted the Reo. I was convinced it was the best car within $1,000 of its price, and one of the best cars at any price. I knew that it was the longest lived of all cars of American origin and manufacture. I knew it was good for 100,000 miles. But a pesky inner voice kept telling me that I couldn't afford it. So I bought a car that cost about one-third less.

For a few months I got a thrill out of my new rôle of car owner. But not long after, things began to happen. The flashy pick-up was losing its flashiness. Hills that used to melt before me stood up and talked back. Cars that once took my dust were giving me theirs.

Then to cap the climax, the makers of my car came out with "A New and Greater Six —Beautiful New Lines—56 Major Improvements." And my car became the car nobody wants—its resale value a pitiful thing compared to the price I had paid for it.

I, JOHN DOE, *am glad*

Right then I gave myself a good talking to. I said: "Look here, old man, if you trade this in for another like it, you'll go through the same grief. If you keep that sort of thing up, you'll carry a yoke of payments for the rest of your life. You can't afford another short-lived car. Get wise to yourself and buy a Reo!"

So I went to my Reo dealer. I took out a Reo Master Flying Cloud. The dealer sat beside me, and suggested tests that sounded like easy ways to suicide—and probably would have been in many other cars. For instance:

We approached the worst hill east of the Rockies. Cars are warned to go down in second—many resort to first. Yet on his say-so, I went over the crest and started down at 40—and at that speed I slipped into second as pretty as you please—no clash, no grind, just a reassuring click.

The exclusive new Reo Silent Second Transmission—the greatest automobile achievement in five years—makes that possible.

We stopped at a red light. Before us stretched a wet, freshly-sprinkled street. At the flash of green we were off. In 26 seconds we were hitting 60. I applied the brakes. In two seconds the 60 changed to 30. In 2 seconds more we came to a dead stop—and we didn't skid, we didn't swerve a hair, for Reo's marvelous brakes simply cannot be unequalized. Nor can water affect them. They stay right, too, for they've gone 50,000 miles without relining.

Then we had a test neither one of us had figured on. We were traveling fast when the good road stopped without a warning! There was a sharp 6-inch drop and we hit it flying. But what's that to axles that are built to withstand a shock equivalent to driving a car off a 4-foot drop at 60! What's that to springs that break so seldom that the Reo people give new leaves free when they do!

What a car! And the best thing about the Reo is, that it will keep doing all these things. Reo parts are designed to withstand a strain 50% to 100% greater than any you ever will ask any car to take. Reo pays 10% to 25% more for those parts. Reo's 7-bearing crankshaft, connecting rods, flywheel, clutch, brakedrums—even Reo's fan blades—are balanced to absolute precision, hair-trigger accuracy—eliminating vibration, the enemy of long life.

And Reo's lines, like the lines of the highest priced cars, are basically right. They don't demand radical yearly changes. They give you a car to be proud of two, three, four or more years after you buy it. Reo is good—really *good*—for at least 100,000 miles. What a car!

You, John Doe, *be happy*

Profit by my experience—but don't go through it. Fight that fallacious idea that you can't afford a Reo. Get in touch with your Reo dealer today!

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, LANSING, MICH.

REO GOOD *for* 100,000 *miles*

Reo Flying Cloud, *Standard Sedan* . . . $1395 *F. O. B. Lansing, Michigan* (*Spare tire extra*)

Please Accept—

3 Nights' Restful Sleep

This New Way Doctors Are Advising

Not a Medicine, But a Swiss Food-Drink That Brings Sleep Utterly Without Drugs

—JUST SEND COUPON BELOW—

A Swiss food discovery that not only induces instant sleep but assures the restful sleep that brings you all-day energy tomorrow

IF you are troubled with restless nights, we urge you to accept the test offered here. Doing so has made a great difference in the lives of thousands of nervous people.

On doctors' advice, millions are employing this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. And does far more than simply induce sleep! *It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.*

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food-concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime; a super-delicious drink.

First, it induces sleep; sound, natural sleep. The kind that rebuilds and rejuvenates.

Then, *while* you sleep, Ovaltine re-supplies your system with the energy lost the previous active day. For it contains practically every building element necessary to life and energy, in a form which the human system can easily absorb while you sleep.

You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well.

Do you wonder then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors.

Used for 30 years in Europe, its use has spread over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

Accept Test

Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions.

They recommend it, too, for nervous, underweight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day, to relieve fatigue and restore vitality. A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine. *Try it.* Obtain at any drug or grocery store today—or use coupon for special 3-day test.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

Make this experiment. Drink a cup of Hot Ovaltine before retiring, for three nights. Note how quickly you go to sleep; how refreshed you feel when you awaken; your unlimited energy next day. Mail coupon with 10c for a 3-day introductory package.

OVALTINE

BUILDS BODY, BRAIN AND NERVES

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. P-25 S
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name .....
(Print name and address clearly)

Address .....

City ..... State .....
(One package to a person) 516-A

(Continued from Page 114)

went up the stairway unannounced. Mr. Spruill glanced at me from the corner of an eye and demanded what my business might be.

"My name is Armstrong," I said, "and I'm selling watches and jewelry out of New York. But I can see you're too busy to think about buying anything on a day like this."

"You're right," Mr. Spruill answered shortly. "I am too busy."

He appeared to think this ended the interview, for he turned back to his work. The cashier handed him a charge slip that had just come up from the grocery counter. Mr. Spruill glanced down at the sales floor to identify the customer who was having the goods charged and then sprawled his O.K. on the slip.

"Your grocery department seems to be pretty rushed," I persevered. "That's the reason I came up to see you. Maybe you would like to give me a job there for the day!"

He looked up sharply at this odd request, and then after a moment remarked that a green hand would only be in the way.

"But I'm not a green hand, Mr. Spruill," I said. "I grew up in the grocery business. Give me half an hour to locate the different items in stock and I believe I can sell as much merchandise as anyone." I told him briefly of our family store on Second Avenue and then added deferentially, "I'm sure I can do a good day's work for you. The only objection may be that you won't want to pay me my price."

"I thought there was a catch somewhere," Mr. Spruill commented cynically. "You-all up in New York City have pretty big ideas about money. It doesn't grow on trees down here in the South."

"It isn't a question of money at all," I answered. "I don't want any cash wages. I want to swap work with you."

He looked at me as though doubting my sanity. Before he had time to frame a reply I pulled out one of my business cards and laid it on his desk.

"My trunks are over at the hotel," I said earnestly. "I'll gladly work in your grocery department until closing time tonight if, after that, you'll give me half an hour of your time to look over what I've got. That's what I mean by swapping work."

I have often wondered at my temerity. Probably it was fortunate for me that Mr. Spruill had a sense of humor, for without that I might have stood a good chance of being thrown down the stairway. He considered a moment and then laughed indulgently.

"All right, boy, it's a bargain," he said. "We close at ten o'clock. Now let's see how good a grocery clerk you are."

He escorted me down to the sales floor and told one of his men to provide me with a white apron. Five minutes later I was behind the grocery counter, and from that time until ten o'clock that night I sold canned goods, sugar, salt pork, coffee and tea to the white and colored citizens of the community.

Evidently Mr. Spruill enjoyed the situation, for I noticed every once in a while that he would look at me over his balcony railing, always with a broad grin on his face. But he was as good as his word, for at closing time he sent a couple of his porters to the Southland Hotel for my trunks. I sold him a bill of watches and chains amounting to a little more than five hundred dollars. During the balance of the time I was on the Southern territory Mr. Spruill remained one of my good customers.

But though my bit of strategy worked well on that occasion, I would hardly recommend it as sound salesmanship. There is a border line between enterprise and impudence, and I am afraid I verged on the latter. I suspect it was my youth and palpable callowness that carried me through. You can do things at twenty-two that you can't do at forty.

It's a big question, this knowing what is proper in salesmanship and what is not; and I hope those who have followed my story thus far will pardon me if I obtrude an opinion or two of my own, based on more than twenty-five years of selling. I do not believe in what is called high-pressure salesmanship. It is entirely possible to gain an occasional order by figuratively sticking one's foot in the doorway and refusing to leave, but tactics of that sort seldom result in permanent or profitable relations. It is an axiom in business that no money is made on the first sale; and a man who has allowed himself to be coerced once into buying is likely to harbor resentment, not only against the man who stuck his foot in the door but against the firm that employed him.

I will go further and say I believe extreme high-pressure salesmanship is dangerous to the entire structure of American business. Because we are a young nation, and because on every hand there have been evidences of important things to be done, we have been inclined to give business a freer hand than most other nations. It is essential that business shall take no advantage of this freedom. Rightly or wrongly, there are critics who believe high-powered salesmanship of any sort to be an arrogant assumption that business has the right of way over life. So far, this criticism is sporadic and mostly expressed in humorous allusions to the overly fervid campaigns of selling indulged in by individual enterprisers. But let the day arrive when enough Americans believe business is assuming the rôle of tyrant, and business of all kinds will suffer, the innocent along with the transgressor.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PHOTO. BY W. S. BAILEY

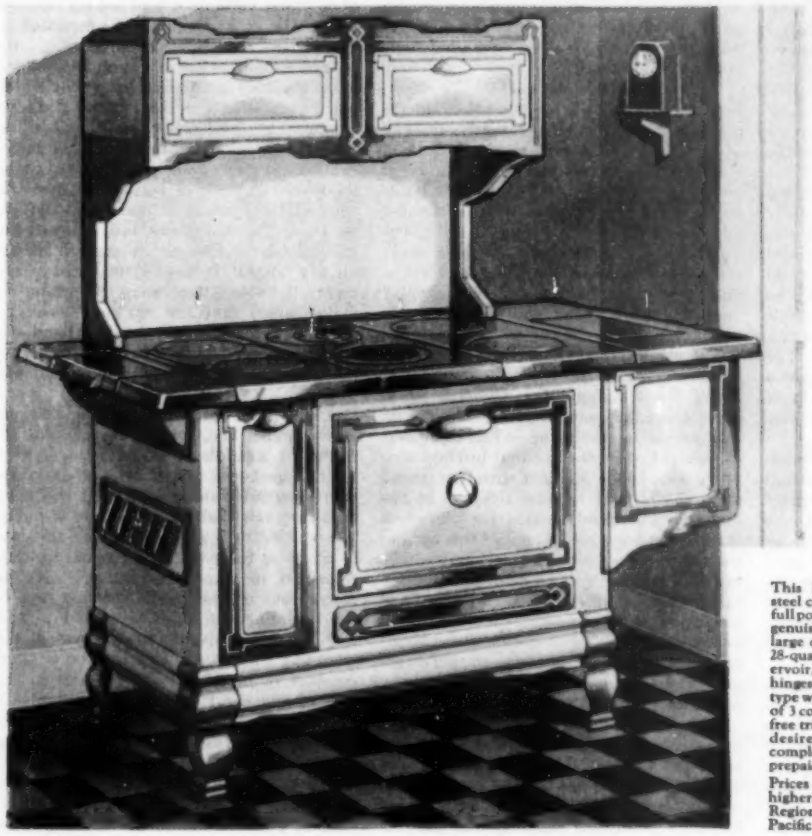
A Western New York Scene

Announcing the New 1930 Windsors

Beautiful, modern.... fine stove designs that embody the newest furniture trends

The FIRESIDE Windsor heats 4 or 5 large rooms with continuous circulation of warm moist air. Health authorities all urge this type of heating. Ornamental grill doors, handsome cabinet design, genuine walnut-grained porcelain enamel finish over genuine Armco Iron sides and panels. Large feed door opening, 11 x 19 inches. Always clean. Never needs polishing. CASH PRICE, complete, all freight charges prepaid . . . **$73.95**

Price slightly higher in Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast Regions.



This PIONEER Windsor steel coal and wood range is full porcelain-enameled over genuine Armco Iron. Extra-large oven (20" x 20" x 13"), 28-quart, pure copper reservoir, dirt-proof concealed hinges. Oversize firebox, new-type warming closet. Choice of 3 colors. Sold on 30 days' free trial—easy payments, if desired. CASH PRICE, complete, all freight charges prepaid **$89.95**

Prices slightly higher in Rocky Mountain Region, and in Atlantic and Pacific Coast States.

This mark of quality identifies our advertisements, our stores, and many of our exceptional merchandise offerings. Let it be your guide to quality and savings.

THE latest decorative vogue is expressed in these two creations—selected by Ward's from the work of a number of eminent stove designers. Both the FIRESIDE WINDSOR Heater illustrated, and its companion, the PIONEER WINDSOR Range, are typical representatives of the 1930 Windsor Stove line . . . . every one of whose more than 250 models is an ideal value at a decided saving!

The *Fireside's* satin-finish grained-walnut enameling and rich cabinet design adapt it for use with the finest furniture . . . . The *Pioneer's* lovely colors (soft two-tone Blue, two-tone Ivory Tan, or Spring Green and Ivory Tan in combination) lend added charm to the most attractive kitchen.

Compare either of these WINDSORS with any stoves of like quality elsewhere. You will find Ward's much lower prices only emphasize the value made possible by our money-saving method of distribution to the customer direct. Not only their sturdiness and beauty, but special features that economize fuel and simplify operation, have made these WINDSOR Stoves the choice of thousands of families. Back of each purchase has stood the famous Ward's Guarantee of "Satisfaction or Your Money Back" that protects every WINDSOR buyer today.

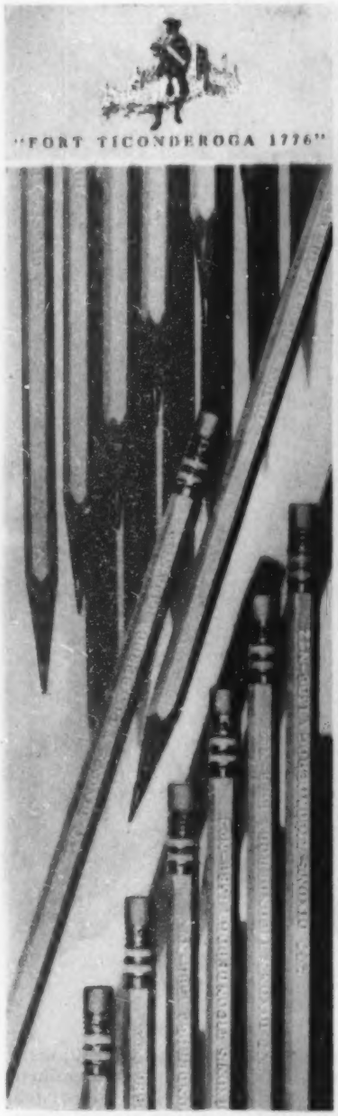
Visit your nearest Ward Retail Store and see these new-design stoves for yourself. Compare them with any other makes you choose . . . note how much these models save you—and how much they *give* you in beauty, economy and dependable service! Both are typical examples of the high quality available in more than 40,000 other articles of Montgomery Ward & Co. merchandise—each offered at a substantial saving because Ward's selling plan eliminates all "in-between" profits.

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.

CHICAGO · KANSAS CITY · ST. PAUL · BALTIMORE · PORTLAND, ORE. · OAKLAND, CALIF. · FORT WORTH · DENVER · ALBANY

© M. W. & Co., 1929

Nine Great Mail Order Houses and More Than 400 Retail Stores Throughout the Nation



© 1929

Do things run smoothly in your office?—If not check up on your pencils.—There's efficiency and comfort in a really good pencil. Dixon's "Ti-con-der-oga" is just that.

DIXON
"TI-CON-DER-OGA"
An extraordinary five cent pencil

Made in the U. S. A. by
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY
Pencil Dept. 8-J, Jersey City, N. J.

SNOWHIDE

(Continued from Page 48)

the one into which he had been born and with which he had traveled since, but the routine was much the same.

The mating moon of Snowhide's tribe arrived when he was a few months of age. Then the buffalo herds, usually so voiceless, resounded day and night with a dull roar that rolled for miles across the plains. This was occasioned by the muttering grunts of the herd bulls, the combined volume of thousands of voices resembling a low bellowing when heard at a distance. The swelling chorus of these throaty grunts rang in Snowhide's ears during every hour of the day and night. Great bulls engaged in combat while other members of the herd, long since accustomed to such manifestations, paid small heed to the gladiators. A pair of giant bulls struggled for an hour within a few yards of Snowhide. Heads lowered, their broad skulls meeting, they strained every muscle of neck and body, each endeavoring to push his adversary back. They were too evenly matched, however, for either to gain the advantage, and presently they desisted from the struggle. When the mating moon had passed the grunting of the bulls passed with it and once again the herds were voiceless.

On an average of once a month, Snowhide's band or one near it was assailed by the red hunters of the plains as the herds drifted gradually into the north. Once a detachment of blue-coated cavalrymen appeared on a rise of ground and gave chase. The troopers were inexperienced buffalo hunters, and after a lumbering chase of a few miles, during which hundreds of shots were fired, the pursuit was abandoned. Two buffaloes had been killed and a dozen others, wounded in varying degrees of seriousness by long-range shooting, crippled along with the running herd.

The following day a prowling party of Cheyennes swooped down upon the herd. Snowhide was near the edge of the herd, well forward, when the Cheyennes swooped from behind a wave of ground on the downwind side and made for the rear of the herd. The first wild surge of the stampede crowded Snowhide to the extreme outer flank of the run and he could not force his way back into the protective ranks of the great bodies that hurtled past him.

He ran with every ounce of speed, his muscles winged by terror as the fierce whoops of the Cheyennes rang in his ears from behind. At the start he had been well toward the front of the herd. After a run of two miles he had dropped back until he was flanking the center of it. The animals that had been wounded the preceding day were tiring rapidly and falling back. The course of the run led along the edge of a prairie draw. Snowhide was forced over its edge and he raced up the floor of it, paralleling the course of the stampede.

The foremost Cheyenne caught a glimpse of the white pelt of Snowhide just as the bull calf went over the edge of the draw. Shortly thereafter two wounded bulls dipped into the ravine a hundred yards behind Snowhide. The two leading Cheyennes gave chase. Again the foremost of them had a fleeting glimpse of a white form disappearing round a bend in the draw some distance ahead. The two savages dispatched the bulls and gave up the chase.

Although the buffalo wolf of the plains is generally referred to as the gray wolf—because of the fact that the majority of those marauders of the prairies were gray of coat—there were many wolves with varying shades of pelt. Some few were so dark as to appear almost black at a distance. White wolves were very common on the plains. One Cheyenne later commented upon the fact that twice during the course of the run he had seen a very large white wolf. This supposition, coupled with the fact that the two savages had tarried to dispatch the wounded bulls that so providentially had interposed themselves between the red hunters and Snowhide, undoubtedly had been the means of preserving the latter's life. Had the Cheyenne suspected that the creature he had sighted was a white buffalo calf, he would have pressed his pony on after Snowhide in a race that would have terminated only in the death of the latter or of the Indian's favorite horse. For any Cheyenne would rather bag one white buffalo hide than a dozen ordinary pelts; odd, perhaps, in view of the fact that the Cheyennes themselves place small value upon the pelt of an albino buffalo—but there were others who did.

When the white men first knew them the remnants of the once powerful Gros Ventre nations, having suffered long adversity, still held infrequent dances in which all those who were so fortunate as to possess the hide of an albino buffalo engaged. Or perhaps it was only the medicine men and the leading chiefs who took part in these festivities. However, happy indeed, and rated wealthy, was the Gros Ventre of whatever rank who possessed a white or pinto buffalo pelt. Those who could not afford such a treasure individually deemed themselves fortunate to become coowners of an object of such strong medicine. Usually those participating in such a purchase apportioned the hide out in strips equal to the trade value of each individual's contribution.

Perhaps the inner significance of the ceremony in all its intimate details has been lost to us, for the Gros Ventres were a vanishing people when the first white men made their acquaintance. Unquestionably, the dance was related to the belief that Manitou, from the summit of Spirit Mountain, estimated the number of bison on the plains by counting the albino individuals. Rumor has it that the Gros Ventres believed that the Great Spirit, observing among them the hides of so many albino animals, would conclude that the kill of normally colored buffaloes had been equally great and so would hasten to replenish the herds to the end that his chosen people might live in plenty.

For the first few years of his life Snowhide moved with the herds on their spring migrations northward across the prairies and on their southward travels in the fall. Scarcely a week passed in which he was not forced to run the gantlet of the hide hunters. It was the custom of these cunning killers to creep within range on the downwind side and open fire with long-range rifles. On the first such occasion a bull near Snowhide stumbled to his knees and rolled upon his side, blood spurting from his mouth and nose.

The other members of the herd, excited by the smell of blood, milled curiously round the stricken one. One bull even gored the fallen comrade as if holding him responsible for stirring up so much needless excitement. Another animal lurched suddenly, stood for a moment with legs spread wide apart, then toppled sidewise to the ground. The wind carried no tidings of man to the noses of the excited throng, and the rolling prairie revealed no enemy within range of peering eyes. The occasional distant reports, apparently, did not impress the bison as in any way connected with near-by fatalities. Not until a dozen members of the herd had fallen did the survivors give way to sudden panic and dash away in a mad stampede.

Snowhide survived the first few such engagements through the mere circumstance that, as a youngster, his usual place was in the middle of the herd, while those on the outermost fringe suffered most heavily. By the time he reached maturity and took his place as a herd bull he had become so wild from constant alarms that he ran at the slightest suspicion of danger. The least whiff of man scent on the wind, any object within the range of his vision that might prove to be an enemy or the sound of the most distant gunshot was sufficient to put him to flight.

But it was the Shoshones, not the hide hunters, who were responsible for his ultimate change of habits. During his fifth year a hunting party of Shoshones gave chase to the band with which Snowhide then consorted. He was crowded from near the left peak of the run into a strip of timber. Obstructions caused him to veer still farther to the left. When he came out on the far side of the trees, it was to find an open grassy valley stretching away invitingly, and he raced up its course, a dozen cows and calves and two mature bulls following his lead.

The little band mounted higher past parklike clumps of spruce and aspens that graced the floor of the valley, through which poured a sparkling mountain stream. Not until they had advanced some seven or eight miles did the fugitive bison make a halt to graze. It is probable that Snowhide would have returned again to the foothills when his terror had waned, except for the fact that the Shoshones, after the termination of the hunt, turned up that same valley to camp for the night.

The scent of the hunters and the smoke from their camp fires drifted up the bottoms to Snowhide's nose. That night he stared at the twinkling camp fire a mile or more down the valley. Instead of descending, he headed farther up the bottoms. At dawn, the Shoshones, resuming their march and intent upon crossing the divide at the head of the stream, rode up the valley. Their extra horses were heavily loaded with meat and hides from the hunt of the day before and they did not tarry to chase the little band of bison that appeared far up the valley.

Snowhide, however, did not wait to ascertain their intentions. He took the route of least resistance in his flight from them, which, naturally, led him up the rapidly narrowing and now more steeply ascending floor of the valley. A trail led up through the timber at its head, and he mounted it, the others following in single file. He topped out on the low divide and descended a few hundred feet to another valley which led higher into the hills, turning up its course. The Shoshones turned up, also, and Snowhide held on toward the higher snow-capped ranges. Throughout the day he followed the path of least resistance upward. It led him from one high valley to another. The Shoshones, too, followed the natural course toward the summit of the mighty ranges. It was not until just before nightfall, when they were preparing to make camp, that the red men observed anything unusual about the little band of a score or more of buffaloes that had kept a few miles ahead of them throughout the day.

A long file of dark forms ascended a slope above timber line, heading for the pass afforded by a saddle in the lofty ridge. One of the Shoshones halted with an exclamation of surprise and pointed. It was then that they saw that the little band of buffaloes was led by a great bull whose pelt was as white as the patches of snowdrifts that remained in those high ranges. As he topped out on the saddle the last rays of the declining sun touched his white pelt and magnified his size in the eyes of the watching Shoshones. He seemed a giant creature of burnished silver. And so the tale of the great white bull was spread, eventually to reach the ears of the few remaining Gros Ventres near the base of Spirit Mountain.

Snowhide plunged down the far slope of the divide. A tangled mass of lofty snow-capped peaks unrolled before him. The Shoshones were behind. He pushed on and fed that night on crisp mountain grasses in a high meadow, with the cool air blowing off the snowdrifts.

There was no sign of man to alarm him the next day. The grass was of the best. During hot summer days on the plains,

(Continued on Page 123)

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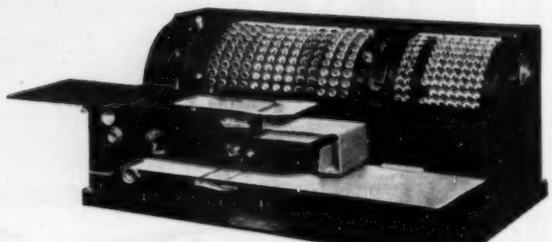

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THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY

DAYTON, OHIO, AND PRINCIPAL CITIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 120)

Snowhide frequently had retired to the shelter of the scattered timber along prairie creeks. He had resorted even to willow patches, rubbing his shedding sides against the pliable saplings. Often, he and his fellows had rubbed or trampled down considerable stretches of such willow growth. Now when the sun's rays heated the rarefied atmosphere of the higher ranges at midday, he retired to the edge of the heavy timber and relished its cool and refreshing fragrance.

A month passed and the menace of man had faded somewhat from his thoughts. Not so much as a scent or sound of man had he encountered in all that time.

Here in these high mountain parks Snowhide found many of his own kind—not the immense herds of the plains, but little bands ranging over the lofty meadows. During the latter days of hide hunting, buffaloes were scattered throughout the Rockies from Colorado to Montana, even in the great alpine grasslands above timber line. Always, in all probability, a few buffaloes had ranged up into these lofty feeding grounds during the heat of summer, but no doubt their numbers were inconsiderable. The versions of the various Western tribes differed slightly on that point.

Some declared that formerly there had been no bison above timber line in the Rockies. Others asserted that a few buffaloes had been encountered there in the past. All agreed, however, that ceaseless persecution on their native plains had resulted in an increase of buffaloes in the higher hills. The elk, too—largely a prairie animal—had taken to the mountains. The mule deer, a creature of the foothills and a frequenter of the plains near wooded creek bottoms, also had sought shelter in the Rockies. Even the bighorn sheep, originally encountered chiefly in the foothills and the lower mountain ranges, now had been pushed back to the lofty peaks.

Snowhide met elk and mule deer in high mountain parks where formerly his trail had crossed theirs in the prairies. Originally, no doubt, the relatively few buffaloes that resorted to the higher feed grounds of the mountains in the summer had migrated back to the low country in the fall to join the southward drift of the plains herds. The greater number of them still held to this custom.

With the first heavy storms of autumn, small bands of bison streamed down-country toward the foothills. The elk and mule deer, too, were seeking lower levels, drifting back toward their native plains. Many, however, dreading the dangers of the lowlands, lingered on to winter in the lower valleys of the mountains.

Snowhide was one of this latter class. As successive storms spread their white layers over the hills, he found no difficulty in pawing through the snow and feeding upon the tall grass of the mountain parks. After every snowfall the wind rose to a gale, scouring the snow from exposed ridges and bare shoulders.

At such exposed points Snowhide found abundant cured feed. Frequently he found himself feeding on some bare ridge or shoulder in company with a band of bighorn sheep. The shrieking storms of winter passed and spring came again. The new grass appeared and flowers bloomed in unbelievable profusion to the very foot of the melting snowdrifts. Snowhide, accompanied by a dozen other bison, fed up toward the alpine meadows as the snow line receded.

In midsummer he was taking a noonday nap at the edge of the timber when there came the roar of a rifle from close at hand. One of several buffaloes that grazed in the open lurched to her knees and rolled over on her side as Snowhide gained his feet. Five Shoshones jumped their ponies into the meadow.

They sighted the big white bull as he rose to his feet just within the sheltering edge of the trees. Instantly they raced their ponies for him. Snowhide fled down the steep timbered slope, leaping windfalls and smashing through tangles of low-hanging spruce bows. Sure-footed and fleet as were those mountain-bred steeds of the Shoshones, they were unable to carry their riders down that slope at the pace maintained by the frightened bull. There were several bad spills among the pursuers and Snowhide distanced them.

Coincident with the last big annual slaughter of buffaloes by the hide hunters, shipping points were piled high with a congestion of green and cured buffalo hides that commanded a price of a dollar apiece and less. The plains reeked from end to end with the carcasses of the slaughtered millions. Well, another year and prices for buffalo hides might be higher, the hide hunters reasoned. And so it proved. There was a greater demand for hides at rising prices, but no hides to fill the demand. The buffalo was gone from the plains and the occupation of hide hunting died of its own greed, as robe trading and beaver trapping had died before it.

Here and there throughout the plains country small bands of buffaloes were to be found. Once the vast herds had presented a spectacle at which all men marveled. Now, almost overnight, a buffalo had become a curiosity and it was considered a great feat to slay one of the remaining few specimens of this vanishing breed. Soon the last of them had vanished from the plains. A few scattered bunches remained, living a fugitive existence in isolated pockets of the mountains.

Snowhide had been merely wild when on the plains, running blindly across the prairies at the least suspicion of danger. Here in the hills he had added wariness to wildness. With age and experience he had grown crafty. He bedded in heavy timber with the wind at his back and swept the foreground with his eyes. His ears were ever alert for the least alien sound that might indicate the presence of man. And so he had survived until his tenth year.

The following winter was destined to be the one from which settlers in the West were to date all subsequent events. With the uncanny faculty for divining weather conditions in advance with which wild things are endowed, the elk began to stream down-country with the first fall storms, as if afraid that they might find the passes blocked with snow if they were to wait for a later migration date. The running moon of the elk was on in full swing and the silvery bugling of bull elk rang in Snowhide's ears as the traveling bands passed down through the lofty pocket in which he had summered. The mule deer, too, were heading for lower country and the bears were seeking their dens two weeks in advance of their customary denning time.

Snowhide also sensed the approach of a winter of unexampled severity, but he was loath to descend and brave the dangers of the lowlands. Little by little, only when crowded out of one locality by each new storm, he moved down-country, accompanied by six cows, a few calves and yearlings and two young bulls. He was forced to leave valley after valley by the unprecedented depth of the snow, which prevented access to the feed even by ceaseless pawing. Every member of his band was emaciated and weakened by lack of food and exhaustion from constant bucking of the snowdrifts. At last, Snowhide, breaking trail for his herd, the others following in single file, led the way from the mountains and skirted the flank of the lower hills. The sun was shining with dazzling brilliance on the endless white expanse. The cold was intense and Snowhide's breath appeared in explosive puffs of vapor as he labored through the drifts.

Another storm was brewing. Clouds were gathering round the top of a lofty peak that seemed to rise sheer from the plains some distance ahead of him. Also, little ribbons of smoke writhed slowly aloft from near its base, indicative of the presence of man. But Snowhide was too weary to exercise his usual caution. The paramount necessity was now to find some exposed prairie ridge from which the snow had been blown, exposing sufficient grass to keep life in the starving members of his band. So he plodded on toward the half-dozen tepees that stood in a wooded valley some little distance from the base of Spirit Mountain. He found a small patch of exposed feed on a shoulder that pitched down from the flank of the range. There he halted and cropped the spare grass. He bedded there with his followers for the night, preparatory to forging on again at dawn. The smoke of the tepee fires drifted to his nose, but he was too exhausted to pay much heed to it.

In the largest of those lodges the few ancient warriors of the Gros Ventres sat in council. The buffalo was gone from the plains, the Gros Ventres were but few. For years the old tribal ceremonies had not been held. Something must be done. Early the next morning, led by Molacta, an aged chief whose eyes had looked forth upon almost a hundred winters, a half dozen old and ailing braves issued from the tepees and moved toward the base of Spirit Mountain. The weather had moderated somewhat and the clouds round the peak that was the haunt of Manitou had thickened.

"See," said Molacta, pointing, "he is there. The clouds have come down to conceal him from our eyes."

They set about preparations for the ceremony as the sun was obscured by low-flying clouds and the first flakes of a blizzard came scurrying down from the hills on the wings of the wind. Each of the ancients, from beneath his government-issue blanket, produced some object which he regarded with great reverence. To the casual observer these objects would have appeared to be merely scraps of hide of various sizes and shapes—unsightly in the extreme. But the owners knew that they were strong medicine.

There was no longer a whole albino buffalo hide among the Gros Ventres, nor had there been for many years. But these worn strips of hide had once been white. Casting aside their government blankets, each old warrior draped his scrap of hide across his shoulders. One member had produced a skin drum. He seated himself and began to beat a monotonous rhythm upon the tom-tom. In time with the throbbing boom of it, the ancient warriors began a slow, weaving dance, voicing a rhythmic chant as they made supplication to Manitou to repopulate the country of the Gros Ventres with the vast buffalo herds of old.

The flakes came thicker, became a blinding smother through which one could see but a dozen yards. The wind rose to a screeching gale that snatched the booming notes of the skin drum away across the white wastes. Molacta's tottering legs warmed with activity and his voice came stronger. He set a faster pace as the storm screamed past, the others keeping step to his measure. Then suddenly the dancers stopped in their tracks and the oldster who beat the tom-tom dropped it in the snow. All stared in amazement.

It seemed that the whirling white wall of flakes had opened to admit to the scene through some unseen doorway a mysterious apparition. A great bull buffalo, his hide as white as the snow through which he traveled, appeared as if by magic. Head down, unmindful of the presence of his arch enemy, man, he plodded wearily through the drifts. Behind this specter, traveling in single file in the trail thus broken for them, came shaggy dark forms. The great white bull disappeared in the whirling cloud of flakes while the file of darker forms still broke through the wall of snowflakes and vanished in the wake of their leader.

Then Molacta held his hand aloft and pointed to the unseen top of Spirit Mountain.

"Manitou has heard," he said. "He looked out across the plains to find that the buffalo was gone from the land of the Gros Ventres. He sends the great white bull to show the buffaloes the trail by which they must return to the land of the Great One's chosen people. It is done!"

(Continued on Page 126)

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(Continued from Page 123)

Wrapping their blankets round their shivering forms, the aged warriors returned to the shelter of their lodges.

Snowhide managed to survive throughout the worst winter of his experience. When spring came he was very weak. Green feed did not seem to send the old accustomed vigor through his great, wasted frame. He headed up-country with the others. They did not press on to the higher peaks and Snowhide found himself too indifferent to lead the way. When the mating moon of his tribe came in, Snowhide was conscious of a vague stirring of his old power. One of the younger bulls suddenly assaulted him.

With lowered head Snowhide met his adversary. He braced his feet and tensed his muscles for a heave that would force this young upstart back. Instead, vaguely surprised, he found himself being forced back so swiftly that he had difficulty in retaining his footing. The vigorous young bull pushed him about with savage thrusts. The issue was not long in doubt. Whenever Snowhide approached the band, one or another of the young bulls charged him viciously. Rest seemed more desirable than futile combat, so he wandered away by himself. Snowhide had reached that point to which Nature has consigned all herd bulls after they have served her purpose in the scheme of things. He had been whipped from the herd, destined to spend the rest of his life as an outcast bull.

The Gros Ventres were to be herded back to the reservation. Molacta slipped away for one last ramble. He was ardently desirous of bagging a deer or perhaps even an elk. Following along a timbered sidehill that flanked a grassy valley behind Spirit Mountain, he stiffened suddenly to attention. Out there in the grassy bottoms of the valley three wolves were assailing a lone buffalo bull; and that bull's pelt was white as the driven snow.

Snowhide lowered his head and made furious rushes at his assailants, but was unable to reach them. The teeth of one scored his hind leg as he charged another. He felt that leg give under his weight as he whirled. His great frame was gaunt and wasted. The old vigor was gone and there was no snap to his rushes. It was merely a question of a few minutes' weakening effort before his antagonists would pull him down.

Molacta, meanwhile, had crept stealthily to the timber's edge. He had hoped against hope to chance across a deer or elk at most. Now, on his last hunt, he came upon a prize more magnificent than any he had encountered in nearly a century of hunting. Molacta's muscles trembled slightly as he fitted an arrow to his bow. The shaft flew straight and true and was buried to the hilt in the body of the great white bull. Snowhide went down with a crash as the barbed head found his heart.

Some hours later a figure might have been seen toiling up the slope of Spirit Mountain. Molacta's ancient legs bent under him, and his frame was bowed by the weight of the burden that he packed. Night overtook him and he slept, only to press on again at dawn. Near sundown he attained the summit of the sharp peak. Then he unrolled his burden and admired it. It was the entire hide of a white buffalo with the heavy head and skull attached.

Molacta placed the skull upon his own head, the white hide enveloping his shrunken frame. For almost half a century he had not seen this dance of the white buffalo performed in prescribed fashion—chiefly for the reason that white hides had been unobtainable.

The Gros Ventres had been forced to resort to scraps of hide. Perhaps Manitou had not observed these makeshift dances. This, undoubtedly, would be Molacta's last dance this side the happy hunting ground. He would put it on right. And in order to be sure that Manitou observed it, the ancient Gros Ventre chieftain had toiled up to the summit of Spirit Mountain with his heavy burden.

With none but Manitou to hear, Molacta's voice rose and fell in a rhythmic chant. With only the eyes of the Great Spirit upon him, Molacta dipped and shuffled in the motions of the dance that he had learned in his youth. Departing, he spread the great hide upon the tip of the peak and weighted it with stones.

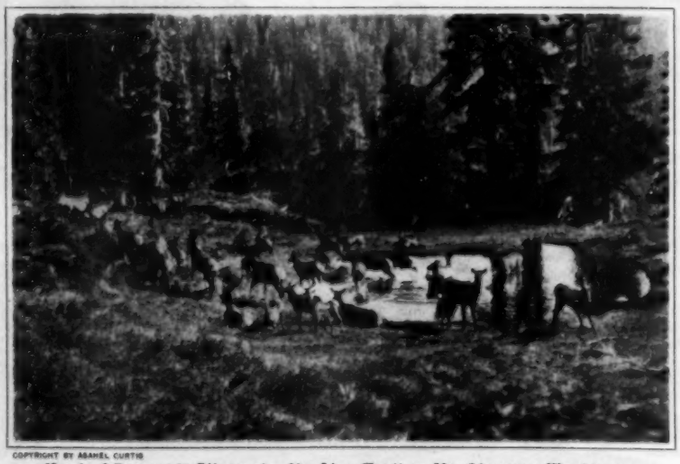
As has been said, when Catlin finally scaled the peak after hearing various rumors of this happening of the long ago, he found a weather-whitened skull. Not a shred of the hide remained. So this was the means by which the Gros Ventres had hoped to induce Manitou to repopulate their land with buffalo! Catlin shrugged his impatience with all such silly superstitions. Then he recalled certain recent developments.

The buffalo, having been depleted almost to the vanishing point, had been saved from extinction in the nick of time. The few survivors of the Gros Ventres had made their last stand at the base of Spirit Mountain. And it was in the general vicinity of Spirit Mountain that the buffaloes, slowly but surely, were coming back into their own.

To the northward, in Canada, several thousand head were ranging. To the south, in the Yellowstone, almost a thousand buffaloes were grazing in high mountain valleys.

Both the Canadian and the Yellowstone herds now were increasing so rapidly as to constitute something of a problem. Here and there throughout the land, other herds gradually were increasing. Catlin stooped and stroked the smooth surface of the ancient skull.

"Well," he said, "according to legend, it is possible, after all, that between Molacta and Snowhide, the great white bull, they cooked up such strong medicine that Manitou heard and answered. Certain it is that the buffalo is coming back."



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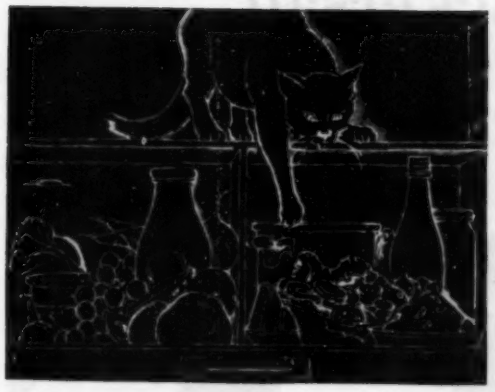
Herd of Roosevelt Elk on the Sky Line Trail to Mt. Olympus, Washington



Don't trust food to a window box or cellar . . . . use ICE

How little do pennies count when the health of a child is at stake!

Some mothers, at this season, are tempted to dismiss the ice man and trust their children's food to makeshift window boxes, or worse still—to damp, musty cellars. They forget that, even in cold weather, the child's milk, orange or tomato juice and other delicate foods need the constant, safe, dependable protection of ICE right up to the very minute they are used.

ICE is cheap and abundant. The daily cost of using ice is small at any season—a mere trifle in cold weather! It is false economy to shut off the ice supply when summer is gone—leaving foods exposed to prowling animals, dust, dampness and the deteriorating effects of sharp temperature changes.

If mothers only realized what happens to food which lacks the safeguard of ICE, they would *never* take such risks.

ICE—*and the Joy of Living*

ICE contributes to health and the joy of living, in a multitude of ways. It keeps foods safe at all seasons. It preserves their precious, elusive flavors. It is due to ICE that fall and winter diets now include a wealth of "greens" and fresh fruit which otherwise could be enjoyed only in summer.

The modern woman has learned also how ICE may add a final touch of beauty to her table service. Crushed ice, shimmering around the celery and olives and on the butter plates! Ice clinking in the glasses! Ice lends brightness and gaiety to the table, makes good things more crisp and delicious.

ICE *Works All Year*

Regardless of weather, ICE is a year round need, automatically safeguarding perishable food. The few cents a day you invest in ice bring handsome dividends in health and happiness. ICE-freshened food tastes better, keeps better, and is better in food value. Food odors do not remain in a good ice box, but are absorbed by the film of meltage on the ice cake and eliminated through the outlet!

Insist on a Good Refrigerator

A good refrigerator, kept well filled with ice throughout the year, is the cheapest, *safest*, and best health insurance for your family. Your own ice company can help you select a refrigerator that is properly insulated, and built to allow free circulation of cool, fresh air.

National Association of Ice Industries, (46)
163 West Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your free illustrated folder, *ICE the Year Round Necessity.*

*Name*_____

*Street or Box*_____

*Town and State*_____

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES

"Be sensible, Men!"

by Walter Eckersall

—the nation's foremost football authority

"HOW MUCH attention are you going to give to your health this winter? Remember that 'prevention' is the slogan of modern medical science rather than 'cure'.

"Wintry weather, chill zero, blustering blizzards, are just around the corner. Guard against them all by *dressing warmly and completely.*

"An underclothed body means an overworked heart... and that means increased susceptibility to colds, coughs, flu and even worse.

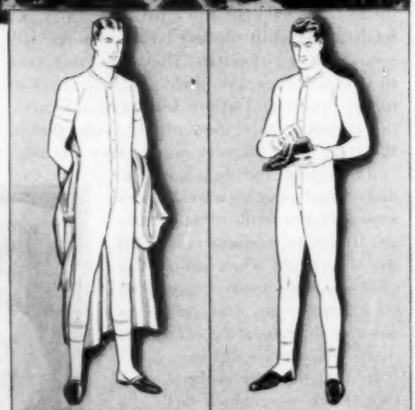
"Be sensible about your underwear . . . don't be deceived about 'hardening' your bodies when you may be harming your health. In later years you may pay dearly. Dress sanely, not vainly. Clothe your body completely this winter!"

* * * *

Munsingwear offers every type of underwear to meet every requirement of weather and occupation . . . complete comfort outdoors and indoors. Not just the old-fashioned 'heavies' . . . but underwear styled and knit to fit and to stay that way . . . no bunching, no binding. There is a full selection of fabrics . . . wool, worsted, cotton, lisle, rayon and mixed materials . . . light weight, medium or heavy . . . all in inimitable Munsingwear quality.

Yes, Munsingwear makes every kind of underwear . . . even shirts and shorts . . . but *Munsingwear recommends Munsingwear Knit Union Suits* this winter, gentlemen . . . for your health! See the Munsingwear merchant in your community.

Munsingwear, Minneapolis.



MUNSING Wear

LET MUNSINGWEAR COVER YOU WITH SATISFACTION

RAILROAD SPEED

(Continued from Page 23)

buckets out of the rigging when I'm around, the last few days. Somebody put a knife into the fore-topsail last night. I swear there wasn't wind enough to blow that sail away. They're nothing better than shakings. Shakings. And they've got a surprise coming that'll flatten them." Shube laid his hand on Eddie's shoulder. "This voyage isn't to San Francisco."

"It's not?" Eddie Rodd cried. "But I heard the articles read myself."

"There was a tongue twister put in there somehow. They were misread. And don't forget that everybody had had three or four whisky splices all round. Didn't that strike you as odd, where Sherrod is known for running temperance ships? But if they'd let the word 'Canton' or 'Valparaiso' slip, they wouldn't have shipped a crew. You know yourself what the rush for California is."

"Canton? We're going for Canton, China?" Rodd asked.

"Canton, certainly, with copper and quicksilver from Valparaiso," Shube said. "And from Canton to Rotterdam with tea, and home again with salt from Lisbon. What a fool any man would be nowadays to send a ship to San Francisco and have her rot at the piers there for lack of a crew."

"This'll bring on trouble," Eddie Rodd said indistinctly. His voice was hollow; he couldn't strike that jovial pitch of his lost character of a man without responsibilities.

"Trouble? I wouldn't be surprised. That's why I want you aft. You and I between us, Eddie, ought to be good for them."

It was not till the ship left Valparaiso in copper and quicksilver that the men knew their destination; and then they were left to infer it from the fact that the boarding nettings were got up and given a drench of Stockholm tar, and a sanding over that. That was to toughen them against the bite of Dyak swords, and certainly smelled little enough of San Francisco. Copper and quicksilver had made the ship stiff, quickened her roll.

Scopy Knower came aft into his captain's presence.

"It's all over with us," he moaned, with motions of his skinny, hairy arms. "I've just been in the 'tween decks after a bag of coffee I had hanging there against the foc'sle bulkhead, and I could hear 'em talking through the ventilation hole. It's mutiny and piracy on the high seas," said Scopy Knower, shaking in every joint.

"Who did the talking?"

"Overlock mostly. But—the mate was there too."

The mate! That was Eddie Rodd, since Larkin had been sent home sick from Valparaiso, and Twing Foster had gone second mate. Eddie Rodd had Larkin's quarters, and ate at the first table with his captain.

"It's Eddie Rodd they're leaning on," Scopy Knower whispered. "If they take the ship out of your hands, the way it is, there's nobody to navigate except Eddie. So they've put it up to Eddie, and he's agreed to go in with 'em, when the time comes ripe—only he stipulated for no harm to come to you."

"That was kind of Mr. Rodd," Shube Bowring muttered with a slightly twisted smile.

"It's California fever," Scopy added; and coming close muttered, "Mr. Tifft himself has got a touch of it."

Mr. Tifft, a semi-invalid, was supercargo, and a man of good morals, or stated to be so in Captain Bowring's letter of instructions.

"It's pretty nigh unanimous against ye," Scopy Knower stated.

"The ayes have it, have they?" Captain Bowring said contemptuously. "Wait, though; maybe there's a shot left in the Old Man's locker after all. I'll look in my letter of instructions to see how this is covered."

That, of course, was Shubael Bowring's little joke. There would be nothing in the instructions about mutiny and piracy. Those were ugly words, and called for ugly measures, to be taken on the ship captain's own account. Captain Shube, fondling his rat spear—a sail needle seized to a long, limber rattan—smote the pale blue sheets of Sherrod's writing. There were his instructions for a circuitous voyage—Valparaiso to Canton, Canton to Rotterdam, touching at the Isle of Wight for letters, and not forgetting to take a pilot through the English Channel.

"He thinks of everything," Shube told himself bitterly. "I know the Channel like the inside of my hand."

He pondered the instructions further. To Lisbon for clean white salt, the same to be stowed near ceiling, stem and forewood, to preserve the ship's planks and timbers. About the only profit on a cargo of salt, Ben Sherrod reminded his captain, was in the pickling the ship got in transit.

"The ship is coppered over tarred blankets, and must be tight," Sherrod's pen went on bodilessly.

"Must be tight," Captain Bowring repeated aloud ironically, and asked himself derisively, "Where's the necessity for that?"

And he remembered that he knew exactly where the sea cock was, and that now, since Larkin was gone, no one else on board did. Fixed in the skin of the ship below the waterline; and it could be got at from aft. Captain Shube had seen to that in stowing cargo. . . . He made a vicious pass at nothing with his rat spear, and read on.

"Keep to yourself what you know, or may hereafter know, respecting cargo and intended circuitous voyage of the ship. Avoid speaking armed vessels, and cultivate harmony with your supercargo, a man of sound morals. Make short passages, but when the wind is ahead, steer half a point or one point free, under easy sail, so as not to fatigue the ship unnecessarily." And when mooring at Canton, Captain Shubael must be careful not to keep the after cable too taut, as that would rub the ship's copper on both sides.

"How does he know I'll ever get to Canton?" Captain Shube muttered to himself. Scopy Knower brought him black coffee, and the Old Man gulped it down and stared.

"I've a good mind to grind their ribs good," he said out loud. "I made a soft ship, and they took advantage of me. Well, I'll make a hard ship. I'll haze 'em. I'll rim-rack 'em. I'll bleed 'em white. I'll show 'em they've got a man killer in their midst. They'd take the ship away from me, would they? Let's see how far they'll get."

Two hours later, when the carpenter sounded the bilges, he reported seven inches of water in the hold.

"We've sprung a leak," Captain Bowring said, appearing suddenly to Eddie Rodd. "Put 'em on the pumps."

"Can't be," Mr. Rodd maintained. "She's coppered over tarred blankets."

"Maybe that grinding we got in Useless Bay jarred some of her shoe off. There's seven inches in the hold."

Twenty-four hours later the men were still on the pumps, their tongues hanging out, and the water was still rising in the hold.

Scopy Knower whispered to John Tifft, the supercargo: "Let 'em look to their lives now. The Old Man's gone wolfish, like his father was before him. Those poor souls! He's rigged a whip from the top-gallant yards, and those that aren't on the pumps are bucketing water on the sails. Railroad speed, he's calling for, and the ship sinking under him, for all he knows. Next he'll have the sweeps out, sweeping her along. And no coffee in the night watches, mind you. They're ready now to drop in their tracks, and he on the quarter-deck blazing away at sea birds with his hard old flintlock. He's a good man with a gun, and he makes no secret of it. 'If I get any back talk or black looks out of any of 'em, I'll settle their hash quicker than hell can scorch a feather,' he says to me. 'And here's the little joker I'll do it with,' he says, with his finger on the trigger. He's gone wolfish, I tell you, like his father. 'Obey orders if you break owners,' he says to me, 'and that calls for Canton and railroad speed.'"

"He'll have 'em down his throat. He can't hang out against the pack," John Tifft murmured in his invalid's voice. That man of sound morals added tremulously, "It's only a madman that would founder his ship just to take it out on his crew. Mr. Sherrod wouldn't sanction that."

"Ah, that I can't pretend to say," Scopy Knower said, with a slight quiver of his own chin.

Captain Shube paced the quarter-deck with his thousandth Fencepost in his mouth. The sun shone powerfully through the wet sails, and the men crawled weakly on the yards, and hung over the pumps. Tar dripped from the rigging; the brass of the binnacle hurt the eye and burned the naked hand.

By now the mutineers knew that Captain Shube was hazing them, sapping their strength, starving them, and supplying them with the disheartening hideous necessity of keeping the ship afloat by their own efforts. He had opened the sea cock, and nobody doubted that the ship was being deliberately flooded. And there was Captain Shube sauntering, sauntering, with his gun in the hollow of his arm, and horse pistols in his belt. The two Portuguese looked hourly blacker, uglier. When they pulled on a rope, they did so with dark scowls under their sugar-loaf hats, and with their knives in their teeth. Squire Overlock, in tarry pantaloons made of bed ticking, enormous round his ankles, dragged his heels, stumbled around in his big horseleather boots like a man at his last gasp.

Captain Shube, stopping opposite him, with dangerous eyes half shut, murmured gently:

"How is the fever today, Overlock?"

"What fever, sir?"

"California fever," Shube dropped out. "It comes after beriberi, and it's more fatal, they tell me. California's a fatal place. I was in the trade last year; carried shiploads of Chinese to San Francisco in thirty-three to thirty-five days, quick passages, and my skipper always had a full cargo of Chinese corpses to take back. But those Chinamen couldn't seem to twig it. No, they never did."

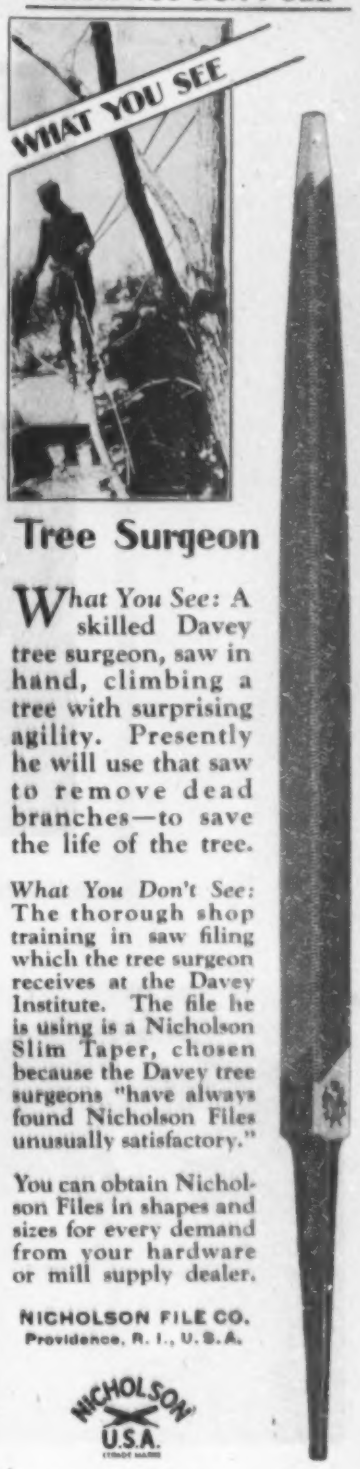
He lifted the gun to his shoulder and brought down a bird on the wing; and going aft, lost not an instant's time in reloading. Eddie Rodd was standing there, but neither man spoke. Captain Bowring felt hideously alone. He wanted someone in the human shape to take counsel with, to indorse his moves, to vindicate his motives. Were they not good? Or was it the taste of grinding cruelty that was in his mouth? He wished above everything that Squire Overlock had not given him that hiding in the apple orchard.

Captain Shubael was finding that the business of punishment is nearly always equivocal, its motives inevitably obscured. Shube Bowring felt that he had shrunk, that he had suffered in his self-esteem, that rage had dwindled him to a pin point. It would not have surprised him to discover that he no longer cast a shadow. When he heard his voice, giving orders, he could hardly recognize it. It seemed to come from a dozen feet away, and fell on his own ears, harsh, relentless.

It was because these men had conspired to take advantage of his youth that he was putting on the screws; not because of the injury to Mr. Sherrod. If he considered

(Continued on Page 133)

WHAT YOU DON'T SEE



Tree Surgeon

What You See: A skilled Davey tree surgeon, saw in hand, climbing a tree with surprising agility. Presently he will use that saw to remove dead branches—to save the life of the tree.

What You Don't See: The thorough shop training in saw filing which the tree surgeon receives at the Davey Institute. The file he is using is a Nicholson Slim Taper, chosen because the Davey tree surgeons "have always found Nicholson Files unusually satisfactory."

You can obtain Nicholson Files in shapes and sizes for every demand from your hardware or mill supply dealer.

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NICHOLSON FILES

A FILE FOR EVERY PURPOSE

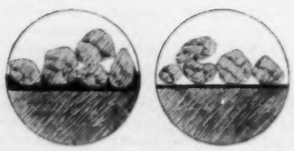
Science discovers

"Mother, don't you ever stop dusting?
You ought to wax your furniture as I do."

Either in paste or liquid form

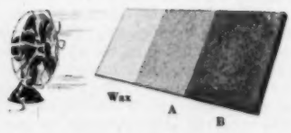
Not a new product

This extraordinary polish is the same Johnson's Wax that has protected and beautified floors for generations. It will do faithful guard duty against scratches and other blemishes on your furniture, too.



(*At left*). Under the microscope, the oily film left by ordinary polishes looks like a greasy, gummy mass. Dust particles sink into it as into glue and are held fast. But see (*At right.*) how they remain on top the hard, dry wax film. Dust can not cling to this greaseless polish.

Illustration showing two dust cloths used on similar pieces of furniture exposed to dust for same length of time, one polished with oily polish, the other with wax. Notice the striking difference in dustiness.



Before a fan, blowing dust evenly upon all three, two panels, A and B, which had been polished with ordinary furniture polishes, soon became filthy. But just observe the other panel, which had been polished with Johnson's Wax. Hardly a speck clung to its non-oily surface!

women dust too much

Tells how wax-polishing reduces dust and dusting by half

Dust less! In making this startling statement, does science excuse lazy housekeeping? Not at all. It simply points out the easier, more efficient way to keep furniture exquisitely beautiful. For months Henry Banks, III, well-known chemist of New York, experimented with furniture polishes. Test after test he made, and each revealed the same remarkable fact: wax polish reduces dust on furniture by half or more!

For ordinary polishes are oily, very magnets for dust and lint, holding the tiny particles tight in a greasy, gummy film. Only the hardest rubbing removes them. But no dust can cling to furniture polished with Johnson's Wax, greaseless, oil-less, never sticky. What little dust alights there whisks off at a touch, without the slightest rubbing.

Fascinating experiments reveal the facts

Under the microscope, chemist Banks saw the whole tell-tale picture, saw how minute bits of dust, greatly magnified, sank into oily polishes as into glue. They could not stick to a waxed surface; it was too hard and dry.

Yet he did not stop even after this conclusive evidence. Test after test he made, piling up additional proof of the astounding fact that dusting is actually cut in half when furniture is waxed. Some of these interesting experiments are described on the opposite page. Read about them.

Conduct your own experiment

Let your home be the laboratory, you the scientist, and any two similar pieces of furniture the equipment. Polish one with any ordinary furniture polish, the other with Johnson's Wax. Leave them untouched for a day or two. Then look at the difference!

The rest of the test will be an even greater revelation. Dust each surface with a clean cloth. The dust will whisk right off the waxed furniture, but you may need to rub the other quite briskly. *Now look at the dust cloths.* The one used on the wax will be almost white, the other nearly black with oil-soaked dust.

Then you will understand how wax cuts your dusting in half or more. And the longer you use wax polish the more delighted you will be with its fashionable, satiny lustre.

And no more slaving over floors

The same amazing reason why dust cannot cling to wax-polished furniture makes wax-polished floors easiest to care for. Neither soil nor scuffs will break through their dry, hard beauty-armour. And wax-polishing floors is now as easy as walking! Just give the whole job to the Johnson Electric Polisher. Snap the switch and watch it work: you merely guide it. No pushing: no bearing down: it swiftly skims along by itself. *Rent* the Johnson Polisher inexpensively from your neighborhood store. Try it. Then buy your own at the amazing price of $29.50. Applying mop and half-gallon of wax FREE.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, RACINE, WISCONSIN
"The Interior Finishing Authorities"
(Canadian Factory: Brantford, Ontario)
Waxes, Varnishes, Enamels, Wood Dyes, Fillers, Wood Finishes

Johnson's Wax *Polish*

FOR FURNITURE AND FLOORS

Send coupon for 25c can of wax and free booklet

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, *Dept. P10, Racine, Wisconsin*
Send me a regular 25c can of Johnson's Liquid Wax. Also your illustrated book on its uses. I enclose 10c in stamps to cover mailing costs.
☐ What dealers in this city sell Johnson's Electric Floor Polishers?
NAME ADDRESS CITY STATE

"Get this note to the Editor ...*maybe he can help us*"

The SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers indulge in no maudlin sentiment about the criminal. They neither glorify his deeds, nor awaken misplaced sympathy for him, through sensational journalism.

But they also believe that the State's concern with a criminal extends far beyond conviction. That the criminal is entitled to fair prison treatment, just as he is entitled to a fair trial. And that over-crowding, graft, and cruelty are too barbarous to remain within the code of any civilized state.

So when the editor of a Southern SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspaper began to hear, mainly through smuggled letters, of particularly bad conditions in the State prison . . . his paper urged an investigation. It was made. But it resulted in a complete whitewash for the warden and the prison board! Again the Scripps-Howard paper took up the cause. Another investigation was made. Another report was published. Finally, under the pressure of public opinion, the Board of Welfare took decisive action. And the Governor secured the approval of the State Legislature for a new and modern penitentiary costing three million dollars.

Several SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers are still urging reforms in the system that produced three deadly prison riots in one month last summer. And many other SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers are helping to prevent prison abuses . . . to protect people from the danger of wholesale escapes . . . to keep the conscience of the good citizen clear, and his pride in his State unhurt by medieval penal methods.

NEW YORK . . *Telegram* SAN FRANCISCO . *News* BUFFALO . . . . . *Times* COLUMBUS . . . *Citizen* HOUSTON . . . . *Press* KNOXVILLE *News-Sentinel*
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BALTIMORE . . . *Post* CINCINNATI . . . *Post* DENVER . *Rocky Mt. News* BIRMINGHAM . . . *Post* FORT WORTH . . *Press* SAN DIEGO . . . . *Sun*
PITTSBURGH . . . *Press* COVINGTON *Kentucky Post* TOLEDO . . . *News-Bee* MEMPHIS . *Press-Scimitar* OKLAHOMA CITY . *News* EVANSVILLE . . . . *Press*
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SCRIPPS · HOWARD
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(Continued from Page 129)

only Sherrod's case—in dollars and cents—it might now be policy to yield, to save the ship, if he lost the voyage; but he repeated grimly that slogan to which he clung like a drowning man to an oar, "Obey orders if you break owners." And he was ordered to Canton, and to Canton or perdition he would go.

He blinked and swallowed hard. He was thinking of the Arab girl in Aden who had sold him ostrich feathers. Eddie Rodd had saved him from her. And he could see her now, drifting against the mizzen rigging; the delicate oval of her face surmounted by a snowy turban, and great shining silver hoops in her ears. She was cleverly tattooed. Her legs had network stockings tattooed on them; and with a gesture of her hennaed palm she had graciously indulged him in a glimpse of that sentence from the Koran written on her breast: "Exult not, despond not, so shall you prevail."

Exult not, despond not. Captain Shube smiled grimly. He had both exulted and desponded, and Eddie Rodd had ended his slavery to that Arab charmer by picking him up bodily and carrying him back aboard ship. Shube had been sixteen then, and Eddie Rodd was like a god to him. When, beating round the Horn, the captain had sent him to loose the mizzen royal in a freezing rain, and after an hour and a half of struggling with iron knots and icy gaskets he had come down mad with pain, cursing the captain blind, and beating his poor frozen hands on the hatches, it was Eddie Rodd who had carried him below, and saved those hands by holding them forcibly in cold water. "Stick by me, boy, and I'll make you captain of a clipper ship or hang you dead." And then again when they were stranded in the Straits of Gaspar, and dying of thirst, it was Eddie Rodd who had held the last drop of water to his little shipmate's lips.

And now it was this same Eddie Rodd who wouldn't meet his eye, and who stood dark and sullen by the weather rail. It had fallen dead calm, always a sign of trouble in these waters. The ship was clothed on both sides from the skysail pole to the water's edge; she rolled, clanked and flapped; she had not moved twenty feet over the ground this watch.

Captain Shube, wearier than he had ever been before, felt the lids half drop over his eyes. He was remembering the Eddie Rodd of other days. There was the affair of the handsome Countess Vespucci, who had come over in one of Ben Sherrod's ships; when Shube and Eddie were both before the mast. The countess had flirted covertly with Eddie, under flying moons, with Eddie at the wheel; and Eddie had whispered Neptune's oath into that shell-pink ear! "Never to eat brown bread when you could eat white, unless you liked brown bread better. Never to drink small beer when you could drink strong beer, unless you liked small beer better. Never to kiss the maid when you could kiss the mistress, unless the maid were prettier."

The countess had laughed and called him a philosopher; the two were very thick; but later, in Boston, at a ball given by Ben Sherrod, with Shube and Eddie doing duty as policemen, the countess had snubbed them, cut them dead; and Eddie Rodd had been affronted. He who had been courted by the women warriors of Kajeli; and as a slaver had bought leg irons from an African queen at a discount dictated by her sheer infatuation—such a man would hardly sit quiet under the impudence of a countess. How plainly now Captain Shube could see the countess in her pretty pomegranate-colored dress, with the short sleeves displaying her admirable arms; the proud countess with her raven brows, hot black eyes, bold Roman nose, and the hair over her melting shoulders in two heavy braids tied with peach-colored ribbons. And likewise the fatal and insulted Eddie Rodd lurking back of a huge scaffolding of cooked sugar filled to the brim with a vermilion sticky liquid sweet, and at the one right moment, swinging his elbow into it, deluging the unlucky countess from crown to toe.

Captain Shube reeled, fell with a crash into the helmsman, Arch Crockett, and opened his eyes. He had gone to sleep on his feet. Sleep had sledged him down; and Arch Crockett, scraping his huge chin with the back of a salt-stained hand, favored his skipper with something very like a wink.

Captain Shube felt the blood boil in his veins. So this was what they were waiting for! Well enough they knew that the Old Man couldn't keep awake forever. When he fell asleep, they would take the ship away from him—his first ship, his first voyage as master. He looked aloft. The ship was all eyes; they were pretending to work, to throw water on the sails, but they were only waiting for him to drop in his tracks.

His eyes blurred again. He shambled down into his cabin, and managed to see that the barometer had fallen two-tenths. Tifft was sleeping in his bunk; but Scopy Knower's parrot, installed here during repairs to the galley, shrilled out, "Hold hard, Old Kickshins"; and this admonition, Shube saw, was intended for himself.

Old Kickshins, was it? He felt vaguely flattered. The very opprobriousness of that nickname held out a hope to him that he would yet fill his shoes as master. He stuck out a grateful finger to the parrot, and got a sharp nip. He heard a rat gnawing somewhere, and, half asleep again, reached clumsily for his rat spear. The gnawing stopped; the cabin, really a nice little crib done in bird's-eye maple, was silent again—so deathly silent that Captain Shube was able to notice that the pumps on deck had stopped. He put his head out of the hatch, wide awake at last.

"Who stopped those pumps?" he yelled, with as much pure savagery as he could put into his voice.

Eddie Rodd, stooping into the binnacle only a yard or two away, said quietly, "I did, sir. The pumps have sucked."

"Have sucked? You mean to tell me ——"

"There's no more water in the ship's hold," Rodd said. "She wasn't leaking. She can't. She's coppered over tarred blankets. No. A sea cock had got left open by mistake," Rodd announced carefully. "I found it and shut it."

"You shut it. You ——"

Captain Shube motioned his mate to the rail, out of Crockett's hearing.

"I shut it, yes," Eddie Rodd said, standing with folded arms. "That was good seamanship, wasn't it?"

"Open it again," Captain Shube said between shut teeth.

Eddie Rodd shook his head.

"Captain, there's no precedent for anything like that. I couldn't in justice to my men ——"

"Your men! Your men! So it's true that you aspire to the command of this ship?"

"Me? Me aspire?" Eddie Rodd groaned comically. "Did I aspire to go second mate? Did I aspire to go mate? Or did you get me by the hair of the head and drag me aft?"

"Eddie, you'd never set your authority against mine, my first voyage," Shube whispered unbelievingly.

"They won't have it any other way," Eddie Rodd's hoarse voice came to him with a note of pleading. "They want to go to California; they shipped for California, they say, and they're going to California. You can't blame them. They were tricked aboard."

"Tricked! Tricked out of a chance to go over the rail at San Francisco as soon as the bowline was on the dock, and leave a good ship to rot at the pier?"

"Sherrod can stand the loss. He'll make it up with his next opium voyage."

"I don't know how he'll make it up."

"Don't you be too tender of Ben Sherrod," Rodd said fiercely. "Say it was Ben Sherrod here, in your shoes, with your instructions, and the whole shipload flat against him—you think he would risk his skin for you staying ashore and holding the moneybag?"

"Hold hard now. There's tighter reasoning than that, and you know it."

"What does he care for you or any of us? Say you save the voyage for him; he'll only make you a present of a silver pitcher, the way he did with Captain Whitney, and go on giving you forty-five a month and a four-ton trading privilege in the hold. I tell you, if there was a nigger slave or a bag of coffee or a chest of opium hanging on a nail over the middle of hell, maybe he'd sell his soul to the devil to get it, but it would be you and me to risk our skins."

"Don't we sign for that?"

"We signed for San Francisco," Rodd reminded him. "You better come over to us, Shube. You're the last man on the ship that wants to go to Canton. It was Tifft himself who told me where that sea cock was."

"Ah, so it was Tifft?"

"You're all alone."

"Alone? Well, so I have been right along," Shube snarled. "I can stand to be alone. That's a captain's job. There's nobody to do his thinking for him. He's got to strike a line and stick to it. But you —— By thunder, Eddie, I see how it is with you. You've got to be with the majority. Must be you can't see that the majority are nearly always out of luck, any time and anywhere. This will be just another case of it, Mr. Rodd. Just another case. Well, all right. Go forward with the paint and varnish club. . . . *Sheep head!*" Captain Shube yelled on the heels of everything, and couldn't credit his ears. He couldn't be talking this way to Eddie Rodd.

And evidently Rodd himself found something appalling in the thought. He seemed dazed, let himself be prodded in the ribs with the muzzle of Shube's flintlock, took a step away, and merely stared when Shube, jerking down a coil of halyard stuff, drew the rope across the quarter-deck from rail to rail.

"Maybe you know whether or not I can shoot for a mark," Captain Shube shouted to the gang of black beards clustered round the mainmast. "Now I warn you, the first man that steps over this rope gets a bullet in his hide."

This device for holding a vessel against heavy odds was as old as the history of ships; and took advantage of that human disinclination, shared by Eddie Rodd, to be alone, to be first in any enterprise. There had to be a first man to pass the rope; and they hung back, devising ways and means to pass it as a majority. The two Portuguese had put their knives in their mouths; they lashed back and forth like panthers, but they didn't spring. Captain Shube spied Scopy Knower's saucer eye peering round the corner of the galley.

"You come and take the wheel, Scopy," he cried; but Scopy disappeared, falling violently back into the massive olive arms of Signor Ercole, the cook. It was true, then; Captain Shube's command over his men was gone; but his command over the ship remained. He motioned Crockett from the wheel: "Go forward, Crockett."

Crockett ducked under the rope, and Shube took the spokes into his own hand. The steering tackle whined. The bleat of a sheep in the pen on the forward hatch sounded weirdly.

Weird, too, was the voice of Tifft, that man of sound morals, muttering, just back of him: "The barometer has dropped two-tenths more. What in God's name are you hanging on for?"

"For Canton, China," Shube said grimly.

He looked strangely sallow. The men, the sails, were tinged with this unnatural pallor. A loose-rolling silver wave heaved past the weather rail, and showed brilliant; a quick-running, heavily molded dome against a cloud, black as the cook's funnel, that threw down its shadow in the ship's path. A little cold puff of wind blew into Shube's hot face, and shook the sails, and made the ship lurch with a queer uncertain motion. Already there was a pathetic

(Continued on Page 135)

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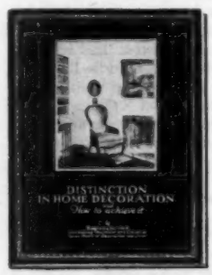

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(Continued from Page 133)

touch of the derelict about her. There was a beating of canvas aloft on the foremast; all the sheep were bleating now, and the twelve little pigs in the longboat were squealing all together. The men's faces, too, showed a recognition of some overhanging horror. The menace of that black cloud was like the stamp of Captain Bowring's stubborn will on the visible scene.

"You're a parcel of shakings," he roared. "I'll show you how to steer small. I won't lose an inch. Carrying hard and watching sharp is the only way to get ahead in these long China passages. The old packet will show you some tall walking in a minute. I guess we'll have a touch of railroad speed at last, my bulls. She'll take out all the knots in the reel when this hits her."

"He's gone wolfish, like his old man before him," Scopy Knower lamented. "He won't stick at nothing now. He'll heave her down on her beam ends and founder her."

"Rush him," Squire Overlock called hoarsely. "Get him away from that wheel. This is a twister coming."

"Good. Who'll be first under the rope?" Shube asked them, and leaned against the gun affectionately. Nobody moved, nobody wanted to be the first under the rope. And Shube went on with deadly irony, "Maybe now's the time to call on Captain Rodd. Let's see if Captain Rodd won't tell you how to get to San Francisco."

All eyes were on Eddie Rodd; but that magnificent man, stripped of his romantic pose by the necessity for taking action of some sort, was totally unable to collect himself. His position was in fact unbearably false. He couldn't screw himself to the pitch of giving the order that would result in cutting Shubael Bowring to the deck. The weight of his enforced leadership drooped and paralyzed him. He couldn't speak, or so much as wink; his eyes were stony. He had the resentful conviction that he was an innocent man, pulled about, ripped up and torn crosswise by the conflicting greeds, ambitions and necessities of other men, of men who knew with more exactness where they were headed. Every move now that Eddie Rodd might make, the very shadow he cast, was not his own.

He did nothing; and then the wind hit the ship like the butt end of something solid. Shube could barely hear the supercargo, cowering in the hatch, saying in a voice drawn wire-thin with despair: "The ship is lost. She is lost this minute."

And Tifft's seamanship was not too far at fault. The Ariel hove her lee gunwale under with a sound of thunder; hung quaking, with her rail under, and the helm jammed. Sea after sea jounced against the weather fence, throwing an arch of spray as high as the crosstrees, under which Captain Shube, still clinging to the useless wheel, could glimpse the shadowy phantoms of her spars, rails, decks and phosphorescent rigging. The wind, coming in gunshots, choked him; hail jabbed his face like hot needles; the weight of flying water in the air all but drowned him on his feet. A remote, barely audible sound of bellowing told him that the sails were being stripped from the yards. Captain Shube had the impression that the wind had the shape and the malice of a human personality, that it had got its black thumbs and fingers round the ship and round his throat, and was pinching off the sails, and splintering spars. And then he could see that the topgallant mast over his head had broken off at the topmast's cap, and was hanging in the rigging, and banging against a yard that seemed to be hanging and spinning by its tie alone. Then, in a dazzle of lightning, he saw that she was all gone aloft, the main course had come adrift; and next, the topsail having fallen into both sides of the main rigging, and the yards being square, the ship was dead in the water, or rather, had actually got sternway on her. The sea boiled white as snow, as combed wool, over the taffrail.

Captain Shube let the useless wheel slip out of his hands, and took a grip of a rope's end that floated to him from the weather rail. Maniac tons of green water smacked him to the deck, and took wrestler's holds on his arms and legs. He had glimpses of a sky that looked black and solid as an iron kettle, and of a sea beaten into froth shapes, fleecy as clouds. He got his hands finally round some part of the weather rigging, and he suffered a pang of dismay at the savage suddenness of the ship's ruin. It seemed as if his anger at the resolution taken by those mutineers had given him power to swell to a giant shape, and cuff the ship down on her beam ends with his own fists; and as if now that he had wreaked this vengeance, he found himself weak and tiny again, a mere green disciple of Eddie Rodd who had had grown men's lives fatally put into his charge before the years of his majority.

In lightning flashes, he could see his unlucky crew, a lot of apathetic shapes spread against the main rigging on the high side of the ship. They clung there motionless as bats, and like bats, all but upside down at times. They did nothing. Nobody had given orders. They were waiting for the end—or was it that they were waiting for the Old Man, Old Kickshins, to devise a way, even now, at the eleventh hour, to save their skins? They seemed to stare aft, Shube thought, with all their eyes; and suddenly his own twenty years cried out for life. What folly to roll the ship over, to drown the whole boiling of them, merely for failing to agree with him as to what the ship's heading ought to be!

And certainly now she was going over, and with a kind of tremulous uncertainty, like a very aged person stooping to pick something up, and not being too sure of getting back again. The squalls came thick and fast, like so many punches in the short ribs.

"She won't come back at this rate," he thought.

And, in fact, already she drew as much water on her side as on her keel. Any further speculation on his part was lost for a time by the chance of a piece of floating spar rapping him on the knuckles of both hands. He let go the weather rigging and fell into the sea without touching the ship at all; and he went down where it was dark.

He felt dreamily that that Arab girl in Aden had stuffed his throat and brain full of her ostrich feathers. Exult not, despond not. He was wide awake now, and desperately intent on regaining his ship. It maddened him to think that he had been perhaps the first to leave her, and that those mutineers—shakings—were automatically in charge. When he succeeded in getting his head out of water, he had drifted to the main rigging. The yard here was in the water; the mast, still in its step, hung out over his head, parallel with the water, or practically that, and shivered like a fish pole with every surge of the lee seas.

A wave lifted him, knocked him into the mast. Stunned, he tried vaguely to put his arm round that giant stick, but it was too big. It was slippery and enormous; nightmarish; and in rapid pulses of the lightning, he could see the deck standing on edge. The galley had fallen into the sea; the capstan was tumbling about in the scuppers; the longboat had been torn out of its chocks and cranes and swept away with the twelve little pigs in the bottom of it; and even the sheep had vanished from the fore hatch.

Captain Shube fancied he could hear Scopy Knower's parrot singing out, "Haul out to windward," in that cracked voice, full of outraged seamanship. "Luff and touch her. Luff and touch her," that unlucky bird seemed to be shrieking somewhere, as if it knew exactly what the matter was with the beleaguered ship.

Captain Shube, nearly at his last gasp now, could see that some kind of belated activity was going on in the weather rigging. The ship had rolled back a little on her keel, the deck angle was a little less extreme, and Captain Shube could see his crew in glistening India rubber hats, joining hands and veering out in his general direction. They showed black and crablike, sprawling wavering blots against the livid seas; those nearest to the lee fence, to which their captain clung, were seen staring down steeply with open mouths. They had seen him there.

"Now they've got me," was his thought.

He had no flintlock now, no authority; he was at the mercy of that grim gang, and they no doubt willing to boil all hell down to half a pint, if they could see their chance to pour it down his throat. The two Portuguese had their knives in their mouths, Squire Overlock's beard dripped, his wet pantaloons flapped against his legs, he seemed to be yelling at the top of his lungs at Eddie Rodd, but Eddie didn't hear him.

The indomitable Rodd hung at the end of a rope of hands, and these hands were the hands of pirates, of mutineers, of men who had wrested Shube's ship out of his infant grasp to suit their own purposes; nevertheless, Shube had read their motive wrong this time. Eddie Rodd, leaning down within a foot of the Old Man, clutched at him, caught him by the hair of the head, then by the shoulder, by the hand. Mr. Rodd drew his captain inch by inch back aboard the ship that had discarded him; and with a powerful arm around Shube's waist, holding up the young man's perfectly spent body, he yelled inquisitively, "What do you think?"

"What do I think? What odds—what odds what I think?"

"It's a clever blow," Eddie trumpeted.

"It's blowing, yes."

"She's on her beam ends."

"So she is."

"She's half full of water," Eddie Rodd shouted further.

"That'll drown the rats," Captain Shube said grimly, but weakly.

"What'll we do about it?" Eddie inquired, close in his ear. "How'll we bring her back, Shube?"

There he was, the proud Rodd who could humble the Countess Vespucci, and who had sworn Neptune's oath not to drink small beer when he could get strong beer, unless he liked small beer better—there was that man asking Captain Bowring how to get the ship off her beam ends. He evidently did like small beer better. He liked brown bread and common doings better than white bread and chicken fixings, and that by some inward necessity of his nature. Yet he was still Eddie Rodd, that man whose life had been superb and romantic, the present moment always and forever excepted. And Captain Shube, helpless in the man's arms, had a fierce surge of triumph through his veins.

"You ask me that? You ask me how to bring her back?" he cried.

"You hove her down."

"I did."

"Bring her back. They've had a change of heart. You give your orders, and they'll do as you say. They don't want Rodd now. They want the captain."

They wanted the captain, the man who could save their skins. They were willing now to overlook his shortcomings in the matter of age. They wanted his touch, they crowded round, bending their ears to catch his least utterance. Captain Shube was master of his ship again—but he was weak enough to like the feel of Eddie Rodd's arm round his body. His throat swelled, his heart was ready to burst. He had Eddie at his back again. He felt like crying; but his voice, when it made itself heard, was the voice of the Old Man, Old Kickshins, howling across the wind, harsh and relentless.

"Get an ax. Cut the weather rigging on the main and mizzen. Let those two masts go by the board and she'll come back."

"I thought of that," Eddie howled, "but we can't find an ax."

"There's an ax in the tin pocket at the foot of the mainmast," Shube cried. "I thought of that."

Twing Foster swung the ax, and the two masts snapped off like carrots close against the deck. The ship sighed, shuddered, spouted water through the forescuttle like a wounded whale, and with weather seas sending solid white shots of spume through the open ports, slowly righted.

"She's coming back," Eddie Rodd called into Shubael Bowring's ear.

"Coming back, is she?"

"She'll be on an even keel in ten more minutes," Rodd shouted joyfully. "She always would eat out of your hand."

"She'll scare you to death before she'll drown you," Captain Bowring muttered. The taste of salt was sweet on his lips for the first time in many weeks.

Captain Shubael, in the stern sheets of the ship's jolly-boat, with Foster and Crockett and Squire Overlock pulling humbly at the oars, made a survey of the Ariel's hull at the Whampoa anchorage below Canton. The ship's jury rig had attracted much attention.

"I'll say this, captain," Sampson, Ben Sherrod's Canton agent, said, with an admiring glance at those various devices, "you had to use seamanship to bring her through, and you had to have a good crew."

Captain Shube would not for worlds confess that he had had trouble with his crew his first voyage as master. Not a syllable about that fracas had he entered in the log book, as Eddie Rodd well knew. Now, standing up weightily in white clothes, with the red bang over his keen young eye, and a Fencepost in his mouth, he looked down at Overlock and Crockett, and said calmly, "You are right. They are good men, if I do say so. Good marline-spike sailors. They do what I tell them."

"No doubt they had a lot to do with the railroad speed you got out of her," Mr. Sampson went on. "Sherrod, you know, sent you a message by the Gamecock, and she's a sharp ship, too, with some fine passages to her credit, but she couldn't catch up with you, though she started only a day later."

"A message, you say?"

"Yes. I have the message for you. Sherrod finally got it over to me by way of Panama, San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands. But it seems he would have given his eyeteeth to have waylaid you before you were up with Valparaiso. The truth is, he wanted you to haul up for San Francisco and sell the ship."

"No," Captain Shubael let fall, amazed; and Crockett and Overlock made their oars stumble in the water.

"Yes. He's got late information that the price of shipping there has soared to the skies, and the pay is in gold dust."

Captain Shubael, aware of the confusion in the ranks of the oarsmen, cried a little irascibly, "Give way there. Give way together, men. Now, take in your oars."

He threw the painter up to Eddie Rodd, who caught it skillfully and made it fast.

"And what are my orders now, do you say?" Captain Shube said to Mr. Sampson.

"You are to take a cargo of Chinamen to San Francisco."

"So there's no dodging it."

"No."

"This California fever," Captain Shube said softly, "is certainly the devil. I can take care of it aboard ship, but when it breaks out ashore, there's nothing for it but obey orders. Obey orders if you break owners," he said with a defiant glare. And with these words, he considered the success of his maiden voyage as definitely established.

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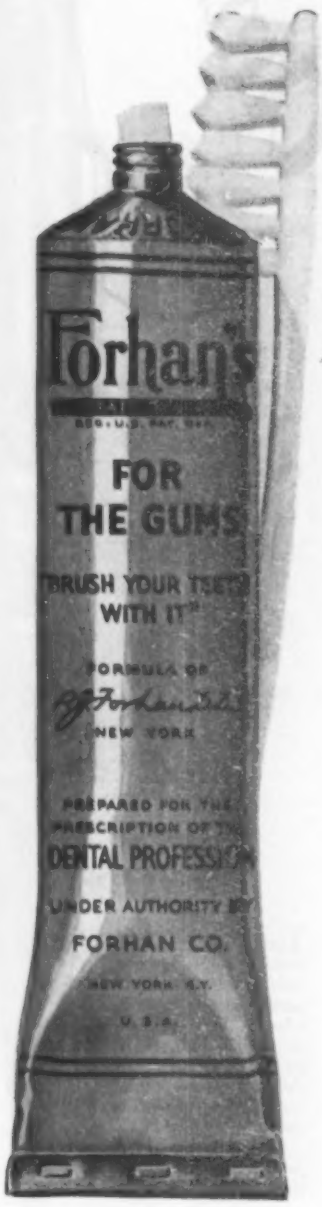

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SECRET ENVOY

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the house pressing her gown, so Diane ran down the stairs as soon as the messenger had departed.

To her dismay, Julia held nothing in her gnarled black hands but a florist's purple box.

"I guess somebody's sent you some flowers," she said cheerfully, giving over the parcel.

Diane tried not to show her disappointment. "It seems to me it's getting colder." She drew back the thin silk curtain of the door to look out.

"Don't you do that, honey!" Julia warned, pulling at her sleeve. "That'd sure bring you bad luck. The new moon's right there behind the trees and you know you must never, never see it through the leaves!"

"All right." Diane smiled, then turned and went slowly back to her room.

She did not even take the cover off the box or glance at the card inside the envelope. They were orchids, she supposed. Phil Lamond had sent them. She would wear them with her gold dress. He would be at Mrs. Procter's dinner. It all seemed horribly unreal.

Even the hot bath which Maggie had scented with the last of the salts remaining from the days of unlimited expenditure had failed to revive her. She felt herself in a blind alley. There seemed no escape.

The sound of the doorbell announcing the arrival of the motor put an end to her reverie. Maggie slipped the shimmering gown over her bare shoulders. Diane sat down in front of the mirror. She arranged her short curling hair with the meticulous skill of a Parisian coiffeur, so that eventually it emerged into the delusive appearance of carelessness. Never had she been more convinced than tonight that it was absurd of people to call her beautiful. Granted that she had chic and carried herself well and the lines of her slender figure were better than the average, there still remained for her the consciousness that her face, in repose, showed too plainly the burdens that she carried in her heart. The gray eyes which looked back at her from the mirror were shadowed by memories.

"You'll wear your flowers, won't you?" Maggie held up the exotic yellow orchids for her inspection.

"I suppose so." Diane fastened them to her left shoulder. "I'm glad they're not lavender, anyway."

The maid held her evening coat of dark wine-colored velvet, with a great collar and deep cuffs of ermine. As Diane slipped into it, being careful not to disarrange her bouquet, she regretted that the fur had already been used so many times that it would be impossible to sell it.

"If a telegram comes from Mr. Felix, leave it beside the bed, Maggie. And don't wait up for me."

"No, Miss Diane, I won't."

As their eyes met they both smiled, for each one knew for a certainty that in spite of Diane's nightly instructions to the contrary, Maggie would never fail to wait for her return.

When the taxicab turned into the semicircular drive which led to the imposing Procter house, Diane realized with dismay that there were no other cars coming in and she must, therefore, be definitely late. She told the driver to return at eleven, and added, "You can charge this to my account." In searching for some change to give him, she found to her astonishment that Maggie had put into her small brocade bag not only a collection of quarters and dimes but a five-dollar bill.

"Her own money!" she said aloud as she rang the bell.

A footman in dark livery ushered her into the great hall and motioned her toward the dressing room, where she left her cloak with the maid and again ran a comb through her hair.

Just as she was going quickly in the direction of the drawing-room the butler came out to examine the plan of the table, which had been left in the hall for the guidance of the guests. There was only one envelope lying beside it now. Diane sighed with relief. This meant that someone else was even later than she was, so she paused to see where she had been placed.

To her surprise the butler, who had often seen her there, said, "I'm just changing you, Miss More."

He extracted a card bearing her name from the solitary envelope and replaced it with another.

The drawing-room seemed filled with people all talking at once. Actually there were no more than thirty, but as Diane was greeted by one person after another she began to despair of ever finding her hostess. Finally, in the most remote corner, Mrs. Procter beamed at her.

"You naughty child! You're very late!"

She took both Diane's hands in her two heavily bejeweled ones and held them affectionately. She lowered her voice so that the three or four people near her might not hear.

"And now you've made another conquest! Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Won't you leave any hearts for the rest of us to break?" She arched her round eyes in the roguery possible only to the plump and middle-aged. "I've had to change my entire seating because of your new admirer! Now you needn't look so demure and innocent, my dear. It's a charming pose and the men adore you for it, but it doesn't impress me."

"But I really don't know what you mean!"

"Oh, I suppose the list is so long you can't keep track of them all."

At this moment Phil Lamond came up with breathless apologies for his lateness.

"So it couldn't have been he who wanted to sit next me," Diane thought, even as she thanked him for the flowers and listened to his declaration that the kindness was on her part in consenting to wear them.

Close behind him came the butler, who announced that dinner was served.

"I had hoped I'd take you in," Phil murmured as Mrs. Procter moved off on the arm of the South American diplomat in whose honor the dinner was given.

Various couples followed them in the order of official precedence upon which Washington insists. The room began to empty and still Diane had not been claimed. Phil had to hurry away to find the senator's wife who had fallen to his lot. Diane watched his unimpressive back as he and his taller partner joined the procession, and again she sighed. He had so much money, he was so obviously in love with her, and he was so reliable and safe. Yet she knew that rather than accept the worldly security which marriage with him would bring, she would prefer to starve.

"And probably will," she concluded with a wry smile.

For the moment she had forgotten to wonder as to the identity of her anonymous dinner partner, but now as she saw a man coming toward her she realized that it must be he.

"My name is Justinian," he said—"Edgar Justinian. I believe you're Miss More, and I'm to have the pleasure of taking you in."

Diane smiled up at him as she gave him her hand. As she met his keen blue eyes she had the impression that she had seen him somewhere before, but for the moment she could not remember when or where.

They were the last to reach the big dining room. On the way Diane endeavored to shake off her depression and fall in with his pleasant impersonal chatter. As they took their places in the center of the long table, with its splendid gold service and fragrant red roses, she caught sight of herself in the mirror opposite and saw with relief that her cheeks were flushed and her expression was one of animation.

On her right was another stranger. She glanced down at his dinner card and read "Honorable Jeremiah Cross."

"He must be the new congressman," she said in an undertone to Justinian. "You know, the papers have been full of his election. He gave up quite a big law practice, I believe, to go in for politics; then refused to let the party machine work for him. Consequently he had both sides against him, but even then he won out."

"He doesn't look like a crusader."

Diane half turned to glance again at Cross, who was talking to the woman on his other side.

"I'm not so sure. Not the old-fashioned romantic type in armor, with a lance, I admit. But look at the sharp triangle of his nose. And that sandy hair means determination too. Now if his eyes prove to be green, I'll wager he will always be unbeatable."

Justinian was watching her attentively as she talked. "Are you interested in politics?"

"Oh, enormously. Like most women, I care more for personalities than for issues. But it's a never-ending source of entertainment to me—the rivalries and the jealousies and the emotions involved, as well as the more serious complications. I like intrigue too. If I'd been a man I would have gone in for it, I'm sure."

As the servant removed her soup plate she glanced across the table. Phil was staring admiringly at her, in spite of the efforts of the senator's wife to hold his attention. As he caught Diane's eye he raised his glass and drank to her.

After she had smiled acknowledgment of this tribute the girl turned again to Justinian. "I have a feeling that in your heart you regard politics very much as I do, no matter what your own activities may be."

"What do you know about my activities?" he asked sharply.

She wanted to say, "Nothing at all. That's why I'm being so cautious. For if you're a newly elected senator or something you'd never forgive me for not knowing."

He had pushed his name card so far away that she could not read it, and so she had no clew to his official title, if any. His questions, however, and the intentness of his gaze, made her realize that whatever his occupation was, he regarded it with complete seriousness.

With the facility of long experience, she parried: "Oh, one picks up a great deal of information down here, even about people one knows very slightly."

"Then perhaps you can tell me many things I'd like to know. For instance, who was the man who just drank your health?"

"Phil Lamond," she answered. She was relieved, for she knew from this question that Justinian could not be even a new member of the political world. "He holds a very important position in the State Department. Just now he's bored to death because the tall woman in red next to him is trying to extract some information about the chances of her husband getting an embassy."

"How do you know all that?"

"Intuition"—she smiled up at him—"plus the fact that he told me at tea yesterday that that's just what she would do."

"And will her husband get an embassy?"

"Ah, that I don't know."

"You mean you won't tell?"

"Perhaps." She changed the subject deliberately. "Phil is tremendously occupied at the moment with this South American trade delegation." She saw the pupils of Justinian's eyes contract; then, in a second, regain their normal expression. She said coolly: "And so are you, aren't you?"

This time he looked squarely at her. He made no attempt to conceal his intensity. "Now you must tell me at once what you know about me and how you know it!" His voice was so low that no one else could have

(Continued on Page 140)

BEAUTY PRESERVATION

One Sunbeam---*and all the world's a different place!*

DAWN found the world in mist. Over the valley, fog hung like a blanket. Drearily, men went about their work . . . Then suddenly, a sunbeam burst the clouds. Across the sky there shot a golden streak of glory. Men raised their heads, their shoulders straightened. The whole world was a different place . . . Actually, this sunbeam changed nothing but the surface of things. But, by changing the surface, it changed all.

It is this same miracle that paint and varnish, enamel and lacquer, perform. Their fresh, live beauty can transform your home. They can fill it, all year, with the joy and cheer that sunshine brings on a summer morning.

Simply by changing the surface . . . inside and outside . . . they change all.

SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN
18 East 41st Street, New York

This cooperative movement by the Paint and Varnish Industry has for its object the awakening of the public to the economic need for paint and varnish products. The world-wide slogan, "Save the Surface and You Save All," is your reminder of that need. Discrimination in the selection of materials and in their proper application is essential to good results. Your guide to quality and satisfaction is the reliability of the individual manufacturer, dealer or painter.

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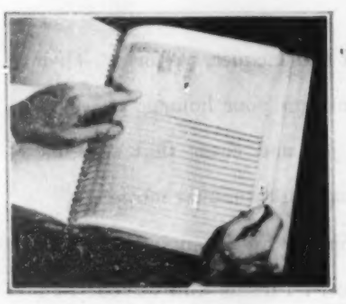
Who's on top— *YOU* or Your *Records?*

RECORDS are made to be used, not just *kept*. Unless they tell quickly, accurately and completely every essential fact about a business they are a burden rather than a help. Antiquated or ill-arranged records make slaves, not only of the people who expend needless labor in keeping them, but of the executives who have to depend on them for facts to guide decisions.

National Visible Records are designed to concentrate essential facts in instantly available form, either for posting or for reference. In compact, easily handled form, showing banks of 20 to 30 accounts at a glance, records of 10,000 accounts can be kept in 3 feet of shelf space.

National Visible Binders are unique because: (1) The back is flat; it expands at the touch of a thumb-lever for ease in posting. (2) When open for writing, the broad, flat surface of the back holds the book steady and prevents rocking. (3) Flat back construction avoids any hump to interfere with the arm in posting. (4) The posts are straight, polished and frictionless; this allows sheets to be turned at the flick of a wrist, as in a book.



This shows the National Visible Binder in use. Note the tabs at right for quickly locating any bank of accounts and the visible edges of sheets which guide the eye instantly to any desired account.

There is a stationer in your city who can advise you competently about the efficient use of this and other National Record-keeping Equipment.

If you would like to read how National Visible Equipment can be used in almost any type of business simply fill out the coupon below and send it to us, pinned to your business card or letterhead.

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Please send me without charge a copy of your bulletin "266 Places Where Visible Records Can Increase Efficiency and Reduce Business Costs" illustrating and describing the uses of National Visible Equipment.

Name ..... *Company* .....
Address .....
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Our Stationer is .....

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heard him. She recognized the note of command in it, of vital urgency.

Suddenly she realized that the situation was becoming extremely unpleasant. Up to this moment she had merely hazarded guesses about his interests, by way of carrying on a conversational game. Now she saw that she must retreat. It was totally against all her theories of dinner-table interchange for a woman to antagonize her neighbor, no matter how much she might secretly disagree with him or how dull she might find him. And it would be especially annoying, she felt, to precipitate a fiasco with a man who had paid her the compliment of insisting upon sitting next her.

She brought all her charm and all her wit to bear on him now, as she explained, with complete sincerity, just how little she really knew about him, and how afraid she had been of wounding his *amour propre* by disclosing her ignorance.

As she talked she saw that his eyes were narrowed. Once he put his hand up to smooth his dark hair, silvered prematurely at his temples. He had refused fish—in order not to be distracted, she felt. When the roast came he again declined, but she interposed.

"You mustn't starve. And I'm telling you the literal truth, you see."

He laughed; almost against his will, it seemed. He helped himself from the silver platter, then spoke for the first time since she had begun her story.

"Well, I must admit you're the most uncannily smart woman I've ever met in my life. Where'd you ever get the idea of wasting that genius in being a governess?"

A man's voice on the other side said, "You're not going to neglect me all evening, are you?"

But as she turned toward the young congressman, even as she automatically answered him and pretended to be interested in what he said, Justinian's last words repeated themselves over and over again in her mind.

Why, she had never said to anyone she might be a governess. In fact, few of her friends even knew that she needed money. They assumed that her aunt's estate had provided handsomely for her. She had taken every precaution to keep up this pretense.

"I'm so glad to meet you at last," Jeremiah Cross was saying. "I admired your father more than any man in the last decade."

"Governess—governess," her thoughts were echoing, though she managed to say: "And I can't think of anyone whose admiration would have pleased my father more than yours."

Then it clicked. She recalled now, in a flash of memory, that she had, just once—and that this very afternoon—spoken of being a governess. It was when she had talked to Ginsbrouck; a picture as veracious as a clear photograph emerged from her hazy recollections. The man who had entered the office as she made her unhappy exit was Justinian!

She drew in a deep breath.

Cross fortunately interpreted this as an answer to his remark that he could never hope to equal Senator More in accomplishment, but it flattered him to think their motives might have been somewhat the same.

It required all of Diane's *savoir-faire* to enable her to keep up her end of their talk. Ordinarily she would have found pleasure in it, for she knew by hearsay that Cross was a man of exceptional promise and she found his manner and his appearance attractive, but she was gripped now by a feeling at once apprehensive and hopeful in regard to the man on her other side. She realized that whatever had been Justinian's motives in wanting to see her, they were not at all personal in the usual flirtatious sense.

He had neither paid her direct nor indirect compliments, except for the reluctant declaration as to her cleverness. She had been sought after by too many admiring men not to recognize in his interest a motive which was unconnected with her charm as a woman.

When at last, with the arrival of dessert, the guests followed their hostess' lead and resumed conversation with their original partners, she was relieved to hear Justinian's question:

"Well, are his eyes green?"

"Yes," she answered. "But not violently so. More hazel, perhaps. But green enough to put him in the category of the successful. You know the theory, I suppose, that brown-eyed people never reach the top, and that pale blue eyes or cold gray ones are much better for success, but that the right shade of green is the best of all?"

"No, I don't think I've ever heard it. But I do know that a woman with eyes as beautiful as yours, and your brains, could accomplish anything in the world she wanted to."

Even in this declaration, Diane saw that he was not attempting to make love to her. Whatever end it might be serving, it was more unique, and at the moment, vastly more alluring to her than that.

"And yet," she answered, deliberately testing him, "you alone, at this entire dinner table, know that I am on the verge of becoming a pauper. Ginsbrouck told you everything."

Justinian brought his hand down on the table with such force that the dishes rattled.

"You're amazing! I've never seen a woman like you! Listen." He spoke even lower, and his words came rapidly, for dinner was drawing to a close. "If you would ask me to lunch tomorrow at your house with Lamond and the South American who's negotiating this agreement, it might be worth two thousand dollars to you."

Diane stared, incredulous.

"Two thousand," he repeated.

"For asking you to luncheon?"

Their hostess was rising. Justinian glanced down the long table. "Yes. Ask us early—I'd have to leave by 2:30 at the latest. Will you do it?"

Everyone was getting up. They alone remained seated. Diane put her napkin on the table.

"Oh, no, I don't think I could. Besides, they might not be able to come."

"Of course they would if you asked them. Now don't say no before you've had a chance to think it over. The only thing is, I'll have to have your answer before I leave tonight." He pulled out her chair and she took his arm as they rose. "We may not be able to talk together again this evening. Listen, if you decide to do it, make some signal to me."

They were passing through the great doors now. In another moment they would reach the drawing-room, where the men would leave the women and go to the adjoining library for cigars and coffee.

Diane's thoughts were in turmoil. She wanted the money desperately, but she could not conceive the possibility of gaining it in such an extraordinary way. Her partner escorted her to a chair in the center of the room and paused.

She smiled up at him with an unreal feeling that she was taking part in some new child's game.

She said: "If I should decide to do it I'll take these flowers off my shoulder and hold them in my right hand."

Justinian bowed. In another moment he had joined the men and she sat alone. Before she had a chance to sort out in her mind the inexplicable events of the past hour, she was joined by Mrs. Elder, the senator's wife whom Phil Lamond had taken in to dinner.

"How lovely you look tonight," began the older woman.

Diane was on guard at once. She disliked and distrusted Mrs. Elder. She was not only ambitious and scheming on her own and her husband's account but she was a carrier of malignant rumor and gossip.

She dissembled her feelings as best she could. "I've just been admiring your gown. It's the most heavenly shade of red." This

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"Rest is a good Medicine"

Carlyle

The Most Precious Minutes of Your Waking-and Sleeping-Hours

At best, how little time there is through the day for rest and repose! You make the most of every instant, in a chair or davenport upholstered with genuine Curled Hair. It is the material universally favored by hotels and hospitals, where utter comfort and hygiene must come first.

No doubt you yourself deem real Curled Hair the very best thing for its purpose—a veritable tradition of fine living. But do not associate high price with this conceded excellence. Go and see what inexpensive furniture and mattresses now give you all the extra comfort and value that are exclusive to Curled Hair.

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Over two years of successful four speed experience are represented in the *new* and finer Graham-Paige sixes and eights, with four speeds forward (two quiet high speeds -- *standard* gear shift). These notably improved four speed cars are priced as low as $1195 *four door sedan at factory.*

A new experience in driving ease, enjoyment and safety awaits you -- silent smoothness, brilliant performance, restful travel, swift acceleration and greater economy. Enjoy a demonstration today. A car is ready for you to drive.

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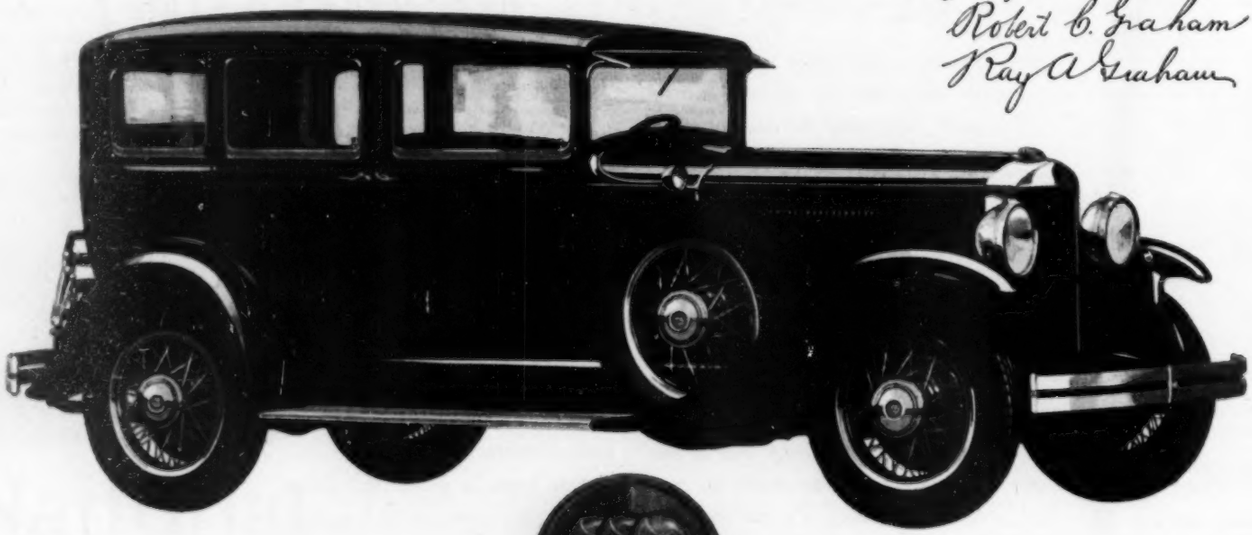

See for Yourself Why 50 Miles An Hour Seems Like 38

When you drive a Graham-Paige specially equipped with a Tachometer (which indicates motor revolutions per minute) you can *see* the reasons for the smoother performance, longer life and many other advantages of these time-proved four speed cars.

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at least was true. Mrs. Elder, whose black, smooth hair, dark eyes and rather swarthy skin gave her an almost Oriental appearance, always wore costumes of brilliant colors to accentuate this type. Now, as she leaned toward Diane, the long barbaric gold earrings which hung almost to her shoulders swayed and jangled. "What a dear Phil Lamond is!" she went on.

It was common knowledge that she had a deep-rooted antipathy for Phil which, from time to time before he had attained his present official importance, had resulted in malicious amusing stories at his expense.

"Yes, isn't he?" Diane agreed.

Mrs. Elder glanced significantly toward the bouquet of orchids. "And a little bird told me that before the winter was over ——"

"Oh, Mrs. Elder"—Diane stopped her, consciously assuming the expression which their hostess had called innocent and demure—"you and I know how unreliable even the little birds are in Washington."

This subject, she felt, was checked for the time being. But she was glad to know why Mrs. Elder was trying to ingratiate herself. Evidently her compliments were based upon the hypothesis that Diane was going to marry Phil. Phil's friendship had become necessary in the present ambitions of the senator, and his wife was undoubtedly trying to propitiate Phil's potential fiancée with an eye to her future influence.

"But how transparent she is," Diane thought as she listened to Mrs. Elder's insinuating chatter about the other guests who sat out of earshot. "Now if I were going in for that kind of game, I'd at least be more subtle."

It occurred to her for the first time that it might be fun to test out this belief in her own superior intelligence. For the moment, however, it required all of her ingenuity to keep Mrs. Elder's conversation within the limits prescribed by the libel law. She had begun now on Mrs. Procter:

"Poor thing! She's really so sweet. What a pity she lacks discrimination! She could give such wonderful parties if she'd only choose her guests with some idea of the fitness of things."

There was just enough truth in this to make Diane doubly resentful. She rose to the defense. Not only were they enjoying the older woman's hospitality but she had real affection for her.

"I think her parties couldn't be improved upon!" she declared, not caring now whether or not Mrs. Elder perceived her antagonism. "No one takes more pains than she, and no one has more delicious dinners."

"I suppose you've lived abroad so long that you care about that kind of thing." Mrs. Elder unfurled her enormous fan of scarlet feathers, which was just sufficiently unlike the shade of her flame-colored gown so that together they were hideous. "As for me, I'm not cosmopolitan in my tastes." She made it a boast. "I never know what I'm eating or drinking. It's only people who matter to me."

Diane smiled as she looked around the room.

"But where could one find more delightful people?"

"Oh, the women are all right! Even Mrs. Procter wouldn't take any chances on asking strange women. But the men, my dear! Why, before dinner she introduced to me some strange man—a Mr. Justin, or Justinian, or something, whom she asked, she said, because he was such a clever lawyer."

Diane was amused by the realization that Mrs. Elder must have known that Justinian had asked to have his place changed from his original seat next the senator's wife so that he could sit beside her.

She said, "But surely, being a clever lawyer doesn't make him an ineligible dinner guest? Even the most important men are sometimes clever."

"It's not that, of course. What I mean is he obviously doesn't belong; he's just a social climber who probably has no position at all in New York and wants to meet the celebrities down here."

The girl was so relieved by this analysis of Justinian and the light it threw on his request that she had the courage to get up.

"I must go over and speak to Madame Villegas."

"By all means do, my dear," the other purred. "The State Department is awfully anxious to have the South American diplomats treated cordially."

As she joined the guest of honor Diane breathed a sigh of relief. Madame Villegas was delighted to see her. She moved over to make a place for her on the sofa.

"She speaks so well the Spanish, this little blond girl," she said to Mrs. Procter, who was on her other side.

Diane was noticeably taller than either of them, but in their presence she felt like a small child who had been brought in from the nursery.

"Yes," Mrs. Procter agreed proudly, quite as if she herself were responsible for this accomplishment. "I always say she's inherited the brains of her father and the beauty of her mother. And yet she is not at all spoiled."

"I have promised to introduce to you our delegate, if you will be so kind," Madame Villegas said, addressing Diane. "He asked who you were when you came in, but there was no time before dinner. When I told him you spoke our language he was *enchanté*—how do you say?—enchanted."

Diane replied that she would be delighted to meet him. Her heart beat a little faster as she thought of Justinian's suggestion. "Two thousand dollars," she repeated to herself. "What a price to pay for meeting celebrities!"

While the other women talked and she apparently listened, she was reviewing all the reasons for and against the carrying out of this scheme. It was odious to contemplate using Phil's admiration for purposes of her own. On the other hand, he would be pleased to be asked to luncheon. She had avoided seeing him as much as she could, and this would in a way repay him. Besides, she did need the money so terribly! She did not dare think what would happen if Felix knew of the collapse of their finances.

As she thought of Felix she wondered if perhaps a telegram might not have come in her absence. She would not be free to leave for another hour, perhaps more. She could not go, of course, until after Madame Villegas had departed, and the Latins were apt to stay late. She resolved to telephone Maggie.

When Mrs. Procter had finished her story about some diplomatic contretemps or other, Diane got up and excused herself. She knew where the booth was—just beyond the entrance to the dressing room. She closed the door without turning on the light, and called her number.

After a moment she heard the maid's voice.

"It's me," said Diane. "Has the telegram come?" From the hesitancy of Maggie to answer, she knew that it had and that it contained bad news. "Read it to me."

"There are two of them," said Maggie. "One is from the dean. It says: 'Regret extremely to inform you that your brother's condition is critical. Stop. Doctor fears return old trouble unless he can be removed at once to more favorable climate. Stop. Suggest you come immediately for consultation.'"

Diane bit her lip to keep from crying out.

"Shall I read the other?" Maggie's voice said.

"Yes."

"'Nothing to worry about, but always glad to see your funny face. Love. Felix.'"

At last Diane managed to control her voice. "Send an answer to them both. Say I'll be there tomorrow night, Maggie."

After she had hung up the receiver she sat in total darkness, trying to control herself, to check the tears which were streaming down her face. She told herself this was no time for emotion; it was time for action. She must go to him tomorrow.

"But how?" she suddenly asked herself. "How can I afford to go? And what will I do when I get there? How can I take Felix away?"

"Two thousand dollars." The words re-echoed through her mind.

She opened the door and went quickly into the dressing room. Before the maid had time to come forward she had opened her vanity case and begun the ancient feminine rite of preparing for the world's inspection a face devoid of all feeling deeper than the desire to please.

When at last she could trust herself to return to the drawing-room the men were coming in through the opposite door. Phil saw her, and, encouraged by her smile, started toward her. Just before he reached her side she glanced across at Justinian. When his gaze met hers she deliberately put up her right hand, unpinned the orchids and held them outstretched as she sank into the first available chair.

At quarter of one the next day Maggie ushered Mr. Justinian into the pleasant drawing-room flooded with winter sunlight, where Diane sat at her desk.

As she rose to welcome him she was struck by the lines of shrewdness in his face—especially at the corners of his eyes—which had not been revealed by the more discreet artificial light the evening before.

He looked about with undisguised interest.

"What a charming place this is!"

The room was rectangular in shape. On the long side, opposite the entrance, French windows opened out into a garden. In the center of each of the short ends was a fireplace surmounted by a handsome black marble mantel of simple design. Bookshelves extended from the floor to the ceiling on both sides of the brightly burning wood fires. Luxuriously comfortable small sofas and chairs were grouped around each fireplace. The scale of the furniture was in such excellent proportion to the room that the general effect was spacious and restful. Damask curtains of dull yellow and the upholstery and plain carpet of faded plum color combined with the shaded lamps and bright bindings of the books to give warmth.

"This is a perfect setting for you." Justinian's almost businesslike approval seemed to include as well her simple short gown of black satin.

Diane sat down so that she could face the door and motioned him to a sofa opposite. She was ill at ease. Last night her emotions had been so stirred that she had been unable to weigh the matter with her usual calm deliberation. Even after Phil and the South American had accepted the invitation with eagerness, she had wished she might withdraw. She knew that other women, even without her urgent excuse, used their social position for ends of their own, but the idea was repellent to her. Then after she had reached home and realized that Maggie had sent the telegrams announcing her departure, she had determined that she would do anything, regardless of its cost to her own pride, rather than disappoint Felix.

Justinian drew out his watch and compared it with the small silver clock which stood on the out-turned leaf of the old walnut secretary.

"You're four minutes slow. Do you mind if I change it? You see, I've got to leave at 2:30 at the very latest."

"I told them luncheon was at one."

It was hard to talk to this guest. She was so out of sympathy with the socially ambitious that she felt they had no common meeting ground of ideas. Moreover, there was a brusqueness in his manner to which she was unaccustomed, which convinced her that Mrs. Elder had been right in calling him an outsider.

His next words confirmed this belief. "I hope we won't be too long at the table."

"I don't think we will." Diane smiled a little wryly as she remembered the anxious three-cornered consultation about the menu

(Continued on Page 146)

MORE INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT

Sauerkraut

A Broadcast Talk By

B. E. BABCOCK

President, National Kraut Packers' Association

"THE real Sauerkraut season—fall and winter—is approaching. I am speaking thus in the language of tradition. In reality Sauerkraut has become an all-year-round dish, just as palatable and healthful in summer as in winter.

"Our Research Department, studying authorities in all languages, has proved the marvelous health qualities of this wonderful and economic food, which in this country has just come into its own.

"Famous doctors and dietitians have proved that Sauerkraut has bulk for peristaltic action; vitamins for growth and strength; mineral salts for the blood, teeth and bones; and lactic ferments which tend to keep the intestines free from disease-producing germs.

"Yet, we do not wish to be understood as recommending Sauerkraut as an exclusive diet. It should be eaten with other vegetables and meats to make up a balanced ration. I am not saying too much, however, when I assert that few vegetables, if any, supply such a variety of health ingredients. The known chemical substances, without which life cannot be sustained indefinitely, will total half a hundred. No one food can supply all. Hence a reasonable variety is necessary, and a wide variety of food throughout the year is a safety measure. But I do insist on the necessity of adding Sauerkraut to this variety.

"Our Research Department has called attention to an epochal article on canning in 'Hygeia,' published by the American Medical Association, citing some remarkable facts.

'In scrutinizing the nutritive aspect of canned foods, it is necessary to consider the effect of the canning process on the nutritive components.

'Early work on vitamins indicated that cooking destroyed vitamins to a considerable extent. From that it was assumed that canned foods must lose practically all their vitamin content because they are cooked at relatively high temperatures to sterilize them.

'Recent work has shown that this is not the case. Loss of vitamins through cooking is due largely to oxidation, and the heat of cooking merely hastens oxidation. In canning, this oxidation is effectively avoided and hence commercial canned foods have been found to be **richer in vitamins than home cooked foods.**'

"This authoritative statement will interest every housewife."

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Be sure to get your supply of Sauerkraut and remain healthy during this coming winter. And be sure to look for the Emblem shown here on can or barrel when you buy. It is the mark of this Association and guarantees First Quality Sauerkraut.

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Chickering

ESTABLISHED 1823

A magnificent piece of furniture, the new Ampico adds richness to any room. Quite typical is the handsome Chickering Baby Grand, pictured above. Chickering are not only America's oldest piano makers, but the only ones ever to have won the Imperial Cross of the Legion of Honor.

COMPANY *announces the new*

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the finest musical instrument in the world!

It has been said, "America has never produced a single masterpiece of art." That charge no longer stands. Out of American genius, and industry, and musicianship, now emerges the greatest musical treasure yet given to mankind, an art masterpiece, its memory more perfect than a camera's, its technique more flawless than a master's, its voice more truly glorious than that of any other instrument—the new Ampico!

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He began immediately to talk to Lamond about impersonal subjects unconnected with politics, and Ramos seized the opportunity to converse with Diane.

But even as she asked questions about his country in the language which she loved, she was conscious that she must prevent either him or Phil from saying anything which would in any way give Justinian the information he wanted.

Suddenly, in the middle of a sentence, Ramos broke off. Leaning toward Lamond, he exclaimed in English, "But the señorita is marvelous. Her head, it is pure gold inside as well as outside."

His parted lips revealed flashing white teeth as he smiled appreciation of his bon mot.

Phil answered this gallantry in Spanish, but his precise enunciation made it sound more like Latin. "The señorita's heart is also shining gold."

This was too much for Diane's peace of mind. Deliberately she changed the subject. "Are you going to the ball at the British Embassy tonight, Phil?"

"If you are."

"I can't. I'm leaving this afternoon. I'm going up to see Felix."

Justinian said, "Oh, are you?"

To the other listeners his question must have seemed merely rhetorical, but Diane, with a sudden pang, realized its significance. She repeated to herself the quotation with which she and Felix had often fortified themselves during youthful difficulties:

"'*Courage, mon ami! Le diable est mort.*'"

Then she answered coolly, "I am not certain. I am anxious to see my brother, but something has come up which may change my plans."

"I hope you are mistaken," Justinian answered with equal nonchalance.

Ramos had not understood all of this rapid conversation. When Phil had interpreted it for him, he declared, in English, that he was desolated.

"But you leave then at once? Ah, surely that is a cruel act."

Justinian turned quickly toward him. "You will be here when Miss More returns, though, will you not? She told me last night that she would only be away two or three weeks."

Diane was terrified lest Ramos would reveal something of importance. She wanted to cry out, "Oh, don't answer! Don't tell him anything!" Yet before she had a chance to frame words which would prevent it, he began to speak.

"As for that, I cannot say. Sometimes they take so long, these negotiations, sometimes they move quick." He shrugged his shoulders.

She breathed a sigh of relief. Even the cleverest of lawyers would scarcely be able to make anything out of that diplomatic answer. "We'll have coffee in the drawing-room," she announced.

The first thing she did on reëntering the room was to glance at the silver clock. To her dismay it registered only ten minutes after two. She would have to keep up this under-cover battle of wits for twenty minutes more. It was vital, she felt, to get Justinian away from the other two men. They had all seated themselves in front of the fire and the conversation was general. When the maid came in with a tray of coffee and small cups Diane made her opportunity.

She addressed Justinian. "You were asking about my father's memoirs," she invented quickly. "If you'll come over here I'll show you the material I've collected so far."

Reluctantly he got up.

In order to carry out her hypothetical excuse, Diane led him to the bookshelves at the far end of the room and extracted a large volume of clippings.

The animated dialogue which had started up between the two officials made it possible for Justinian to speak to her without being overheard.

"You're a very smart woman. But in spite of your scruples, I shall get what I want."

To her astonishment, his voice expressed admiration rather than enmity. She did not relent, however, but made him sit beside her while she turned over the pages of the book and talked resolutely of her father's early career. Never had time moved so slowly. The seconds followed one another as haltingly as heavy boots being pulled out of wet clay. Finally Justinian took out his watch. Glancing over his shoulder, she saw that it was twenty-five minutes past the hour.

He rose, snapping the watch shut. "I must be off."

She thought, "It can't be too soon for me."

As they went back toward the others she was elated by the belief that she had been more than a match for him. Her assurance came too soon, however.

For as Phil and Ramos sprang to their feet the South American said, "Madame, I hope always you will keep this little sofa. It means much to the future happiness of my country."

Justinian's blue eyes flashed triumph at Diane. Then he held out his hand. "Thank you for a most delightful time. I'm sorry I must run along, but I've enjoyed it more than I can say." He shook hands with the others, then turned again to her. "I hope you'll have a successful journey."

After he had gone Phil said they, too, must leave. Diane felt as if her legs were made of chiffon. She longed to sit down. She steadied herself with one hand on the top of a high-backed wing chair while Ramos made his protracted adieus.

"Only my poor unworthy body departs," he said. "My heart, it remains here with you."

When the outer door had closed behind them Maggie came in to collect the coffee cups. She moved silently around the room, emptying ash trays, straightening chairs and putting books back in their proper places. Diane sat motionless on the sofa.

At last the maid spoke. "I've laid out your dark blue dress for traveling. Julia's made some nut cookies for Mr. Felix. They're in your hat box. I told her young men in college mightn't care for cookies, but she said she guessed a couple of months' education wouldn't have taken away his appetite."

As Diane laughed, her sense of depression lessened. "Julia's wonderful." She added regretfully, "I must write a good reference for her."

While she was at the desk the telephone rang. She recognized Justinian's voice. "I'm sending a messenger up with the check. By the way, I'd suggest you get Ginsbrouck to cash it rather than your own bank."

She was too humiliated by the entire situation to say anything except that she would.

She knew that he was not through talking, but she hung up the receiver. It was only by concentrating on the joy which she and Felix would experience in seeing each other that she was able to forget the ignominy of the means by which that joy would be made possible.

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"So she's afraid I'm still unhappy about Dimitri," Diane reflected. "How surprised and pleased she'd be if she knew the truth. As if romance hadn't ended for me long ago!"

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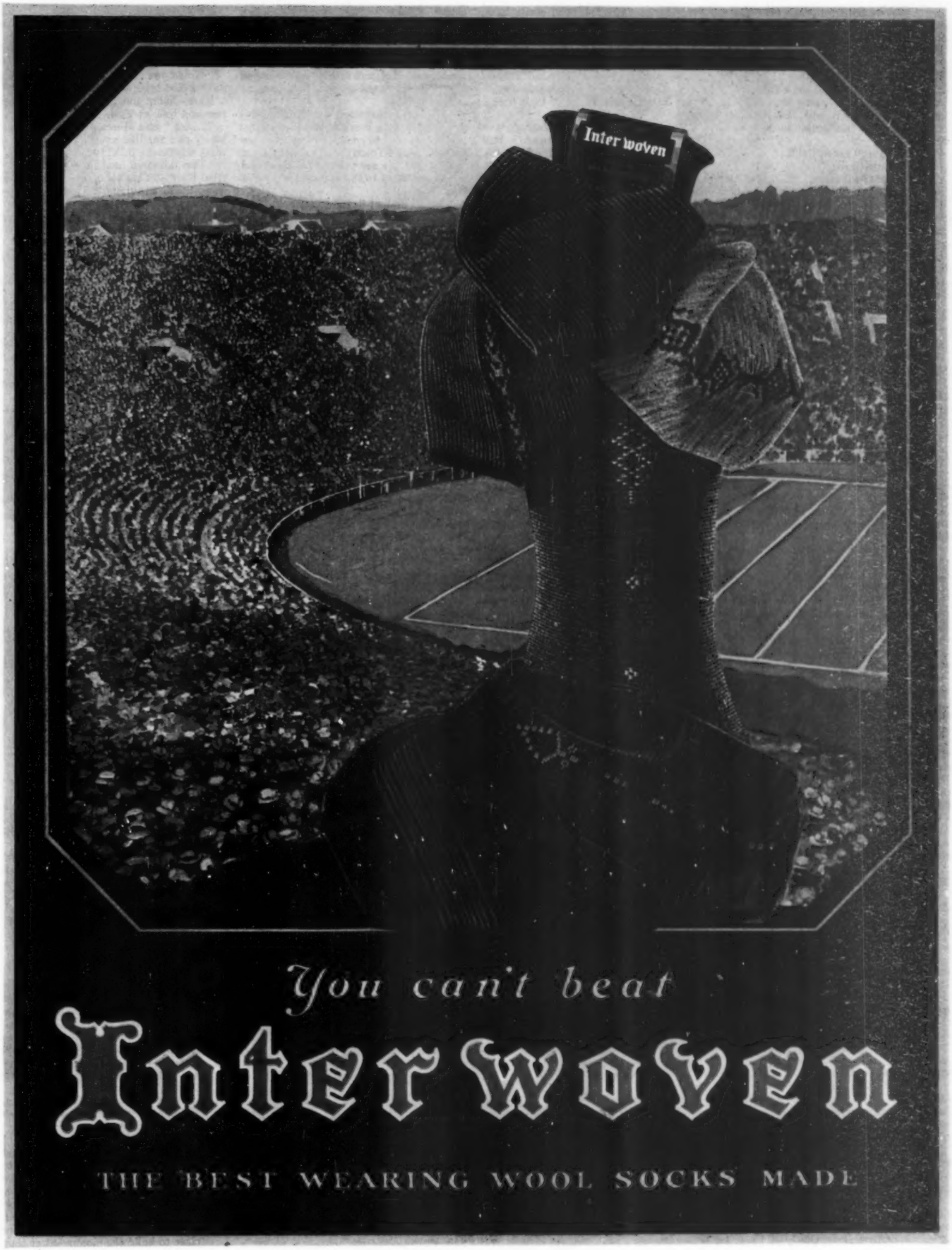
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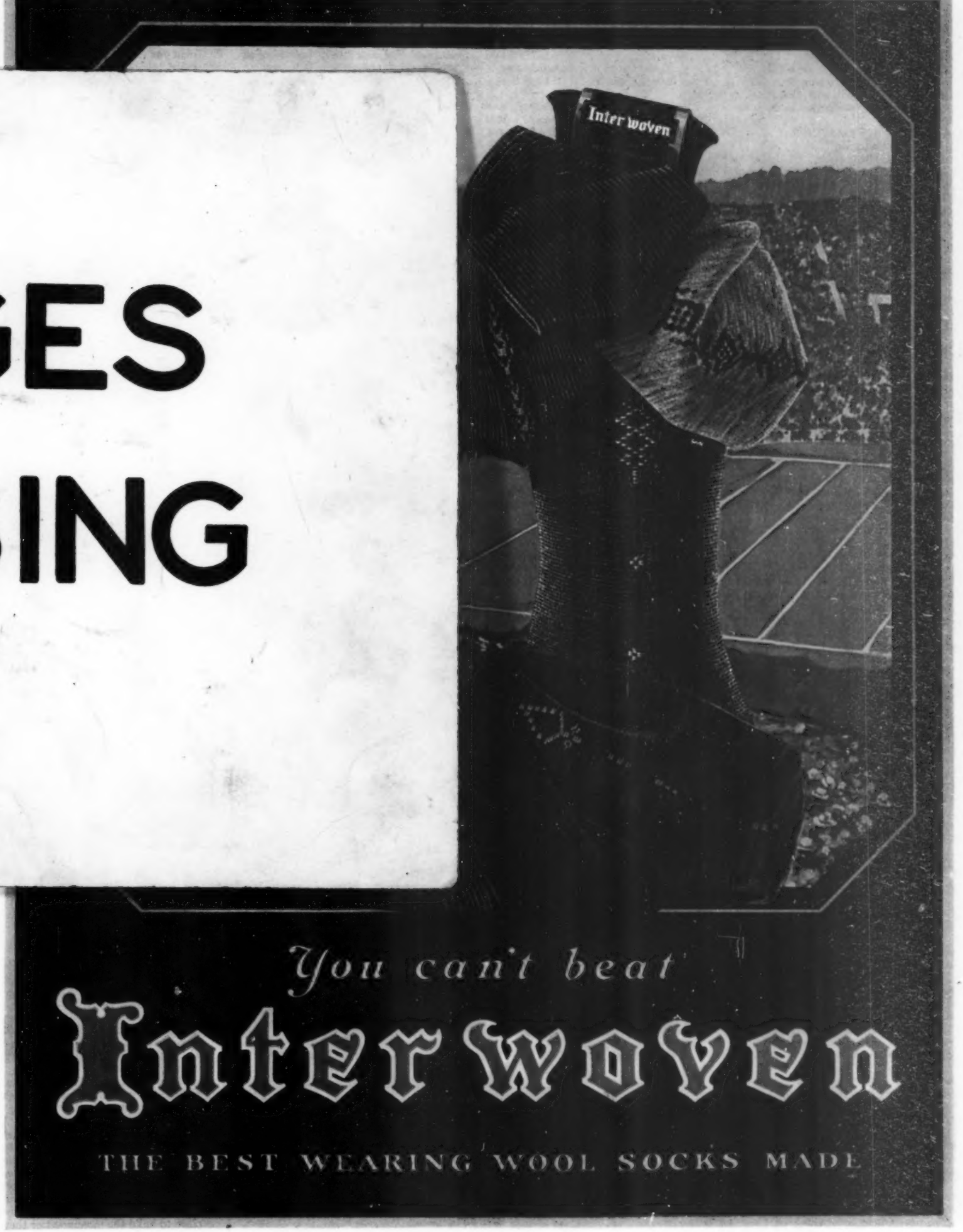
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He laughed out loud. "No, I'm not that. Whatever faults I may have, I'm not per se a lion hunter. So that's what was in your mind."

His mirth, far from reassuring her, made her uncomfortable. "Then what is it you want? After all, two thousand dollars is a big price to pay for mere curiosity."

"It depends upon the curiosity." His eyes were narrowed. "But in this case it will be worth much more to me than that."

"I don't understand."

"Listen. If I can find out, twenty-four hours before it's made public, whether or not our Government is going to reach an agreement with this trade commission, I stand to make fifty times two thousand dollars. All I have to do is to telephone my chief in New York before three o'clock, when the Stock Exchange closes, and he will do the rest."

Diane jumped up. "But that's dishonest! Those agreements are purposely kept secret to avoid speculation. Why didn't you tell me that's what you wanted! I wouldn't have dreamed of asking you here!"

"Don't get excited. This in no one way involves you. Your part begins and ends with an invitation to luncheon. I might have got what I wanted last night at your friend Mrs. Procter's if there hadn't been such a raft of people there."

His conciliatory manner did not lessen her anger. She still stood looking down at him defiantly. "But you can't do it—not in my house!" Through the open door she heard the sound of the bell. "Oh, what shall I do?"

"There is nothing at all for you to do. You are taking quite an unreasonable slant on this thing, Miss More. I assure you it's done every day in one form or other!"

She saw the two other guests taking off their overcoats and hats in the hall. As she went forward to greet them her heart was pounding and the hand that she extended to Phil trembled.

Fortunately, after she had uttered the conventional greetings, further speech was unnecessary. The dark-eyed, vivacious Ramos burst into a flood of compliments in his native tongue which embraced her appearance, her linguistic ability, her beautiful home, and above all, her open-hearted generosity in asking an unknown foreigner to partake of her hospitality.

Out of the corner of her eye Diane watched the clock. She had instructed Maggie to announce luncheon as soon as the guests had arrived. But fifteen minutes went by before she appeared, wearing the green-and-white uniform of the recently dismissed waitress, which she had spent the morning adjusting to her less corpulent figure.

Diane led the way to the white-paneled dining room, and with a smile of apology to Phil, asked him to sit at her left and placed the South American on her right. Justinian faced her across the square table of polished mahogany, which was bare except for four exquisite lace doilies and a low crystal bowl of yellow daffodils. She avoided his gaze. She was trying with all her resourcefulness to think of some way to defeat his plan.

He began immediately to talk to Lamond about impersonal subjects unconnected with politics, and Ramos seized the opportunity to converse with Diane.

But even as she asked questions about his country in the language which she loved, she was conscious that she must prevent either him or Phil from saying anything which would in any way give Justinian the information he wanted.

Suddenly, in the middle of a sentence, Ramos broke off. Leaning toward Lamond, he exclaimed in English, "But the señorita is marvelous. Her head, it is pure gold inside as well as outside."

His parted lips revealed flashing white teeth as he smiled appreciation of his bon mot.

Phil answered this gallantry in Spanish, but his precise enunciation made it sound more like Latin. "The señorita's heart is also shining gold."

This was too much for Diane's peace of mind. Deliberately she changed the subject. "Are you going to the ball at the British Embassy tonight, Phil?"

"If you are."

"I can't. I'm leaving this afternoon. I'm going up to see Felix."

Justinian said, "Oh, are you?"

To the other listeners his question must have seemed merely rhetorical, but Diane, with a sudden pang, realized its significance. She repeated to herself the quotation with which she and Felix had often fortified themselves during youthful difficulties:

"'*Courage, mon ami! Le diable est mort.*'"

Then she answered coolly, "I am not certain. I am anxious to see my brother, but something has come up which may change my plans."

"I hope you are mistaken," Justinian answered with equal nonchalance.

Ramos had not understood all of this rapid conversation. When Phil had interpreted it for him, he declared, in English, that he was desolated.

"But you leave then at once? Ah, surely that is a cruel act."

Justinian turned quickly toward him. "You will be here when Miss More returns, though, will you not? She told me last night that she would only be away two or three weeks."

Diane was terrified lest Ramos would reveal something of importance. She wanted to cry out, "Oh, don't answer! Don't tell him anything!" Yet before she had a chance to frame words which would prevent it, he began to speak.

"As for that, I cannot say. Sometimes they take so long, these negotiations, sometimes they move quick." He shrugged his shoulders.

She breathed a sigh of relief. Even the cleverest of lawyers would scarcely be able to make anything out of that diplomatic answer. "We'll have coffee in the drawing-room," she announced.

The first thing she did on reëntering the room was to glance at the silver clock. To her dismay it registered only ten minutes after two. She would have to keep up this under-cover battle of wits for twenty minutes more. It was vital, she felt, to get Justinian away from the other two men. They had all seated themselves in front of the fire and the conversation was general. When the maid came in with a tray of coffee and small cups Diane made her opportunity.

She addressed Justinian. "You were asking about my father's memoirs," she invented quickly. "If you'll come over here I'll show you the material I've collected so far."

Reluctantly he got up.

In order to carry out her hypothetical excuse, Diane led him to the bookshelves at the far end of the room and extracted a large volume of clippings.

The animated dialogue which had started up between the two officials made it possible for Justinian to speak to her without being overheard.

"You're a very smart woman. But in spite of your scruples, I shall get what I want."

To her astonishment, his voice expressed admiration rather than enmity. She did not relent, however, but made him sit beside her while she turned over the pages of the book and talked resolutely of her father's early career. Never had time moved so slowly. The seconds followed one another as haltingly as heavy boots being pulled out of wet clay. Finally Justinian took out his watch. Glancing over his shoulder, she saw that it was twenty-five minutes past the hour.

He rose, snapping the watch shut. "I must be off."

She thought, "It can't be too soon for me."

As they went back toward the others she was elated by the belief that she had been more than a match for him. Her assurance came too soon, however.

For as Phil and Ramos sprang to their feet the South American said, "Madame, I hope always you will keep this little sofa. It means much to the future happiness of my country."

Justinian's blue eyes flashed triumph at Diane. Then he held out his hand. "Thank you for a most delightful time. I'm sorry I must run along, but I've enjoyed it more than I can say." He shook hands with the others, then turned again to her. "I hope you'll have a successful journey."

After he had gone Phil said they, too, must leave. Diane felt as if her legs were made of chiffon. She longed to sit down. She steadied herself with one hand on the top of a high-backed wing chair while Ramos made his protracted adieus.

"Only my poor unworthy body departs," he said. "My heart, it remains here with you."

When the outer door had closed behind them Maggie came in to collect the coffee cups. She moved silently around the room, emptying ash trays, straightening chairs and putting books back in their proper places. Diane sat motionless on the sofa.

At last the maid spoke. "I've laid out your dark blue dress for traveling. Julia's made some nut cookies for Mr. Felix. They're in your hat box. I told her young men in college mightn't care for cookies, but she said she guessed a couple of months' education wouldn't have taken away his appetite."

As Diane laughed, her sense of depression lessened. "Julia's wonderful." She added regretfully, "I must write a good reference for her."

While she was at the desk the telephone rang. She recognized Justinian's voice. "I'm sending a messenger up with the check. By the way, I'd suggest you get Ginsbrouck to cash it rather than your own bank."

She was too humiliated by the entire situation to say anything except that she would.

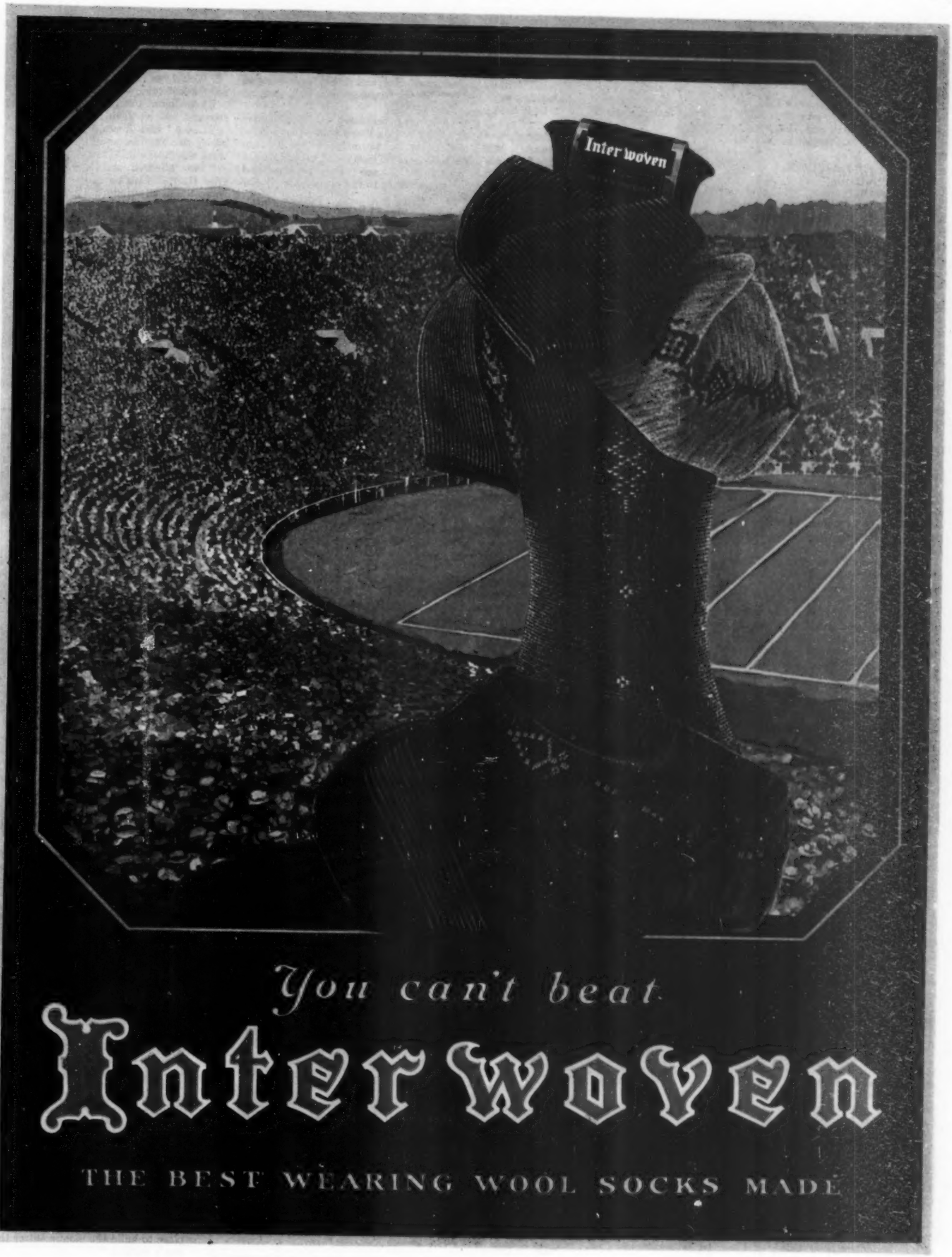
She knew that he was not through talking, but she hung up the receiver. It was only by concentrating on the joy which she and Felix would experience in seeing each other that she was able to forget the ignominy of the means by which that joy would be made possible.

After the messenger had arrived she changed her gown and finished packing. When she went over to the table to collect some new magazines for the train she noticed that Maggie had taken down from the mantel and put in an inconspicuous place the framed photograph of a handsome, rather arrogant young man in military uniform.

"So she's afraid I'm still unhappy about Dimitri," Diane reflected. "How surprised and pleased she'd be if she knew the truth. As if romance hadn't ended for me long ago!"

On the way to the railroad station she stopped at Ginsbrouck's office. Without

(Continued on Page 148)


Interwoven
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Interwoven
THE BEST WEARING WOOL SOCKS MADE

(Continued from Page 148)

years now, and I've never known or heard of you trying to blackmail anybody. Open up. What's the gag?"

"There's no gag," replied Mecca, leisurely lighting a cigarette. "I've got a friend that wants to sell some land and a house, and I've got two more that ought to be just crazy to buy it, bein' that it's at the separation of the two biggest auto routes in France."

"Where is it?" asked Collin.

"Égalité-sur-Oureq."

"Nah," snarled Hart. "I know the place. You think we're a couple of loafers? Why, that's the first place we went after. She won't sell. We tried her through four different people. It's an old English girl owns it. She runs some kind of a hot-dog stand there. Ox Alleys Glorious, they call it."

"I tell you," said Mecca firmly, "that she'll sell. She's a friend of mine."

"How much she want?"

"Three hundred thousand francs."

The two partners laughed heartily, though not pleasantly.

"How much will she take?" sneered Hart.

"That's what she'll take," said Mecca soberly, "because the Royal Batavia are after it too."

"They aren't building filling stations!" said Collin.

"No, but they'll buy that ground so that you can't build one there! How long do you birds think you could keep this thing dark? If you hired me I'd have shown you how. I know this country. But it's got out, what you're doing, and the Royal Batavia are buying up all the good sites themselves."

"You say this old girl will sell?" asked the junior partner haggardly. "She won't change her mind overnight now?"

"I'll say she'll sell," sneered Mr. Collin. "Who wouldn't for three hundred thousand francs? Gee, you could buy the Eiffel Tower for that much. . . . Well, what else you got on your mind, Mecca?"

"Nothing. That's all. Just this filling-station proposition."

"Well," said Collin, relighting his cigar, "assuming we were buying lots for filling stations, it wouldn't interest us. She should have sold when we made the first proposition. It's too much jack, anyway. You see, they got a communist mayor in that town—one of these 'take from the rich and give to the poor' guys. Yes! Whatever sticks to the ceiling the poor can have. What falls is his. Huh. If you sold a hundred thousand gallons a day, you couldn't keep up with him. An' him an' all his municipal council would want their gas free or they'd close you up."

"But the Batavia people will get it!" protested Mecca.

"I hope they do! I'd like to see 'em stuck!"

That afternoon Fanning and Miss Cumberley held council in the office of Aux Allies Glorieux.

"Do you suppose I could see this mayor and get him to flag this seizure?" asked Mecca.

"No. What good would that do? Anyway, he's in Paris to attend a meeting of this monument commission. I saw it in the paper last night. The town is all enthused about it. *Vive monsieur le maire.* But they don't know the history of it!"

"They wouldn't care if they did," said Mecca. "Oh, man! I thought I had something for a while. I went up to Paris and saw a man in a real-estate office that I knew. 'Listen,' says I, 'as one friend to another, I got such an' such a piece of land I want to sell quick. Now, who would you offer it to?'

"'Well,' he says, 'a little piece like that would be hard to get rid of for a quick sale. Now jus' let me call up the syndicate and see about this.'

"So he calls up the syndicate.

"'Now,' says he when he comes back, 'you ever heard of Collin and Hart?'

"'Know 'em well,' says I.

"'Well,' he says, 'they're buyin' little bits of land like that here and there, but they're always workin' through a third party. Goin' to 'em direct wouldn't work. You'd have to find out who their broker was.'

"The kind o' land they was buyin', Miss Cumberley, was a little bit here and a little bit there, but all at places on the big roads. Paris-Biarritz, Paris-Lille, Paris-Deauville, Lyon-Marseilles. So I just put two an' two together, an' two out of my head, an' it made six." He sighed. "But they wouldn't see it. I told 'em the Batavia people were after it, and that rattled Collin; not that they were after it, but that they knew about what he was doing. They don't, as a matter of fact. The Royal Batavia'll find out about it after the stations are about half built, an' then they'll go get a law passed makin' it illegal to distribute gas from a pump. That's their idea of meeting competition. Well, anyway, that settled that. I come out to report because I been gone already two days, and I wanted to let you know what was going on. I'll go to Soissons tomorrow and see what I can do there. Oftentimes you can work these things locally when you can't work 'em in Paris."

"Pierce was up here last night to see where you were," said Miss Cumberley, to turn the subject, for Mecca's discouraged manner had not been lost on her. "You know Pierce, the taxi driver? Of course you do. He's been in hard luck, too, lately. They've seized his car on him."

"Yes, yes. Listen. Do you remember the names of any of the people that were after this place to buy and that you wouldn't sell to?"

"Why, I suppose I could find them," said she. "I must have written some of them down. But listen, Mecca, is it honest to sell this house, knowing ——"

"Will you leave it to me?" asked Mecca. "If I promise you it'll be all right, will you leave it to me?"

Before she could answer, the little maid announced clients. Their feet clumped in the hall. Someone could be heard whispering in French, and someone else replying with an American accent that could be cut with a knife.

Miss Cumberley went out, and Mecca peeked through the crack in the door. He choked. The newcomers were Hart, Collin, and two others dressed in black with black-leather brief cases under their arms, these latter two probably a notary and his clerk. Miss Cumberley brought them into the small back room, and if they were annoyed to see Mecca Fanning there, they gave no sign of it.

"We were at Soissons," said Collin heavily, "and having heard that you were for sale, we decided to come down and then go on to Château-Thierry and take the train from there. We are pressed for time, and must go straight to the point. Are you for sale?"

"Well, I am not," replied Miss Cumberley, "but the shop is."

"And what is your price?"

"Are you the gentlemen that Mr. Fanning went to see in Paris?"

It was dark in that room, but the two men seemed to writhe visibly.

"We know Mr. Fanning," said Hart.

"Then he has already informed you of my price."

Mecca exhaled the breath he had been holding. These two had come in too soon. He had not been able even to tell Miss Cumberley how much he had asked. But it was not for nothing that she had battled her way through an unfriendly world for the last ten years or so.

"Three hundred thousand francs, I said, Mr. Collin," spoke up Mecca respectfully.

"Whose house is it?" demanded Hart.

"It's mine," replied Miss Cumberley, "but Mr. Fanning is my representative. If you'd like to discuss it with him alone, I can withdraw."

"No, no," said Collin hastily, "but the price is far too high. The most magnificent villa at Biarritz would not sell for that much."

"Wouldn't it?" smiled Miss Cumberley. "You couldn't buy a dog hutch at Biarritz for three hundred thousand francs!"

"We ain't talking about Biarritz!" snapped Hart; "we're talking about Egality-sur-Oureq, and it's too much money!"

They asked her how much she had paid for the house. She replied it was none of their business. They quoted land values in the vicinity.

She replied that the French charged her double for everything because she was a foreigner and that it was only fair that she should hold her land at double the value they held theirs.

"Double?" protested Collin. "Four times as much! Well, madam, we've got to be going back to Paris. I'm sorry that we can't have a meeting of the minds on this matter."

"Would you care to have tea before you go?" asked Miss Cumberley.

Hart, Collin, and the two men in black rose and took up their hats.

"Listen," said Mecca, "offer Miss Cumberley two hundred and fifty thousand. I think she'll take it."

"Two hundred and fifty thousand!" cried Hart. "That's a quarter of a million francs! For this dump? How do you get that way?"

"Come," said Miss Cumberley, smiling on all; "I'll give you some tea before you go. Let's not talk about it any more."

But Collin caught her arm as she went out the door.

"Will you sell for a quarter of a million?" he asked.

"Since Mr. Fanning has said so, I will."

"Then sit down, please. We have the papers all prepared."

When it was over and a check had been delivered in exchange for a signature, all hurried out to the waiting car, save Mr. Collin, who had been detained by a slight touch on his coat sleeve. It was Mecca.

"Mr. Collin," said Mecca, "I just wanted to remind you that it was me that got her to come down fifty thousand francs."

"Yeh," grunted Collin, dropping his company voice and manner, "you would remind me!"

"Well, I have no means," said Mecca softly, "except my pension and little commissions like this."

"How much you want?"

"Ten per cent."

"Of what—the price of the house? Fat chance!"

"No; of the reduction in the price."

Mr. Collin grunted, reached into his purse, and handed Mecca five thousand-franc notes.

"I was watching Hart," said Mecca gently, "and I know you'd have paid the three hundred thousand before you left. You've paid more for others not so good."

"Mecca," said Collin coldly, "you'll get yourself in jail yet. And when you do, don't call on me!"

Then they all went away, the notary and his clerk taking off their hats coldly to Miss Cumberley, and saying that they would call upon her again shortly and arrange the date of surrender of the property.

"Why didn't that man come out with the rest?" asked Miss Cumberley, referring to Collin's remaining behind with Mecca.

"I was touching him for a little commission!" grinned Mecca.

"Oh!" said Miss Cumberley. There was a little click in her tone, as of a plate cracking. "Well, don't bet it all on the races! Try and save some of it!"

"I was figuring to loan it to Pierce to get his car out of hock," said Mecca simply—"him with all those kids an' all."

"Mecca," said Miss Cumberley, "you're the limit. But if ever you need a character witness, you call on me." Her face whitened in the twilight. "But those two men that have just bought this house for all that money! What will they do when they find out the town is going to seize it to build a monument?"

"I bet they know it," smiled Mecca. "That's the reason they paid so much for it."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Because, like you said the other day, if the town seizes this place to build a monument, it's got to pay the purchase price. But the purchase price ain't seven thousand francs no more; it's two hundred and fifty thousand. An' so the mayor'll get 'em another place to build the monument or they won't build it."

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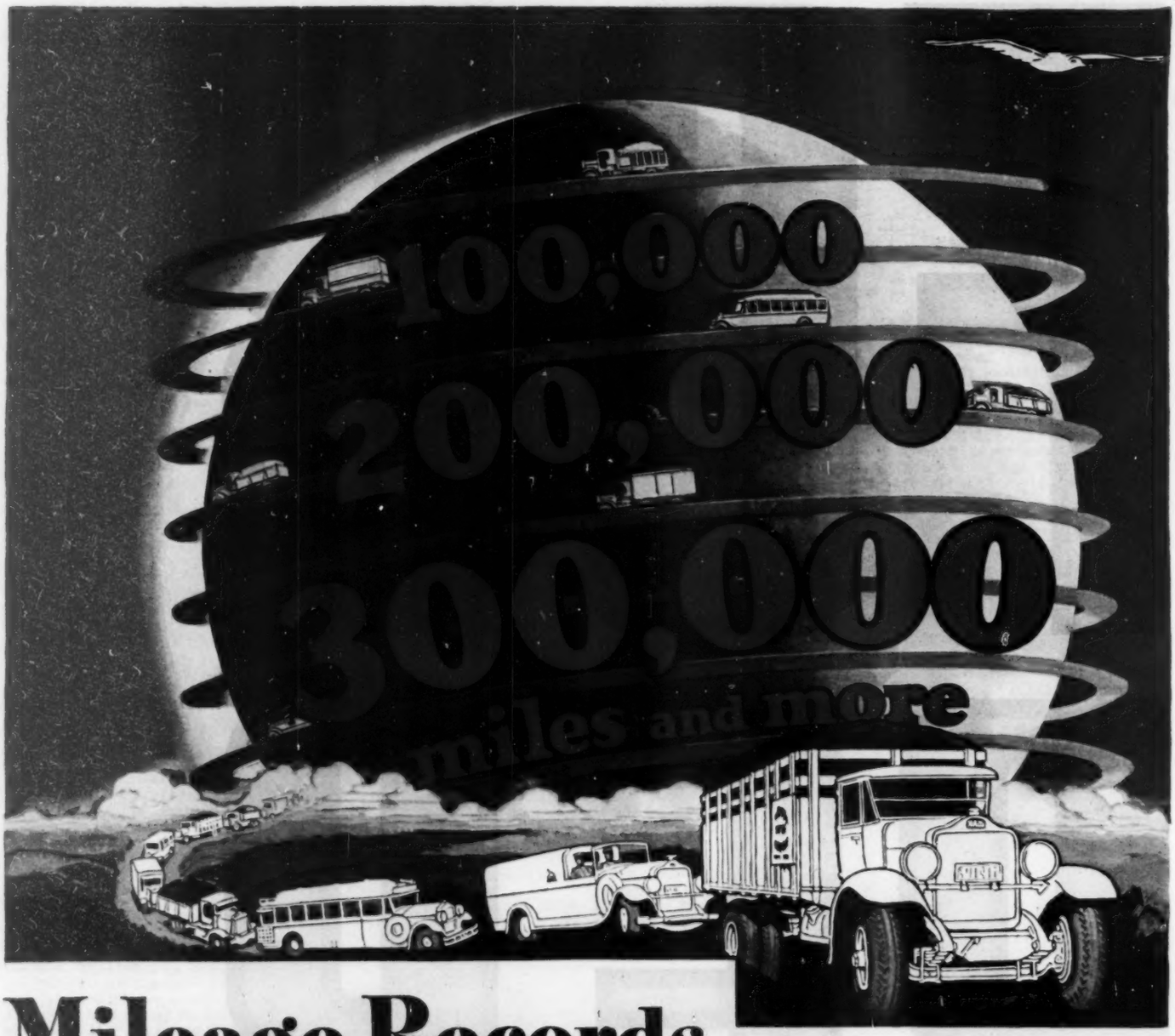

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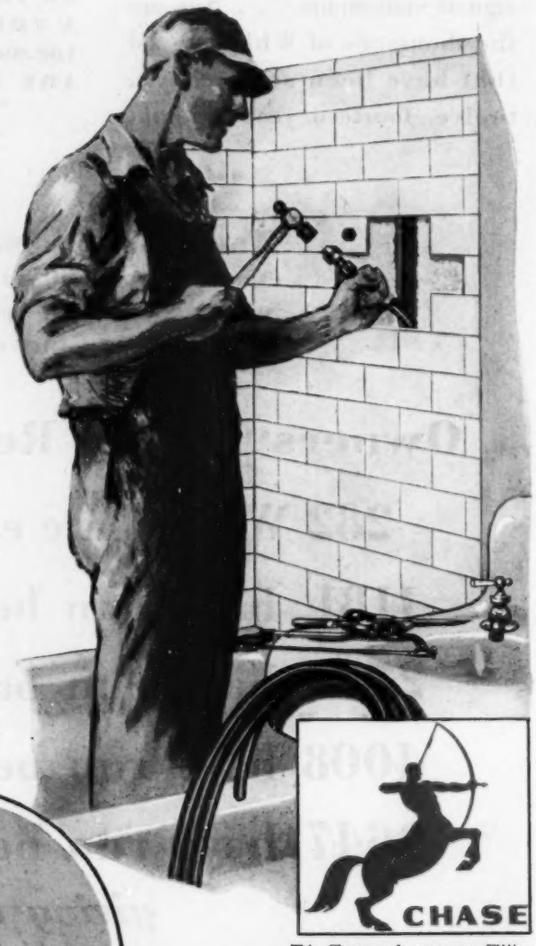

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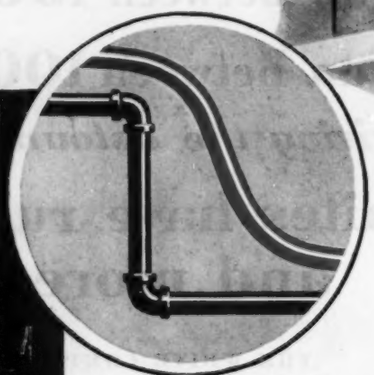

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RAFFERTY—WARD HEELER

(Continued from Page 42)

"Everybody's tired, fellers," he said. "This has been a great day fer all o' us—but we better call it a day. I know that Eddie is all in. He's worked mighty hard to bring about this fine win fer us an' I know you all want to show how you 'preciate it. But he'll unnerstand without no more demonstrations. I'm goin' to hit the chicken whiskers myself, an' I recommend that to everybody. C'mon, Eddie, I'll drop you off at the house." He took me by the arm and we went downstairs. "They'll go home as soon as they see there's no more free cigars an' political conversation passed out," Dan said.

There was a taxicab standing on the corner of the street and we climbed into it. Dan sank his big body back on the hard cushion and sighed like wind rattling bamboo.

"Another one over," he said, his voice tired. "The toughest thing about politics, Eddie, is election day."

I laughed right out loud at that. Dan did not seem to realize that all politics meant was election day. Without election day, there would be no politics. He glanced at me and grinned. We passed under a street light and I caught sight again of his gold tooth. I certainly loved Dan that night.

"Did you get the returns from those other doubtful wards?" I asked.

"We romped in, Eddie," Dan said. There was a tone to his voice that made me see that even he could not exactly understand how we did it. "Yes, sir," he continued, "we walked to a win in every ward in the district. In Four, where I thought sure we'd take a lickin', you ran 20 per cent stronger than Brennan last election—an' it's his home ward.

"There's some reason fer it, Eddie. Just now I can't quite figger it out. But there's a good reason an' I've got an idea what it is."

"Shoot," I suggested. "I suppose I'll have to meet a lot of people after this, an' I better know what road to travel before I do very much talking."

"Yeah," Dan mused. Then: "If you hadn't come back to headquarters, I was goin' over to your place tonight. You wanna be careful what you say till we see fer sure just what pulled out the vote fer you. In my own mind, I got an idea it's this sewerage plan. I think the people want it if it don't run their taxes way up. Gawd knows, they need it! We can tell fer sure about that from the vote they polled fer committeemen to serve on schools and public improvements. I got the figgers here."

We went to Dan's and settled ourselves comfortably in his room. He set out Scotch and water and we rested ourselves and smoked a cigar before we went into the figures he had brought home from headquarters.

It was three o'clock in the morning before Dan was ready to express himself. Then he had the figures to prove that the sewerage proposition had been the vote-getter. I had used it in my campaign folders, and three times when I had to make speeches which I read very carefully from a paper Dan gave me.

"It's the sewerage plan," Dan said at last. "That's what knocked 'em fer a loop, Eddie. An' nothin' could be better fer us. Any public improvement like that is duck soup fer a ballyhoo. It'll send you to the capital with an issue to talk about. As long as you got somethin' to fight fer, even if it's wrong, you can win elections."

I was pretty tired and wanted to cut for home, but Dan seemed not to know what time or sleep meant. He went downstairs to the telephone and I heard him call up the offices of the Record, the biggest newspaper in town.

"I want to talk to Zimmerman," he said; "git him on the phone." He waited a moment, then: "What's that? Busy? What do I care if he's busy? Git him! Tell him Dan Rafferty wants to talk to —— Yes, that's right—Dan Rafferty."

After a few seconds: "Zimmerman? This is Dan, Zim. I'm over at my house. C'mon right over." There was another short silence; then Dan, his voice raised somewhat, said: "That be swizzled! Don't you think I need sleep as well as you? This is election day. Git over here pronto. Whatcha think I'm payin' you fer, Zimmerman—sleepin'?"

I heard the receiver bang up into the hook and then Dan's heavy step on the stairs. He came into the room smiling and winked at me. "Imagine a guy kickin' fer sleep on election night, Eddie!" he grinned. "Here—come over here an' have a night-cap with me."

A taxicab turned into the street and came to a noisy stop beneath me.

"Is that Zimmerman?" Dan called to me.

"Yes. He's coming up our steps," I answered. Dan grumbled and went down to meet him.

Presently they came into the room and Dan said, "This is Eddie, the new representative. This is Zimmerman, Eddie—Zimmerman, of the Record. He'll write some stuff fer you as time goes on."

We shook hands and grinned at each other. Zimmerman spotted the bottle and glasses. There were only two glasses. He looked at Dan.

"Which is mine, Dan?" he grinned. Without waiting for an answer, he helped himself. Then he rubbed his hands together. "It's right cold out tonight," he said. "First taste of winter, I guess. . . . That was a nice run you made down here, Eddie. A nice win too."

So we got back to politics. "Zim," Dan began, "I want you to write an' print an after-election statement by Eddie. Git it in the mornin' papers all round if you can. Play it up as strong as they'll let you in your own."

"It gets tougher all the time, Dan," Zimmerman said. "That city editor was born with a blue pencil in each hand and he's practiced with each of 'em every year of the forty he's been runnin' a newspaper. If he gets the idea a strugglin' young reporter might make a nickel for himself, he gets closer than the next drink." As he spoke he helped himself from the bottle again.

"This is news, ain't it?" Dan scowled. "Here's a young man holdin' his first elective position. He wins hands down. He carries the precincts that no other man of his party has ever carried before ——"

"Byron swept this clean five years ago, Dan," Zimmerman interrupted.

"What of it?" Dan boomed. "Who'll remember that far back? Run it anyway. Wrap it up in a nice story about the father winning his first victory at the polls the day the stork brings him his first surprise package. You kin say it was a surprise, too, because it's a boy, an' it's already named Daniel Rafferty after me. Two names, both mine. What more do you want fer news?"

Zimmerman had a paper out and was making notes. "Oh, I'll git by with something," he said carelessly. "What does he say?"

"I'll tell you, Zim," Dan went on confidentially. "We want to git over the thought that Eddie is goin' to the capital with a real issue. Fix up a catch phrase if you can—'sewerage fer the tenements,' or somethin' like that. He's a champion o' the poor people, see? He's fightin' to bring them the best the public funds can provide. You know the line. An' play up strong this new sewerage system, because that's where his votes come from an' that's where his fight is really goin' to be."

Zimmerman was writing. "Is he really going to put up a fight there, or is this the bunk?"

"There's no bunk about it!" Dan exploded. "It's a real issue. Eddie is goin' to fight fer it first, last an' all the time. He is committed to that."

Zimmerman was glancing at me as he wrote on the folded paper. "Absolutely," I said. "I am 100 per cent for this sewerage program. The people of the district have got to have it. I intend to see that they get it."

"We get so much of this bunk," Zimmerman said. "I might get over a good story on this if I can go the limit with the ed, what with the first election, the baby and the sewers. . . . Not that there's any connection, understand," he explained to me.

"Play it plenty. I swear it's a fight to the finish for the sewerage program," Dan insisted. "Stop an' think a second, Zim. Where did that sewerage scheme start? Where did you hear of it first?"

"That big sap Mike Brennan mentioned it last session," Zimmerman said.

"An' what," Dan exploded, "did Brennan ever mention without first bein' told to mention it?"

Zimmerman laughed. I caught a great light right then. The sewerage movement had grown around the district for quite a long time, and so smoothly had it been done that I never bothered to think where it had come from. Now I saw. So did Zimmerman. It had come from Dan.

"So it's another of your pets, Dan?" Zimmerman asked.

Dan smiled. "Two years ago," he said, "Eddie here would have said to that, 'I'll tell the cockeyed world!' You can put that down fer me now. You bet this sewerage thing is my pet! I started it an' I'm goin' to see it through. But give the credit to Eddie here. Make a real story, Zim." Dan pulled out a roll of bills and peeled off a fifty. He handed that to Zimmerman. "Remember—a real story. Keep me out an' put Eddie in fer plenty."

Zimmerman grunted. "I guess I got stuff that'll slide by in the rush," he admitted. "I'll try it fer front-page stuff on the sentiment of the baby and that line. You won't be disappointed."

"It's me that knows it, Zim," Dan grinned. "See that he makes a fine statement too."

"If that sewerage thing pans out, Dan," Zimmerman said, as he reached for his hat, "I figure to get a break here and there, don't I? We've always worked pretty close."

"If that's so," Dan said slowly, "why worry about this time?"

Zimmerman stuck out his hand and they shook. Then Zimmerman and I shook. Dan went to the front door with him and I opened the window again and got more fresh air. I needed it.

When Dan came back I said to him, "This sewerage is the angle for me to play, Dan?"

"Sure," he grinned. "There was no use harpin' on it till we saw how things came along today, Eddie. Now that we got the reins in our own hands, that's the line we got to drive. We got to jam those sewerage appropriations down the throats of the rest of the state, because there ain't the money here to pay fer 'em."

"They'll be valuable to you, huh?" I asked.

"Plenty," Dan admitted frankly. "An' that ain't all, Eddie. They'll send this kid—an' all your others—through college with colors flyin' if we play our cards right. . . . It's a bit late now. Let's drink to that an' then hit the hay."

XII

I WENT to the capital with orders as clear and straight as those with which Dan sent me to interview my old foundry boss for that first five hundred I collected. I knew just what was wanted and Dan had told me the wise way to go about getting it.

"One of the safest an' best things on earth, Eddie," he told me the night before

(Continued on Page 157)

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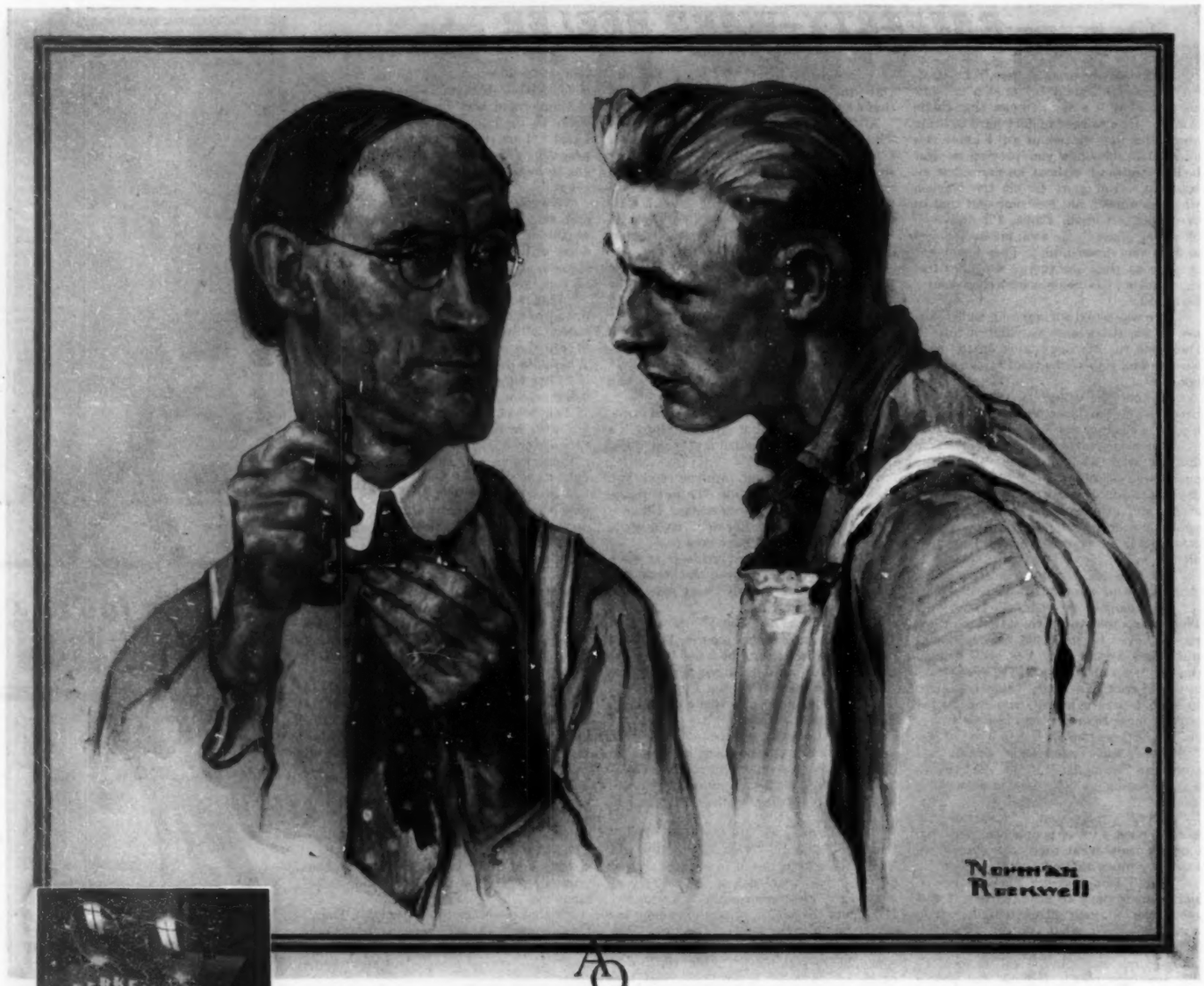

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(Continued from Page 155)

I left town for my first session, "is to ride in on a bigger issue if you can. That's what we want to do. Right now the boys are all steamed up over jamming through that water-power development in the northern part of the state. That's the big issue, because it'll take twenty million in appropriations.

"All right—at first fight that—fight it tooth an' nail. Make it appear as though you're up there with the backin' of the organization in this section o' the state an' your first job is to beat that water-power thing. Get 'em worried over you. They've had a tough time of it so far, an' they'll play with you a long way before they'll stand for another open fight.

"When you get them worried, we can strike a bargain to call you off if they'll throw their entire support to the appropriations we want. That's the racket fer us to work. You go up there an' noise it around plenty among the wise ones that you're goin' to throw this end o' the state into a real mess to beat the water-power grab. Don't give it to newspapers, o' course—just to the smart guys around the lobby an' the dumb ones in the legislature. Refuse to be quoted, but make it appear you got a real line-up against 'em. An' fer the love o' Mike, don't say you're doin' it to save the people's money or nothin' like that. Tell 'em it's the only way you see to attract any attention to yourself—they'll believe that."

Nellie saw me off and she had the baby in her arms there at the train when I left.

"I'm not unhappy, Eddie, because you are going away. I'm happy and proud of you. I know that you'll not forget Danny and me while you are up there, and I want you to know that we'll be thinking of you all the time." She lifted her face and I kissed her good-by. Then she held the baby up and I kissed him. His face was wet; he had been sucking his thumb, I think. We laughed and I kissed Nellie again.

"I'll do my best, honey," I told her. "After all, it's your own fault that I'm going. You started all this."

"I did," she interrupted, "and I'm proud of it. Some day this will be quite a nice thing for Danny to talk about. . . . Good-by and God bless you. Don't forget—Danny'll talk about the things you are going to do when he gets bigger."

I gathered that she was trying to make me feel inspired, but if she had only known the truth, I guess her ideas would have changed some. I had about as much chance to be inspired to some public service as I had to be appointed ambassador to the Court of St. James's. However, I let it slide. It did no harm for her to think as she wished and she got a lot of happiness out of it.

It took me about two weeks to read the circular letters that were sent to me when the session opened. I got them from everybody that ever had anything to sell, and in addition from everybody that ever was interested in any sort of legislation. Most of them were from nuts.

The water-power crowd were not slow to reach me. The second night of the session I was invited to "a little party one of the boys is giving." I went. I never saw such style and such spending of money in my life. There was a regular banquet set up as a "little lunch." There was all any regiment could drink, and when we had drunk enough of it, there was entertainment.

Under the spell of that sort of business a man is bound to melt a little. Before the thing was half over everybody was calling me Eddie and I was calling everybody I could remember by his first name. About midnight I noticed that water power got to be the most talked-about thing of the evening.

"I been in the legislature for sixteen years," an old-timer said to me, "and in all that time I've never seen a more needed or beneficial measure than this proposed legislation for water-power development. I think it a privilege to cast my vote for it and I urge all my friends to throw the weight of their vote and influence in its behalf."

"After which speech," I said to him, "you've earned another drink of the water-power medicine. But for me—it's out! They've got a serpent at their chests when they bring me in here, brother. This is my first trip up here and I'm a rookie right. But they had better strip me of influence quick, because any I got is going into the balance against the very bill you're talkin' about.

"To me, it has the look of a swell grab. Twenty million bucks for the vultures to feed on! It'll be felt right down to the barrel stove in the post office at Squeedunk. That's what it looks like to me an' I deem it as great a privilege to say so, and vote against the bill, as you do to vote for it."

The old man looked at me in mild surprise. Then, with a shrug, he said, "Oh, well, we've each said our bit. Let's have some more of that caviar. We don't often get it as good." That was as far as the thing went with him. But I guessed that a few more drinks under his belt might loosen his tongue. In that case he was pretty sure to spread my line of talk.

Just as soon as that happened I knew I would be on the firing line. The wise ones would size me up carefully and make up their minds just how to operate on me. There were two ways. One was direct and the other was to get me lost in the shuffle when it came to assigning me to committees. I figured they would size me up as a fresh kid and follow the latter course. But I knew they'd learn a thing or two when they started drowning me. Dan Rafferty would show there. He had arranged my appointments very carefully and he had the power to see that I got them. One of them was bound to be very worrisome to the water-power bunch so long as I was against them. Dan saw to that.

I proved myself a pretty good guesser all around. The sixteen-year member got well enough along so that he could not keep our talk to himself. He spread around what I had said and two or three very smart and smooth workers sounded me out. I could almost feel them taking my measure. But they never realized I was taking theirs too. Because they did not try to work on me right then, I knew they would attempt to fix the skids for me. After they did that I would hear from them again. Dan had built fences that would wake them up to the presence of a real rebel in the camp.

I soon learned that there is no howl so pitiful as the squawk of a politician who finds someone has outwitted him. That crew had me all set to amount to less than my own page boy—then they woke up. They woke up first when I was announced on the powerful Committee on Finances. But they nearly exploded when my name also appeared on the Committee on Public Utilities. The groan they gave threatened to rip the steeple off the capitol. Then they broke all speed records in getting to me with the soft soap.

Knowing that they would make a quick start, I got Dan on the telephone as soon as the appointments were announced. The way he chuckled made the receiver rattle in my ear.

"Sit tight, Eddie," he told me. "When they know that they can't reach you direct, they've got to go somewhere else, see? There's only one place they can come."

"That's to you," I said.

"You're gittin' smarter an' smarter," Dan chuckled. "By the way, make it very clear to them that you won't play the game for water power under any circumstances. No matter what they say, lay to that. I'll tell you myself when to switch. That'll be when we feather our own little nest."

"I got you, Dan," I agreed. It was a good thing he told me that too. They tried a lot of tricks later on.

"By the way," Dan chuckled, "I seen Nellie an' the little banshee last night. They're both fine. A bit lonesome, I guess, but no man never lost nothin' by keepin' his wife wantin' him. I'll tell 'em I've talked with you an' you're feelin' fine."

"Do that, Dan," I urged him, "and give them my love."

The afternoon session I never got into at all. I was stopped in the lobby at least a dozen times, and was finally cornered in a little conference room where I got a terrific load of why I should vote for the water-power measure. When I stood pat, it was finally made clear that a campaign against me would be made right in my home district and the voters there shown just how I was hindering the progress of the state.

"If I can depend on that, brother," I told the man who threatened, "I'll be everlastingly in your debt. Don't try to tell me that the average voter in my district can say twenty million dollars without thinking there are thieves around! You'll give me the finest little ballyhoo a man ever got if you start that. I'll pay you for such a campaign!"

"You're pretty new up here," one of them growled. "Wiser heads than yours are with us."

"No doubt. A lot of old-timers are with you too. I beat one of them just last election," I laughed.

"What do you want?" another asked me bluntly.

"I want to beat this bill," I said simply. "I'm going to do it too. You're none too strong. If I start yelping about a home-town campaign such as you just mentioned, showing up a twenty-million-dollar grab, I'll have every countryman in the legislature backsliding."

"But what's the big idea? It's a good thing, this water-power development. It means industries for the state."

"I don't know whether it's a good thing or not," I snapped. "I don't care much. I'm just out to beat it, because that's the only way I can make anybody back home remember who they sent up here."

"Well," a white-haired old lobbyist growled, "there's something in that!"

I did not hear any more about it for three days. Then they came to my room at the hotel and told me they had talked with Dan Rafferty, who could make or break me overnight, and he favored the water-power bill. They gave me messages that they said came from Dan, and I even got a telegram signed by Dan to the effect that he believed in the water-power measure and hoped I would vote for it and work for it. The telegram had me going for a minute, but I made up my mind that Dan never would have sent it. He would have telephoned me.

"You can go back and tell Mr. Rafferty, with my compliments, to jump in the lake," I said. "I'm opposed to the bill, gentlemen. I happen to have committee appointments that will help me to fight the measure too. You can depend on me to fight it to the last ditch. If I must, I'll finance my own campaign against it. I'll carry out your very excellent suggestion and hold meetings all over the state. At those meetings I'll just stand up and bellow, 'Twenty million! Can your mind grasp this staggering sum? Twenty million American dollars!' It won't be necessary to say any more in the rural districts. Just the amount will make you look like crooks!"

I certainly had them going. They swore and they salved me; they tried to bribe me and they threatened to run me out of town. But the facts were there and they could not get around them. Finally they said they would take my message to Dan. Then they left me. I got Dan on the telephone.

"I never sent no telegram," he chuckled. "You keep right on usin' your bean like that, boy. When I want your song changed I'll tip you off in person. It won't be by letter or telegram either. It'll be by telephone, or I'll come up there. We've got 'em cookin' pretty, an' when they're done I'll drive our little bargain. An' you can bet, too, that there'll be no bargain until I know, not alone that the sewerage appropriations go through but also that the contracts for the work come to us."

So I just kept smiling and standing pat for about two weeks. They did not dare

(Continued on Page 159)

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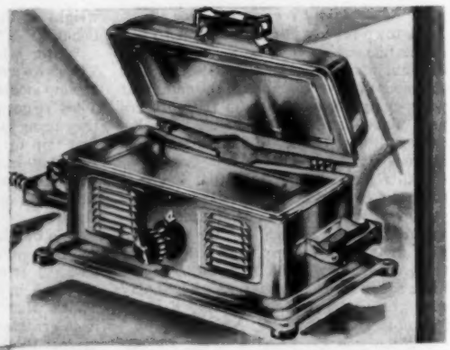

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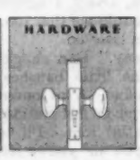

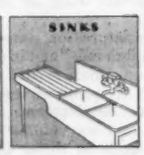

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MONEL METAL

(Continued from Page 157)

bring their water-power bill out of committee, although they knew that the ways were greased and they could slide it through both houses if they could manage to shut me up.

Though I heard only rumblings, I knew that Dan was working in his own way. I felt very sure that his way would be the right way. So it worked out. Dan had everything completely buttoned up when I got his telephone call.

"All right, Eddie," he said. "The duck soup is finished. You can trot out a speech an' a vote fer the water-power measure. But first off, before their bill is reported out, we get a definite appropriation fer the sewerage thing. Also, our local committee handles the granting of controls. I've got that all set. . . . You needn't worry none about college fer little Danny."

"Dan," I said, "where are you talking from?"

"My office."

"Just hang up and stay there a few minutes. I'm going to call you back on another telephone so I can be sure I've got you. There are some pretty clever people in on this." I called back and got Dan and everything was all right.

"I'll be up there next Thursday, anyway," he said. "That's the day when we get our appropriations through and you make a talk in favor of the water power. That scare of yours about goin' into home districts has spread around town an' half the farmers up there are still afraid to vote one way or the other. You'll have to take the floor an' go on record in favor of the power thing."

"Good!" I said. "It'll be better, Dan, if you're here to work with me."

"I'll be there. I'm sendin' Zimmerman up tomorrow to write out a speech fer you, Eddie. I'll talk with him before he sees you."

Zimmerman arrived on schedule. He was wearing the same old battered hat. He came right to my room at the hotel.

"Gee," he complained, "it's getting so a fellow can't walk along the streets of this town without being buttonholed to death."

"You know a lot of people up here?" I asked.

"Listen, Eddie," he grunted, "I've been writing politics for fifteen years. It's got so I don't believe my own mother when she calls me to dinner." I laughed and he tossed his light topcoat over a divan and shied his hat down on top of it. "What's this speech you got to make about water power?" he asked.

"I guess Dan gave you the dope, didn't he?"

"Yes," Zimmerman grunted. "Call up and ask them to send me a typewriter, will you—and some paper? Will this be the first time you've taken the floor up here?"

"Yes," I said; "I haven't made a speech yet."

"Well," he grinned, "you'll knock 'em into a tail spin! You've got so you can say 'institution' and 'ideals,' haven't you?"

"Great!" I said. "I'm full of them. Also 'promulgations,' 'proposed legislation,' 'public betterments,' an' what not."

"Good!" Zimmerman grinned. "I'll throw them all in. I don't suppose you got a drink for a fellow, have you?"

"I'm sorry," I explained, "I haven't. I very seldom use it except when I'm with Dan."

"The only time," he grinned, "you don't need it is when you're with Dan. There's a thousand ideas in a quart of Scotch. I got to have a few of them. Call up downstairs and get some."

"I don't know where to get it."

Zimmerman interrupted me with a whistle. Then he stepped to the wall phone and asked for the bell captain. "Come on up here a minute, captain," he said to him. "This is Zimmerman, of the Record." He was chuckling when he hung up the receiver.

Shortly there was a knock at the door and the bell captain came in. Very abruptly, Zimmerman said, "I want a typewriter and a bottle of Scotch, captain. Also some plain white paper. We don't need any carbon."

"Yes, sir," the captain said. "Do you want a portable or a big machine?" He never even mentioned the Scotch.

"Any kind," Zimmerman told him—"just get it quick. I got to get to work."

The captain saluted and left. Zimmerman walked over to the window and looked down into the street. As he stood there he lit a cigarette and offered me one. I took it.

"I suppose," I said, "that Dan gave you all the dope?"

"All," he admitted, "and then a little bit more. I just feel like writing a speech today."

"Dan'll be up himself Thursday," I said.

"I know it. He told me about it. I'm going to stick around until he gets here. There is something about that man Rafferty that gets right to the governor himself. That's what I'm supposed to be up here for now—a personal interview with the old man. Dan'll get it, too, and it will be a beaut."

There was an air about Zimmerman that I resented, yet I liked him. He was so blunt and abrupt and frank, and seemed so very sure of himself and of everything he said that you had to respect him. In addition to that, he believed absolutely nothing. No matter what happened, it was not half so important to him as his next lunch. He had the whole thing right on his thumb nail, and the way he could sneer at officeholders had them all chasing him trying to do him favors. I had read some of the stuff he wrote in the Record and it was easy to understand why everybody wanted him as a friend and feared him as an enemy.

He began whistling softly as he stood near the window. After a time he said: "Yes, I just feel like writing a speech. I had a long talk with Dan. He fixed up that sewerage situation pretty as a bridal veil. He sure knows his onions, that Rafferty. You remember that sap barber he elected on the committee?"

"I'll say I do," I smiled. "He nearly drove me out of my head last election night."

"Well," Zimmerman said, "Dan's got him hopped up so that he likes his own chances for President next election. He'll do whatever Dan says, and Dan is going to say plenty. He's already got it set so that all the contracts come his way. . . . He tells me you did a pretty good job up here yourself."

Before I got a chance to answer him, there came a knock at the door. I opened it and it was the captain. He pulled a quart of Scotch from under his coat and handed it to Zimmerman.

"The typewriter and paper will be right up, Mr. Zimmerman," he said.

"What are you getting for this stuff?" Zimmerman asked.

"Well," the captain said, "it sells for ten bucks a bottle."

"Not here, it don't," Zimmerman answered. "Here's seven thin American frog skins. Slip the king of bootleggers a fin and keep two for yourself. Also hustle up that typewriter."

"Very good, sir," the captain said, "and thank you." Then he went out.

Zimmerman hollered after him for a corkscrew and the captain came in again and opened the bottle.

"You better send us up some bottled water and ice," Zimmerman ordered.

"If you don't mind, Mr. Zimmerman," the captain explained, "please call Room Service for that."

Zimmerman looked at me and I went to the phone and placed the order. He could not wait. He took a drink straight and got a chaser from the bathroom. He coughed a couple of times and cleared his throat. Finally he looked at me and said, "This is good Scotch all right, but after three drinks of it if I sat down hard I'd burst into flames."

When the typewriter came he cleared off the little round table in the center of the room and started right to work.

I suppose it is a great gift to be able to write the way Zimmerman can. He just sat down at the typewriter and reeled it right off.

It took him about half an hour. He did not speak to me all the time he was writing, but when he had finished he sorted the pages out and handed them to me.

"Read it over," he growled; "see if you can say that all right."

I read it over and smiled. It was a speech the governor might have made. I don't know—maybe he wrote some for the governor.

"Sure," I said, "I can read it all right."

"Didn't that water come?" he wanted to know.

"Yes, it's here—and ice," I said.

"Well," he grinned, "why not pour off a couple of hot ones?"

I poured two highballs and we clicked glasses over the typewriter and drank through smiles.

"Do you like that speech?" he asked.

"It's a hundred-proof chloroform," I grinned. "If it sounds to everybody else like it reads to me, they ought to toll the church bells when I finish."

He shrugged carelessly. "Just read it off," he explained, "and now and then wave your right arm a little bit. If the occasion seems to warrant it, when you come to that part about the 'ramifications of human progress,' you can hit your desk a belt with your fist."

He made very light of it, but I promised myself to read that speech over a good many times before I made it. Also I hoped Dan would get a chance to read it before I took the floor.

The matter of the speech being settled, Zimmerman went to the phone and called the captain again. He told him to come and get the typewriter. They charged him a dollar and a half for the use of it and he never tipped the captain for getting it. The captain did not seem to mind. I guess everybody understood Zimmerman. He had that way about him.

He had another drink for himself and I made up my mind that he was a journeyman drinker; now that he was away from his duties on the Record, he would make a night of it. I could see from the way he talked that he knew the capital all right, but he knew the wrong side of it.

"I'm going out and shoot a little cards," he said. "Have you hit any of the gambling joints yet?"

"Yes," I answered carelessly. "But I'm not in the mood for it tonight." The truth was I never had been in one of them and did not know they were around.

"Dan always takes a fling at them," he smiled reminiscently. "I do too. By the way, speaking of Dan, that was a slick one he slid over on Mike Brennan."

Having taken Brennan's place, I did not want to talk much about that. I just lifted my eyebrows.

"You know," Zimmerman went on, "Brennan was picked as a sort of lobbyist for the Core Makers Union. Of course that was a bum steer and Dan knew it, but it got rid of Brennan so you could make your run. I don't know whether Brennan got suspicious or whether he's just naturally such a sap that Tanner, of the union, got sore on him. Anyway, about two weeks ago Tanner brought charges against Brennan at a meeting of the union. He had enough on Mike so that the core makers threw him out.

"Brennan went right to Dan. Everybody knew that before Tanner dared throw Brennan out, he had been to Dan too. That was where he got his orders. Brennan suspected that and he went in and started to bluster to Dan, claiming that he had been framed for you to take his job. He put up a terrible squawk. He lost his head and said Dan was a liar and that he would make him sweat for the frame-up he had pulled. When he left Dan he was in a rage, but I guess he cooled off when he got out on the street and saw the papers."

"Papers?" I asked. "This thing got into the papers?"

"Naturally," Zimmerman sneered, "before Dan ever framed up the fight between Tanner and Brennan, I had a news item all set that put Brennan in such a bad light he didn't dare make any squawk after he was eased out."

"I suppose Dan knows what he's doing," I said thoughtfully, "but that worries me."

"Worries you? What have you got to be worried about?" Zimmerman demanded.

"Well," I answered, "I don't like the possibilities of a Creedon-Brennan combination. Creedon hates Dan—hates him like hell."

"They're both rats," Zimmerman sneered. "What could they do?"

He found out the next morning. So did I. So did Dan. It was some shock too.

I spent most of the night reading over the speech Zimmerman had written. I got down late for breakfast and just snatched a newspaper off the lobby stand. It happened to be a local one. I sat down at the breakfast table, placed my order, and while I was waiting for it, opened the newspaper. Here were the headlines:

POLITICAL BOSS AND LEGISLATOR CHARGED WITH CONSPIRACY BY FORMER REPRESENTATIVE

DAN RAFFERTY AND PROTÉGÉ CHARGED WITH GRAFT

Michael Brennan, former representative from the Seventh Assembly District, today exploded a bombshell that has shaken the political structure of the entire state. He charges Daniel Rafferty, well-known political boss in one of our largest cities, with conspiracy and bribery to secure appropriations for sewerage improvements in his own district. He also claims that Rafferty used political influence to secure contracts for the work to be done. He claims that Edward Blank, who replaced him in the legislature, has been used by Rafferty as a willing puppet for the consummation of his schemes. He offers in support of his claims verbatim telephone conversations between Rafferty and Blank and other evidence secured at various conferences between politicians and legislators.

"There can be no possibility of doubt," Brennan says. "Rafferty and Blank have conspired with other leaders in state politics. The story I have to tell can be told only to the attorney-general and I shall demand of him that he proceed with criminal prosecution against both these men."

There was a lot more. Brennan really had the stuff too. All that Dan had said over the telephone about me fighting the water-power bunch until we got what we wanted, and also got the contracts for what we wanted, was reproduced. To me it was a complete smash case. They had us cold!

I could not eat any breakfast. I made up my mind not to go up to the capitol at all. My knees shook under me, and when I hurriedly signed my breakfast check, my hand trembled so that I hardly recognized my own signature. As I passed through the lobby two or three newspaper men collared me.

"What have you to say, Mr. Blank," I was asked, "in answer to Brennan's charges which appeared in the morning papers?"

"Knowing Brennan," I managed to answer, "I don't see the need of saying anything. It's a cheap political trick to gain publicity."

Suddenly Zimmerman appeared and somehow I was glad of it. "I suppose you would like to say, too," he sneered, "that you stand absolutely on your record of public service?" Everybody laughed. Zimmerman continued: "However, you got the right angle on this, Eddie. I'm from Brennan's home town and we know him pretty well. I'm glad he made the charges, because it gives us something to write about. But we know as well as you do, they're the bunk."

Just because he was Zimmerman and had a big name as a newspaper man, the others let him take the lead and that got me out of a bad spot.

The motion of the elevator going up made me sick. I got to my room and went in. I went right to the telephone. I never needed Dan Rafferty so much in all my life—but it was Nellie I called.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

. . . And they are just as appetizing as they look! Whether golden peaches from sun-drenched orchards, or firm, green peas from fertile vegetable gardens, or any of the "hundreds" of foods marketed in glass, they produce on the table exactly what they promise in their glass containers—*perfect taste and finest quality.*

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the *modern* manner. Meats, fish, fruits, vegetables, jellies, jams, sauces, candies — only the finest qualities use this VISIBLE road to your table. Full measure, too, is assured. Glass-packed foods, if partly used, keep well in the original containers—occupy less refrigerator space.

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THE WOOSTER BRUSH COMPANY
Makers of good paint brushes for 78 years
Wooster, Ohio

MEN AT WORK

(Continued from Page 13)

"Well, leggo of it and get into this car before it stops."

"Can't I keep it, mom? It can ride in back with me and Bunny."

"No, you can't. We've got troubles enough now."

Buster released the goat and walked toward the car, digging his fists into his eyes. The goat ran after him. "Ba-a-a!" it said; "ba-a-a!" appealingly.

"Oh, mom, listen at it!" pleaded Bunny. "Maybe he gives milk too."

"Give me a pail," directed Mrs. Allen.

She milked the goat while the children looked on anxiously. The pail was passed around like a loving cup, and the milk pronounced of superlative quality.

Mrs. Allen quaffed it a second time, then looked across the pasture to a house half hidden by trees.

"Maybe he belongs to that ranch," she said, in the tone of one hoping for contradiction.

"No, he's a wild goat," protested Bunny. "He's hungry as anything. Looky, he's eating the paper right off that can."

"I can fix up a pen for her easy on the running board that isn't broken," Pete suggested, "with some of that there barb-wire fence."

The goat was enticed up on the running board, and with Bunny holding her horns and Buster her feet, Pete fabricated a pen around her. Mrs. Allen kept a weather eye on the ranch house. In ten minutes the job was finished and they started off. The goat seemed to like traveling as well as the Allens did.

She lifted her long, placid face and looked over the country with sage, topaz eyes, stretching out her head occasionally to nibble a tall weed beside the road. Sometimes she thrust her head into the car and nibbled experimentally at sweaters and coats. The children kissed her nose and threw their arms around her stringy neck.

"She's got to have a name. She looks like Mr. Schneller, but she's too nice to be called after him," said Bunny, referring to the elderly widower who had given the ring to Mrs. Allen under the impression that it was an engagement ring instead of a parting token.

"She's not a mister anyhow," said Buster.

"Let's call her Gambler, because she gambles on the green," suggested Bunny.

"No sense to that," vetoed Mrs. Allen. "How could a goat gamble?"

"We had it in a song at some school: 'The lambs and goats, they gamble on the green.'"

"I don't see how they could," protested Mrs. Allen, "but she's sure taking a chance riding in that bird cage, so we'll call her Gambler anyhow."

So Gambler got her name, under a slight misapprehension of a poet's meaning. She became at once a useful and well-loved member of the Allen ménage.

All that day and the next the car ran so well that Mrs. Allen's hopes of retaining her ring grew stronger. They passed town after town wherein Pete slowed up hopefully by secondhand-car yards, but each time she directed him to move on. By the third day it began to show symptoms of the old, familiar lassitude.

Time after time it stalled in the middle of the road, and the Men-at-Work sign was set up, to the bewilderment of traffic. To add to the worries, Mrs. Allen complained that her teeth bothered her a good deal, particularly just before meals. They gave her a kind of gnawing, all-gone feeling as if they were romping around, she said. Food made her feel better.

Nevertheless, she was able to get out with the younger children and push the car up the hills while Pete drove. Gambler capered along beside them, refusing to lend her abounding talents to the task. Like the waves of the ocean, she had plenty of power which no one was able to utilize.

Their stops increased in ratio to the rising contour of the country. The Men-at-Work sign was set up every few miles. Toward nightfall they saw the welcome lights of a town, and by dark they reached the ragged fringes of it, and made camp, utterly fagged.

Pete rose early the next morning and removed Gambler's pen from the running board as a first step in rehabilitating the car for the trade-in on which his mother's hopes were set. Nevertheless, after breakfast she cleaned the ring too. Almost tearfully she scrubbed it in gasoline and dug out the setting with a toothpick.

"Nobody knows how I'm going to miss that di'mond. I ain't only had it about a month, and it's the first nice thing I ever had." She sighed. "Well, if things turn out right when we get to Hollywood, I'll buy another." She squinted at the overcast sky. "I wish it would clear up. It's got more sparkle when the sun shines."

She spread a silk handkerchief out on a flat bowlder and laid the ring on it while she helped the children wash the car. The whole family scraped and scrubbed and polished for half an hour.

"I wish we'd let it alone," said Pete, when the job was finished. "Nobody could be sure before whether there was paint under that mud or not. Now they know there ain't."

Mrs. Allen powdered her nose at a scrap of broken mirror. She was visibly reminded of the loss, or rather, the translation, of her teeth.

"I don't spose I'll ever be able to do a real good day's work again, now them teeth are rattling around inside of me," she said cheerfully. "I knew a girl once that broke off a needle in her heel, trying to pin up a hole in her stocking, and it worked right around to her heart."

She walked around to the flat rock where she had laid her ring. "Say, did one of you kids pick up my ring?"

No, they hadn't touched it.

"I know I left it here settin' on Bunny's green handkerchief. The whole thing's gone." She pounced on a gaudy scrap of silk; then her puzzled eye fell on Gambler, chewing a piece of the same stuff a few feet away.

"That darn goat's et my ring!" she wailed.

Bunny snatched the scrap of green silk from Gambler's jaws, and the family clustered around the rock, round-eyed and speechless.

"What you going to do, mom?" asked Pete finally.

"Kill her and get it back," said Mrs. Allen grimly.

Buster and Bunny threw themselves on Gambler's neck with agonized wails.

"Who's going to do it?" demanded Pete. "I won't. Not if we never get a car." Two big tears ran down his cheeks.

"We'll take her in to the butcher," said Mrs. Allen miserably. She took the goat by both horns and looked into its moss-agate eyes. "Oh, Gambler, don't you know such rich food ain't healthy for goats? Now you've got to die."

"Let's look through the car first," begged Bunny.

"It's no use. Here's the handkerchief it was on, all chewed up, and you can see her tracks here all around the rock."

They cleared out the car, shaking the bedding and lifting out what was left of the seats. All sorts of forgotten things came to light—chewing gum, hairpins, stockings, movie magazines, spoons. But not the ring.

"Look what I found!" called Pete excitedly. He held up the missing teeth. Mrs. Allen merely put them into her mouth with a preoccupied air and returned to the search. Everybody had teeth at some time or other, but diamonds were rarer matter.

After half an hour they put the things back in the car. Gambler's stay of execution had run out. Mrs. Allen and Pete, with dried tear channels on their faces, boosted her into the back seat. Buster and Bunny dropped on their knees beside the rock where the ring had been seen last, and grubbed around in the dust, sifting it through their fingers. Gambler stuck her head out and bleated at them questioningly, and Buster crumpled in a grief-stricken heap. Pete cranked the car, his deep-set eyes full of gloom.

"Driving the new car won't ever be any pleasure to me. All I'll think of is poor Gambler. And don't ask me to eat any of her," he finished with sudden heat.

Perversely, the car started off at once. They were passing the first straggling outposts of the town when they heard weird whoops from a familiar throat, and Pete stopped short. Bunny was leaping across the weeds and rusty tin cans of a vacant lot, with hand held high. Buster, shorter of leg, followed.

"Here's your ring!" she puffed. "It was tramped way down in the dust."

Mrs. Allen slipped it on.

Bunny opened the door and Gambler leaped out. The children started back to camp with the goat butting first one and then the other. Mrs. Allen looked after them fondly.

"My land, what if we'd killed her? . . . Now, let's see about that car, Pete."

II

THEY found a dealer who handled new and used—how true!—cars. His name was Dunne.

"I want to trade in this car," said Mrs. Allen, flashing her recovered teeth at him.

He looked it over and shook his head.

"Don't your sign say 'Highest price paid for secondhand cars'?"

"Secondhand, sure; but it don't say nothin' about twenty-second-hand cars."

"It's not having any paint on that makes it look so old. You oughta see me when I ain't made up."

Dunne grinned appreciatively. "You're a flapper alongside of this bus." He took a thumbed pamphlet from his pocket and riffled the pages. "It's so old it ain't even listed in Motor Fax."

"That's all right, but, believe it or not, coming down from the summit the other day she passed everything in the road."

"Yeh, trees and rocks and things like that. I wouldn't take it even if you was to give it to me. It'd hurt business to have it setting round the yard."

Pete nudged his mother to bring out the ring. She breathed on it and rubbed it on her sleeve furtively, then held it out dramatically. It glistened alluringly in the clear mountain sunlight. "How will you trade for this?"

Mr. Dunne became interested. "Diamond, eh?"

"Sure is."

"Ain't very big."

"That shows it's good."

"What do you figure it's worth?"

"Two hundred dollars," said Mrs. Allen, shooting wildly.

"Aw, no," disparaged Mr. Dunne. But he was visibly impressed. "Now, Mrs.—what did you say your name was?—Mrs. Allen, I tell you what I'll do. I'll get a jeweler to appraise it, and we'll both agree to accept his figures."

He started off with the ring, but she called him back:

"I'll keep it. You bring him here to look at it."

While they were waiting for him to come back, the Allens wandered around the yard looking at the cars. Mrs. Allen favored a sedan in Nile green with a seat that let down to make a bed. It was tagged $200. Pete was in favor of taking something cheaper, with cash to boot. His choice was a car whose surface was completely covered with gems of humor and philosophy, legibly uttered in white paint on black.

(Continued on Page 165)

Drawn by Merritt Cutler

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(Continued from Page 162)

"Look what it says across the back, mom," he chuckled. "'If I stop suddenly, can you?'"

"And listen to this," said Mrs. Allen, cocking her head to read the sides: "'Be kind to me, folks; I'm a long way from home.'"

Meanwhile Mr. Dunne was holding earnest converse with a gentleman in a corner of the pool room down the street.

"She's got a ring, Bill—a swell diamond, see? It's a cinch she stole it, but it's none of my business where she got it. She wants to trade it in on a car."

"Why don't you jump at it?"

"Well, she wants it appraised. I told her I'd get a jeweler. That's where you come in, see? You look hard at her ring and swear it ain't worth a cent over fifty bucks. And stand pat."

"What do I get out of it?"

"Ten dollars."

"And you getting about five hundred!"

"You don't have to do it. I can get somebody else."

"Oh, I'll help you out."

"Got a pair of glasses to put on? You'd look more like a jeweler."

"No."

"Here, use mine. You don't have to do a thing but squint at the ring and look wise. Fifty dollars—that's your story."

They went back to the yard.

"Mrs. Allen, meet Mr. Becker, the jeweler," said Mr. Dunne. "Show him your ring and he'll give his expert opinion on how much it's worth."

Mr. Becker put on the glasses and squinted at the ring according to instructions, pursing his lips and swallowing thoughtfully after the manner of certain experts whom he had observed passing on home-brew.

"Fifty dollars," he said briefly.

"The very idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Allen.

"Fifty dollars," reiterated Mr. Becker, and no argument would move him.

"I didn't think it was worth that much," said Mr. Dunne, "but I wouldn't question an expert like Mr. Becker. If he says it's worth that much, it is."

"Oh, he prob'ly knows what he's talking about," conceded Mrs. Allen. She pointed to the mottoed car. "What are you asking for that?"

"Sixty dollars."

"Too much."

"Why, it took months to think up all the things on that car. They show it's had a college education. A couple of boys that went to barber college in Salt Lake fixed it up."

"Can I start her up?" asked Pete.

"Sure."

Pete lifted the hood and listened to the engine with ears long inured to discord. He looked appealingly at his mother behind the dealer's back. She nodded furtively.

"But it hasn't room enough to carry all our stuff," she demurred.

"I'll throw in that trailer over there," said Mr. Dunne eagerly. "Why, looky here, Mrs. Allen, I'll give you this sixty-dollar car and a twenty-dollar trailer, all for a ring that's been appraised at fifty dollars. You'll never get another chance like that."

"Take it, mom," burst out Pete.

So the deal was closed. As soon as a bill of sale could be made out, the Allens drove away proudly in a columnistic car with a trailer swaying behind it.

And Mr. Dunne winked solemnly at Mr. Becker.

III

THE next day Mr. Dunne entered the tiny jewelry store where Abe Russek, the local jeweler, bent over a disintegrated clock.

"I come down here twice yesterday and the store was locked, Abe. Where you been?"

"Salt Lake. Just got in this morning."

"Say, take a look at this ring and tell me what it's worth."

The jeweler screwed a glass into his eye, glanced at the ring, and dropped it scornfully.

"Ain't it a good diamond, Abe?"

"It ain't a diamond at all. It's glass, that's all. Where'd you find it?"

"I didn't find it," said Mr. Dunne hollowly. "I took it in in a trade from a tourist."

"What did you trade?"

"That car that's been sitting round my place with all the wise cracks painted on it."

"Well, you haven't got much howl coming, then. Threw in a trailer, didn't you?"

"Who told you?"

"I met them on the Wildcat Grade—woman and three kids. They had the goat pulling the trailer and were making it fine."

TRAVEL NOTES

(Continued from Page 21)

Gabriel. She is not mad. Look! Why isn't she wandering up and down the bank, picking beautiful flowers and babbling of Gabriel?"

"Oh, the movie people made that. They were down here not long ago doing an Evangeline film."

"Well, in view of all that pays in the name of your Evangeline—that is to say, in view of her present economic importance, wouldn't you think somebody might put a little stone to mark the spot where she is supposed to lie?"

"The movie people had that same idea. They are raising a fund of five thousand dollars to buy her a fine monument."

Ballad perfect! All that is wanting is a five-thousand-dollar monument raised by the movie people in that tiny burying ground against the church.

SABINE RIVER.

Say that for a day and a half you have been following the Old Spanish Trail mark, steering by it, picking it up on walls, corner structures and telegraph poles. Sometimes it is bright, sometimes dim and faded, but by this time it is a color image so familiar that you identify it instantly, even in the field of marginal vision, no matter what condition it happens to be in. The senses react to it; the stimulus is invariable. Now ask yourself what are the three colors in the Old Spanish Trail mark. You probably do not know.

You have memorized the total impression, which is sufficient for all practical use, and have never broken it down by analysis. So you wait for it to appear again. The colors are red, white and yellow. Yes, you knew that all the time. You knew it so well that if by accident this particular mark had contained a false color the senses would have rejected it.

You would have said, "There's something wrong; that isn't right." Yet you would have been unable to say what was wrong until you had seen one that was right, looked at the colors with intent to distinguish them separately, and had then compared the right image with the wrong one. But after having distinguished the colors separately, still, can you say how they are arranged? Which of the three is the top band, which is the middle and which is the bottom? Again you must wait to see it. A year later you may be unable to name the colors or arrange them, having, as we say, forgotten the particulars; nevertheless, the senses would instantly identify the image as a whole.

BEAUMONT, TEXAS.

You may say by way of comment that oil did it. Beaumont is an oil town. It has nine of the world's great refineries. Or, you may look again and begin to wonder. Oil is a mussy substance. Does it make a glittering city like this? Does it build bright towers twenty and twenty-five stories high and play lights upon them? Was it oil that dug a long ship canal thirty feet deep to the Gulf, so that Beaumont might become a seaport?

Oil will flow through a pipe to tidewater. You do not have to bring steamships inland to get it. Does oil keep a little city awake all night for sheer joy of being itself as such? At midnight it is still going wide; at dawn the only change is that the lights go out.

The Lone-Star State

In the hotel dining room the girls waiting on table have the latest hair bobs, manicured hands, nice dresses, smart shoes. They are friendly, impersonal, very efficient, never write anything down. If they flirt, it is done without simpering. A New York woman exclaims: "How do they know just the right shade in stockings—the very newest?"

Is it oil? Does oil fill the shops with current merchandise so well displayed and of such quality that for a moment you may forget you are not looking into a Fifth Avenue window? The stocks are wide, not deep. Say their money is in oil and from it. Why do they prefer to enjoy it in Beaumont? Money is like oil. It will flow from its source to any place where you want it. You do not have to spend it where you make it.

Oil is the accidental means. It might be cattle or cotton or rice. The end is Beaumont. The people are seventy thousand, with an air of seven hundred thousand and a phantasy of ten times that. Besides the sound, the look, the manner of a city, lacking only the smell, what Beaumont has is the true character of a Texas city. This has nothing to do with its size or shape, nor with the way it makes its money. All Texas cities, El Paso possibly excepted, have one native character, and that is what makes any two of them more alike than any one of them is like a city anywhere else. You may not be able precisely to say what that character is. There is a word for it. The character is Texan. And that word will grow in significance as you remember it.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

Power is loose in Texas. You cannot cross the threshold without feeling the high tension of it. Power to the third and fourth sign. It is in the thrust of their highways and structures, in the leverage of their attack upon Nature, in the Galveston sea wall, in the food they eat, in the walk of people, men and women alike. Two things you will not find among them—a cringing gesture or a vacant mind. Before these it was in their ancestors and before them it was in the environment, elemental there.

Nature made Texas with a few grand strokes. The flat spaces limitless; the hills and mountains carved with a brutal, free intention, no two alike, no restful repetition. A weak race could not endure to live here. Texas selected the Texan to begin with. He loved it and therefore conquered it. The process is still going on. Selection by the environment and then the conquest of it by whom it selects. A Texan could not become a New Yorker; a New Yorker might become a Texan. If you stop in Texas you go Texan, touched with a feeling of empire. An empire it is, with a range of climate from snow in the north to a tropical winter in the extreme south, a topography of vast plains and bold mountains, a width from sea level on the Gulf to the continental backbone in the west. Nearly one-tenth of the land area of the whole United States and less than one-twentieth of the population. It is bigger than France or Germany or Poland. If half the people of the United States lived in Texas, as easily they might do, still the density of population would be much less than in New Jersey. Their works

A MESSAGE TO FLEET OWNERS *and* OPERATORS

More than any other class of motor users, you realize the importance of spark plugs, for you know the serious operating losses which spark plug failure entails.

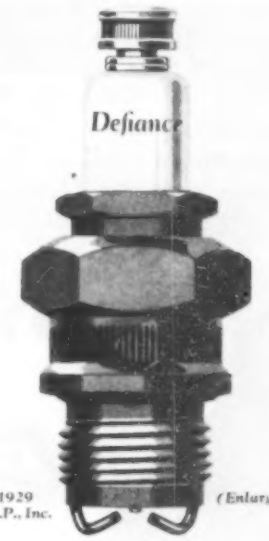
Maintenance of your motor equipment is your biggest problem. Your units must be in condition to meet schedules. Delays are costly.

Fleet operation places an exceptional burden of responsibility on spark plugs because of the extreme service which is demanded of the motors.

Whether your equipment consists of heavy-duty trucks, buses, light delivery cars, taxicabs, commercial cars or combinations of these, we will appreciate the privilege of putting you in touch with a Defiance representative in your locality who is in a position to render a personal spark plug service to your maintenance department or make recommendations through the dealer or garage servicing your fleet.

DEFIANCE SPARK PLUGS, *Inc.*
Toledo, Ohio

Defiance
SPARK PLUGS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



© 1929 D.S.P., Inc. (Enlarged)

Defiance Spark Plugs are distributed through the Defiance sales organization with District Offices and complete warehouse stocks located in 87 key cities from coast to coast.

Guaranteed

How many silk stockings carry a *guarantee* of satisfactory service or a new pair? Iron Clads do.

When you buy Iron Clads you buy *more* than guaranteed wear. You buy youth . . . and grace . . . and loveliness. Loveliness that lives in silken softness . . . perfect coloring . . . delicate lustre. Grace that grows from lines that flatter and reveal. Youth that springs from confidence that calf and knee and ankle are clad becomingly.

Ask your dealer for Iron Clads. Ask him to show you his full-fashioned line . . . silk all the way or with mercerized garter tops . . . pointed, square or panel heel . . . in a smart range of colors. You'll be glad to learn that Iron Clads, which wear and wash so well, cost so little.

COOPER, WELLS & CO., 212 Vine Street, St. Joseph, Michigan

Iron Clad

"Iron Clad"

are large by any scale, but when you scale them by the number of people—fewer than twenty to the square mile—they seem suddenly colossal.

From a San Antonio roof garden at night you might imagine you were looking at a section of New York, somewhat idealized. The architectural tower form rising to more than thirty stories, lights playing on its sky-line variations, the alarms of traffic rising from depths below. But that it looks like a piece of some greater city is not the significant fact. Though the forms are physically similar, you somehow see them differently.

In New York, for example, you see the tower form through a mist of notions which you take for granted concerning its economic necessity. Thus its meaning is obscured. Why must one suppose the tower is necessary because the land is at a fabulous price? Why not say land is dear because these fabulous towers are rising, and start from there? Even in New York the facile explanation is beginning to weaken. When a man so rich that private profit can no longer be of the slightest interest to him buys a whole block in the midst of New York City's terrific congestion—buys the land at its fabulous price—purposely to raise there a group of towers, then the idea that the passion for vertical architecture is an effect of land values begins to waver.

Well, but here in Texas where, almost, in certain cases you might see rattlesnake ground from the top of a tower building, the notion of economic necessity becomes absurd. It falls away and there is the thing itself. What has caused it to appear there? What is the meaning of the tower form now sweeping the whole country westward? The new pride of a city is pride of its towers. We do not know what it means. No more did the Egyptians know what their pyramids meant while they were building them. They were exerting their power; it assumed that visible shape. Then they began to look back and to give themselves reasons—and stopped.

We are exerting our power. These tower forms express it. We have not begun to look back. The need to account for ourselves and our works has not yet occurred. We have a history and hardly know it. Youth wants no history. This also may seem to be a truth of special clarity in Texas.

San Antonio contains the shrines of Texas history. The old Spanish missions—forts with altars in them—out of which, more than two centuries ago, proceeded conquest, Christianity and irrigated agriculture. The Alamo is the old mission where, in 1836, fewer than two hundred Texans fought an army of four thousand Mexicans for ten days, with a blood-red flag flying on the cathedral, meaning death to the Texas rebels and no quarter. They died to the last man and their bodies were burned in the Alamo mission court, the soil of which has never since been disturbed.

Making New History

Who were the Texans then? They were such a race as Texas herself selected, from North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, England, Wales, Denmark, Scotland, Ireland.

The Alamo is treated as a hallowed object, to be carefully preserved. So are other historic shrines. Nevertheless, the feeling for them is more sentimental than devotional. They are history, that is to say, and it belongs to the quality of the Texan that he does not live in history. In the deed he lives, and that is his history. This is a national quality too—the quality of a people all departed from an old history to make a new one of their own, and forgetting even such of the old as they meant to remember. Only, in Texas, like everything else, it is magnified.

JUNCTION, TEXAS.

At the filling station: "Is this a rain wind?"

"Been blowing three months and it hasn't rained yet."

"Hot!"

"Not as hot as it was."

"How hot is hot when you call it hot?"

"Oh, a hundred and ten in the shade, and no shade."

SONORA, TEXAS.

Fear and dust killed a rattlesnake. Why will this piece of fallen lightning leave the ragged shade of the sagebrush—which is all the shade there is—to construe his doom on the highway, where the heel of his enemy is a vanishing wheel, to crush him and never know it? There is no revenge. If he strikes and hits, he cannot puncture a cord tire. As to man, the curse was that he should get his bread in the sweat of his brow; as to the serpent, that he should go on his belly and sup the dust. Neither has ever forgiven the other.

Man and the Serpent

Temperature, 120. The dust is terrible. Passing another car is a hazard and the breath is held for it lest a third car should come hurtling head on through the yellow cloud. A snake, therefore—even a very large one—will be a dim object. Undoubtedly two and a half tons of motor vehicle passed over him. Going back is not to make sure of that fact, nor is it to put a writhing creature out of its agony. Everything that naturally happens between man and snake is cruel in the design of enmity.

It is some distance back. The snake is gone. No sign of him on the road in the area of probability. Yet he was too large to have disappeared. He must be somewhere visible. At the side of the highway runs a deep, dry ditch; beyond the ditch is a barbed-wire cattle fence.

There is the reptile, climbing out of the ditch and making slow hard work of it, because the wall is vertical, and perhaps for the reason, too, that he was run over. The aimed stones that now begin to fall around him cause the bank to crumble under his belly and his top hold gives way; but he very skillfully gets another, employs his tail as a leg to boost his weight, and with a mighty lunge throws a third of his body over the edge. That makes it. Instantly he is away, under the barbed-wire fence, into the sagebrush.

Fence wire in this country is strung on barrel staves and twigs. There is no timber and therefore no posts. Astraddle the top strand of such a fence, with an eight-foot rattler passing below, even a slack-wire walker might wabble. If a snake knew as much about a man as a dog knows, or if he had any wisdom of humor, he would in these circumstances play around. He doesn't. His mind is made up. From the point of view of the enemy on the fence, he looks like a river flowing away in the sagebrush.

The only weapons are stones. Plenty of these in all sizes. After five or six have made their pursuing thud around him the snake does an unexpected thing. The reason he does not turn to fight in the open may be that he is hurt, not otherwise showing it. What happens is very interesting. He picks a certain sagebrush—one with the largest spread close to the ground—and goes round and round under it until he lies there like a coil of rope. The branches deflect the stones. There is an opening in the branches where a stone will go through, but when the enemy appears at this point, there is the head of the snake, with enough free, arched body behind it to make a long strike. To cast an effective stone at his head, it would be necessary to come close and stand in a position of danger. There is another opening in the branches on the other side. But there is the head again, in the same menacing pose, ready to dodge or strike. It is possible now and then to get a stone to his body, and he is bleeding from one hit, but the hurt is not mortal; and, besides, in this combat it is necessary for the man to crush the head of the serpent at last. He is else not content with his killing. *(Continued on Page 168)*

MRS · ANTHONY · J · DREXEL · BIDDLE

. . . She goes to Paris, and to Callot Soeurs for clothes . . . but the Callot model watch she wears you can buy no farther away than your nearest ELGIN *jeweler.*

A thing is fashionable only if enough women of fashion adopt it. The first ELGIN Parisiennes were introduced a mere year ago . . . and today over 150,000 women are timing their comings and goings with Parisian flair and ELGIN accuracy.

There is Mrs. A. J. Drexel Biddle. Everyone in New York, Newport, Paris, and Biarritz, knows that her taste in clothes and accessories is faultless. Which explains her liking for costumes by Callot.

So when Callot designed a series of cases for ELGIN Parisienne watches Mrs. Biddle was among the first to slip one on her wrist.

And though she must go to Paris for Callot clothes, a Callot Parisienne watch can be purchased no farther away than 'round the corner or across the street . . . at the nearest ELGIN jeweler's. The usual rôle is reversed . . . you need not go to Paris, for Paris has come to you . . . via ELGIN. But only the designs come from Paris — the Parisienne watches themselves are made and cased by ELGIN. American efficiency, economy, time-keeping accuracy, wedded to Paris style . . . at a truly American price. Ask any reliable jeweler.

Parisiennes plain and enamel cases $35

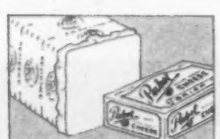
Diamond-set Callot models shown $75

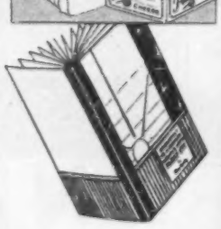
THE · ELGIN · PARISIENNE

ELGIN WATCHES ARE AMERICAN MADE. © ELGIN, 1929

A HAPPY THOUGHT FOR THE NOON-DAY LUNCH

The clock strikes 12 and the quest begins. Poring over menus for something appetizing, something satisfying and substantial, without that groggy after-effect that takes its toll from the afternoon's work . . . Pabst-ett fulfills all these requirements of the perfect mid-day lunch. Once you try it you can readily identify it by its distinctively delicious aged-in flavor. In flavor and texture, Pabst-ett is a pleasing departure from any other food. It is rich in food value, and healthful too, because it is made by the patented Pabst-ett process which retains all the elements of the whole milk and makes it easily digestible . . . Often you will find Pabst-ett listed on the regular menu or featured as a Special. Leading chefs and dietitians everywhere are turning to Pabst-ett as a daily aid to more appetizing dishes. And so today, whether you dine at home or away, you may enjoy this delicious, healthful new dairy food that has become so tremendously popular. Millions of families serve Pabst-ett, in some form, every day.





What shall we serve today?

Alice Bradley's new book, "Breakfast to Midnight Recipes", gives you delightful variety for all occasions. Soups, salads, sauces, principal dishes, desserts. Original dishes, easy to make. This beautiful bound book sent to you with a trial package of Pabst-ett for 10 cents. Mail the coupon.

Pabst-ett comes in the regular family package, and in individual triangular portions . . . Pabst Cheese, deliciously aged and easily digested, is made in these varieties: American, Pimento, Swiss and Brick, packed in quarter and half pound packages and in five-pound loaves; Limburger in quarter-pounds only; American, Pimento and Swiss in individual portions.

Pabst-ett

PABST CORPORATION, SEP 10-12
Educational Dept., Milwaukee, Wis.

Enclosed is 10 cents for your color-illustrated booklet, "Breakfast to Midnight Recipes" and a trial package of Pabst-ett.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Pabst-ett is specially packed in 5-pound containers for the convenience of large users: Sandwich Shops, Restaurants, Hotels, Cafeterias, Schools, Hospitals, etc. Write for information.

(Continued from Page 166)

As the snake moves round and round under the bush to face his enemy at the openings, his tail is always at the other side. It is a fact he cannot control, since it follows from his length and the diameter of the sagebrush at the base, neither of which he can change. Therefore, it is safe to lay hold of him by the tail and not very dangerous to drag him out thereby, provided it is done swiftly, with one motion that will also cast the head away as it comes free.

That makes the sequel. His emergency citadel having failed him, he takes off again, still holding his head very high. But the power is going out of him. His gait is slower. A fifty-pound stone on the back of his neck stops him. Then a smaller rock falls on his head.

Indignity in the obsequies is a fate reserved for kings of any species whom hate and fury have destroyed. If this were an ordinary reptile or a small one the carcass would be left lying there in the sagebrush under two stones; or, once an ordinary reptile had gained the sagebrush beyond the fence, it would have been permitted to escape. Not worth the bother. But because this is a magnificent specimen in a gorgeous new coat, he must be dragged back to the highway for exhibition, merely to gratify the killer's vanity. And the body is left there, stretched in the dust, to be ground to pieces by the rubber heels.

SHEFFIELD, TEXAS.

Dark. A wind that cannot stop, a hot windmill screaming in its bearings, a filling station, a small brick restaurant—and seventy miles to a hotel at Fort Stockton. The garage mechanic finds nothing wrong with the fan belt. It seems tight enough.

Did you notice that your motor got even hotter when you stopped?

Yes. When you stopped to kill a rattlesnake.

That's it, then. That hot wind does it; not a slipping fan belt. Was it a big rattler?

Fairly big.

Did you hit it?

You are not sure.

Well, people ought to be more careful. They oughtn't to run over rattlesnakes.

Why not?

Because they ought to remember somebody is going to change that tire one day. They never think of that. They're not going to change that tire themselves. But they ought to.

Does he mean that the rattler may leave his fangs in the tire?

A Boyhood Friend From Missouri

Fangs or bones or anything. The bones of a rattler are poisonous if they happen to scratch you. That's something people don't know until they're told. A man killed a rattlesnake. Afterward he began to be ailing around the house; his leg swelled and he died, nobody knowing what was the matter. Another man wore his boots and the same thing happened to the other man. He died too. Then they examined the boots. They found a snake fang sticking through the leather.

You remember that story. You heard it from your grandfather in Missouri.

Oh! Well, all the same it happened not twenty miles from here. Naturally, the same thing might have happened in Missouri. Your grandfather must have known. The mechanic himself is from Missouri—St. Louis. . . . Do you want to see something?

He has a collection of desert monsters in jars, pickled. Snakes, tarantulas, centipedes, terrible bugs that cause the flesh to fall off your bones if they bite you. There's nothing in the desert but to sting and stick you. Still, it's good for the health. That is why the mechanic is here. If you don't want to go on, you may just turn out anywhere on the ground. Lots of people do it. He sometimes gets up in the morning to find twenty asleep on the ground around the place. No possible way to catch cold. But if you want to go on, you can't lose the road. The only road there is.

Seventy miles at night through the sagebrush desert, not a light, not a human habitation all the way. The wind rises higher and begins a turning movement. The brush where it lines the road nods in knowing, menacing gestures, making sibilant sounds. A coyote peers out and is already gone. It is dustless ahead, no vehicle having recently passed, and a snake asleep is visible for a long distance on the bright yellow surface of the road. One, two, three. You keep count, but you do not swerve to hit them. That is not for anything the garage mechanic said. Simply, you'd rather not. If it happens, you cannot help it. The sky grows hot with the glare of distant lightning. Somewhere a violent desert storm. Where? How far away? It seems to be all around and closing in. Above the horizon a tongue of zigzag lightning. One on the right. Another on the left. One behind. Thunder unexpectedly near. A sense of being pursued.

New Mexico Charted

What pursues you is a memory of the great rattlesnake person whom you slew. The lightning keeps reminding you of his flashing image as you saw him from the fence. It is the spirit of him now tormenting you. Back a hundred and fifty-odd miles in the dust of the highway lies a shapeless trace of dead animal matter, unfit by this time even for vulture food. A few hours ago it was a magnificent living thing and contained a spirit. What have you done with it? You do not possess it; the creature that did rightfully possess it no longer has it, for it is no longer a creature. Yet the spirit that was in it lives in your memory and haunts you.

From beginning to end of an episode fundamentally strange on both sides, mortal on one, the snake's behavior was regal. Never for one instant did he lose his head. No wonder the Indians have named him the Fallen Prince. Given the sudden circumstances, his strategy was first perfectly conceived and then cool-mindedly executed. High intelligence could not have planned a better defense. Was it instinct or was it idea? If instinct is the whole knowledge of natural experience implanted in the tissue of the species, then it could not have been instinct. There is no probability that this serpent or any serpent in all the reptile line before him had ever passed through or survived an experience of that kind. And if it was idea, then what is idea? What is thinking? Moreover, the spirit—what is that? Even when his defense had collapsed and only the despair of hopeless flight in the open was left to him, still his spirit did not forsake him. Still he went with a high head. With his neck fast under a fifty-pound stone, the end of him was come. Yet, seeing clearly, he did not dodge the stone that crushed his head. Few among mortals may hope to die so well. And if the spirit does it, what happens to the carcass is after all no matter.

OROGRANDE, NEW MEXICO.

New Mexico receives you with a pictorial road map issued by the state highway department. The pictures in good draftsman's white and black indicate the sights and thrills where they are; only, of course, much out of scale. In Otero County, for example, cactus and rattlesnakes. The cactus is as high as the distance is from Newman to Orogrande by the road scale—which would make it thirty miles high. The rattlesnake is coiled and angry; if he were dead and straight, his length would equal the height of the cactus. In Socorro County wild horses and coyotes. In Catron County the picture of a burro with a pack, followed by a man; under it the caption, Desert Rats. So you know what desert rats are and where to look for them. In Rio Arriba County a mountain lion. In McKinley County a jack rabbit. In San Miguel County a cowboy and bucking bronco. In Taos County an artist at an

easel, because at Taos there is an art colony. In Sandoval County, cliff dwellings. In Valencia County, Indian pueblos. And so on. Very naïve. What was the state chamber of commerce doing? Or was it torn by two factions, one insisting that New Mexico should be sold to tourists on its scenery, zoölogy and antique wonders; the other that it should be sold as a country where boundless natural resources of oil, minerals and soil fertility have hardly begun to be touched?

SOCORRO, NEW MEXICO.

Here the Spaniards made a base in the sixteenth century. The name means "place of succor." They were seeking gold and silver in the form of ore, having despaired of finding them in the form of treasure. Though they found silver in the mountains, they did little with it. They were very bad miners. But their priests were fine agriculturists. In this part of the Rio Grande valley, with its three hundred and fifty-six days of sunshine in the year, they imagined a wonderful garden and introduced irrigation.

Now the New Mexico State School of Mines is here and there is a Business Men's Club with a publicity manager who has the sound idea. On the face of his three-color folder he writes: "Socorro! In the Valley With a Future. Where Summer Winters." He talks of farming, dairying without the bother of barns, and speaks of cattle as the livestock industry. And he tells of the Middle Rio Grande "conservancy" project, which is to make fine farming land of what now is desert and marsh for one hundred and fifty miles up and down the valley.

The hotel, in what is called Spanish Southwest architectural design, with a lawn in the court and the hose playing on it, is a social oasis. A small jazz band on the piazza is playing for the school-of-mines people, who are having a tea party. They send some iced tea and cake over to the stranger.

A man is walking his wife up and down the court as if he were drilling her. Forward, one-two, one-two, one-two. Left, one-two. Left, forward; one-two, one-two, one-two. Suddenly he breaks her into a chair and comes straight at the stranger, on the same gait.

"Albuquerque?"

"Yes."

"Do you know the road?"

"No."

"I'll tell you the road. Thirty miles from here you come to the river bridge. The signs point left. Anybody you ask will say to go left. Don't do it. Go straight on. It's a new road."

"Thanks."

"You'll pass right by my place. I wonder if you'd mind dropping a note there. There's no telephone, and I want to get word to my man to bring the car down. Would you?"

"Yes, indeed."

He has the note ready and brings it out of his pocket.

"What's the matter with this valley?"

The Grasping Rio Grande

"There's nothing the matter with this valley, sir. There's no richer valley in the whole world. We can raise enough fruit and green stuff here to feed half the country. Why do you say there's anything the matter with it?"

"The way the water lies around. A lot of land that appears to have been once under cultivation now marsh, as if it had been drowned."

"Oh, if that's what you mean. This is the Rio Grande, remember. It has a devil in it. What it gives, it takes away if you don't hold onto it. We've got less than half as much land under cultivation as we once had. That's so. The rest has been lost by seepage, neglect, and the river changing its bed every night down to the springs. In other words, lack of water control. You've heard of the Middle Rio Grande reclamation project. Well, that's to cure the conditions you speak of."

"What are you doing here?"

"Oil."

"Oil up here?"

"Contrary to all geological prejudice, there's oil up here. We're proving it. And such oil as it is when you find it! I can show you oil fit to run right out of the well into your automobile tank."

"Prospecting it alone?"

"I've got Chicago people behind me. You'd be surprised. One of them has been very high in the Government."

"Much acreage?"

"All we want. Yes, a lot."

"Well, with so much oil going to waste because the production already is excessive, with the Federal Government together with the states trying to think of some way to check it, with everybody saying there's no profit in oil, what's the point of getting up more of it here? How do you account for what you are doing?"

Bringing In a New Oil Field

"Very easily, sir. I can give you three good reasons. First, if the oil is there, we ought to know it. Secondly, if the oil is there, land values are changed, and we ought to know what our land is worth. Thirdly—which is a personal reason—I'd just like to have the feeling of bringing in a new oil field. I'd think I had done something. . . . The windmill, remember. You won't have to get out or anything. Just throw the note out. . . . And don't turn left."

SANTA FÉ, NEW MEXICO.

You may have noticed that life at the base of a great mountain is in a subtle sense enthralled. It is grave, a little absent and nonebullient—which is to say, it never bubbles. All of its sounds seem diminished, as if the mass in the background absorbed them. That, of course, is not so. What the mass absorbs is the human ego. Nothing a man can build there will appear to have grandeur of width or height, for when he goes a little way back to look at his work the eye scales it against the mountain. Then how puny his own thing is! A whole city even. As you approach Santa Fé from the south you have almost touched it before you can see it.

TAOS PUEBLO, NEW MEXICO.

This immemorial Indian city is up three great steps. The first is a sheer rise of six hundred feet and then a level plain twenty miles across. The second rise is not so steep and the plain is of less extent, with an upward slope. The third rise brings you to the little table of land on which the city stands, with its back to the mountain. Military genius could not conceive a more defensible situation. If the defenders lose the case at the first step, a signal of that disaster may be seen from the city. The enemy will then have to cross that wide, empty plain; he will meet resistance again at the second step. Meanwhile there is time for the elders, women and children to gather up the tribal possessions, such as stores, utensils and cattle, and flee with them into the mountain, where is not only impregnable refuge but also the source of their water. How many times did it happen? To this day a majestic figure, wound in the white cotton sheet which is their modern dress, appears on the topmost roof, right hand on edge against the forehead to shade the eyes, and stands there for a long time, gazing to the south, as if at any moment it might happen again. He disappears, and presently there is another in the same historic pose of anxiety. You may suppose that the edge of the first step was perpetually patrolled and that the menace was constant for many centuries.

Taos Pueblo is not a collection of adobe huts. It is, architecturally, a city. Dwellings piled one upon another to five levels and at each level a setback, so that the roof of one level gives veranda and landing space to the next. Ascent is by ladder. A child's crude drawing of New York's great medical center, or of a group of steel towers in a

(Continued on Page 172)

Prevention..
is essential for
there is no cure
for baldness.

Scientists have been trying for years to make new hair grow on bald spots. But the best they can do so far is to urge prevention. They know hair won't grow on tight dry scalps. They know neglect causes loss of hair. If you would avoid baldness, you should use the following health-giving treatment as a preventive measure—

Once a week massage the head thoroughly with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic before the shampoo. The way the man in the picture is doing. It takes no more time than a single shave. And it cleanses and stimulates the scalp . . . gives it a regular workout that is of great value in preventing scalp troubles. You try it.

You can get "Vaseline" Hair Tonic at any drug store. It is sold in convenient bottles with shaker-tops. Made by the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, Cons'd, 17 State Street, New York.

© Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 1929

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

....TONE QUALITY

EFREM ZIMBALIST *(center), the famous Russian violinist, has charmed concert audiences of America and Europe with his masterful renditions of "Harlequin's Serenade," "Salut d'amour," "Souvenir" and other beautiful solos. In New York, the great musician personally contributes to the new tone beauty of Crosley radio. Powel Crosley, Jr., president of the Crosley Radio Corporation, receives the artist's comments, suggestions and advice. Mr. Henry P. Joslyn, the young composer (right), listens with keen interest to the comments of Mr. Zimbalist*

An important new contribution to radio by Powel Crosley, Jr.

POWEL CROSLEY, Jr. has left nothing undone to make Crosley Radio the finest obtainable. Every modern feature has been incorporated.

From the start, it has been his policy to concentrate upon low and medium priced sets—and to make these sets as fine as radio can be made.

To this end he has developed a system of mass-line production that is one of the wonders of modern industry.

As a result he has been able to offer the American public radio that is not only lowest priced in history, but is unsurpassed in tone by radio *at any price*.

The new Crosley Screen Grid Unitrad, pronounced by engineers the finest A C radio set ever produced, is a signal example of this fact. The new Crosley Screen Grid Monotrad is another.

Now, in the tone-tests described on these pages, Powel Crosley, Jr. has again taken an important step in advance of the radio field. How important, you will realize only when you have heard the new Crosley models—the new beauty of tone that is winning all America!

NOW TESTED by AMERICA'S foremost Musical Artists....

FOR many years, engineers have measured the tone-fidelity of radio sets by charts and curves in the laboratory.

Now Powel Crosley, Jr. has carried his search for finer tone quality a step beyond the laboratory—a step further than radio has ever gone before!

Crosley Radio is now regularly subjected to the expert tone scrutiny of America's famous musical artists . . . Efrem Zimbalist, Edith Mason, Alma Gluck, José Mojica, George Gershwin and others.

For this purpose, Crosley receiving sets are placed in the homes of these artists in all parts of the country.

Programs are broadcast. Crosley radio sets receive them. The artists "listen in." They comment, advise, give Crosley engineers the invaluable benefit of their opinion . . .

Under their guidance, improvements are constantly being made in Crosley sets.

Thus the tone quality of Crosley Radio is developed to win the approval of the most discriminating ears—to please *you* as no other radio has ever done. Thus is achieved a marvelous richness, fullness and naturalness of tone that mechanical tests alone could never attain.

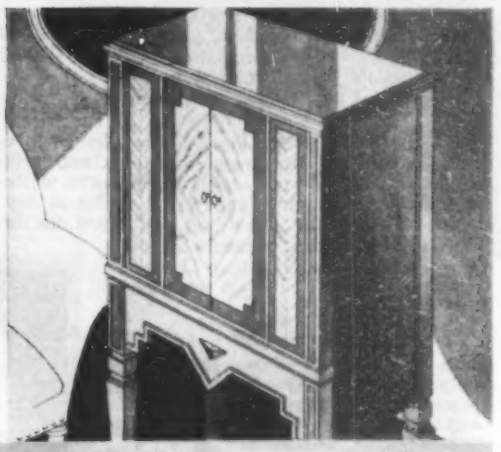
This beautiful tone, developed to the highest technical degree in the laboratory, then "ear tested" by America's foremost artists, is *exclusive* with Crosley. It will amaze and delight you when you hear it—so utterly different from anything radio has ever before achieved.

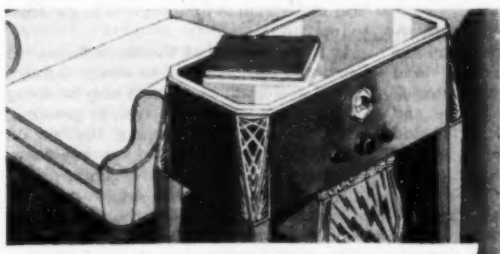
Hear it yourself, at any Crosley dealer's—and be convinced. A wide variety of Crosley models are on display. They embody every modern feature—Screen Grid, Neutrodyne circuits, Triple Range Control, Power detection, humless operation, etc. *—at the lowest prices in radio history.* Ask for a free trial in your home.

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
CINCINNATI, OHIO
HOME OF WLW

One of a wide range of beautiful Crosley cabinet models. Prices $99.50 and up. Crosley builds the following sets where alternating current is not available: Crosley 21 at $49 (without accessories); Crosley 22 at $88.50 (without accessories). Western prices slightly higher

EDITH MASON, *"America's own" beloved prima donna lyric soprano of the Chicago Civic Opera and widely known concert artist, also aids in developing the marvelous tone quality of Crosley Radio in Chicago*





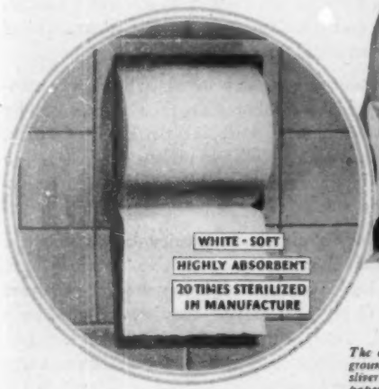
Crosley 31-S, a clever end-table model containing the new Crosley Monotrad, priced at $67 without tubes, legs or speaker. Other Screen Grid tube sets from $62 to $160. Western prices slightly higher

You're there with a

CROSLEY

"Cooked" At 302°
Then 20 Times Sterilized—

this new-type Bathroom Paper gives health protection advised by 254 Health Commissioners in 45 States



*How Science Tests For Ground-wood In Paper

The chemical phloroglucinol is an infallible test for ground-wood in bathroom paper. Even though wood slivers are not visible, a drop of phloroglucinol turns paper a reddish purple if it contains any ground-wood. "Northern Tissue"—cellulose—shows no change under this searching scientific test. It simply absorbs the light orange color of the chemical.

"Especially where children must be protected," say 254 Health Commissioners in 45 States, "use a paper like snow-white 'Northern Tissue', instead of cheap, raw ground-wood toilet paper."

FOR modern science has found many menacing disorders are traceable to the common use of a wrong type of bathroom paper. To irritating particles of raw wood found in low-grade, cheap, yellow ground-wood or newsprint white "toilet papers"—papers made largely of raw ground-wood.

Snow-white "Northern Tissue" is a fine, linenlike *cellulose* paper—utterly unlike the ground-wood sheets made by *grinding wood* into a mass of tiny slivers. That is why, largely on medical advice, hospitals and homes everywhere are adopting "Northern Tissue"—especially where children must be protected.*

Cooked at 302°

This new-type paper contains only pulp cooked at 302°. That cooking process produces a firm-textured paper, highly absorbent and of linenlike softness. For all irritating substances have been cooked away. And the paper made white as whitest linen.

20 Times Sterilized

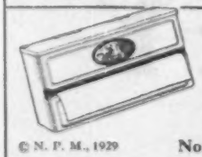
Then "Northern Tissue" is 20 times sterilized in the making—emerging as sterile as hospital cotton. Tests by nationally-known Columbus Laboratories show that all contaminating bacteria are thus destroyed, producing an unglazed bathroom paper free of infectious germs.

10c a Roll

The price is but 10c a roll. Thus it is no longer necessary to use low-grade, cheap, yellow ground-wood—or newsprint white—toilet papers. Obtain today at any grocery or drug store . . . just ask for "Northern Tissue".

ASK FOR
NORTHERN TISSUE

Bright-Colored Towel Cabinets for the Kitchen



Decorators now advise colorful, convenient towel cabinets for the modern kitchen. Jade Green, Prussian Blue, English Red, Canary Yellow and White are favored colors.

Contain heavy, absorbent, clothlike paper towels, made from soft white Northern cellulose. For drying hands, scouring sinks and drain boards, polishing glassware and general cleaning.

Ask your dealer for Northern Hometowls or send us $1.00 for a cabinet. We will include a package of 125 towels as an introductory offer.

© N. P. M., 1929 **Northern Paper Mills, Green Bay, Wisconsin** 238

(Continued from Page 169)

modern city, would strangely resemble this ageless communal structure of mud and straw, preserved by some principle of durability derived from the nature of the Indian. What he thinks and believes nobody really knows. What he knows he will not or cannot tell. As he made ornaments of the tin cans scattered by white pioneers on his hunting ground, so now he sends his children to the white man's school. None of this is real. Still in dogged silence he keeps his own tradition.

The central buildings lie on three sides of a hollow square. An Indian in overalls rides a naked horse across this space to the door of what apparently is his private habitation. The horse stands and he goes indoors, stooping slightly to enter, for he is tall. First he brings out a saddle that has to be squeezed through the door. When the horse is saddled he disappears again for a longer interval, and what emerges is a grand, stately figure, wound in a white sheet, Arab fashion. As he mounts the horse to ride away, a woman stands for a moment in the doorway, looking after him. But he has not far to go. In this high manner he rides only across the court, diagonally, to a door that was all the time within speaking distance of his own. Now he cannot dismount until someone comes to hold his horse by the head. Then he descends, salutes the door and enters. The door closes and the horse is led away.

What is this a glimpse of? You may wait a long time and nothing more happens. Suppose you ask the elderly Indian who for twenty minutes has been standing with one foot on the running board of your car, waiting for you to come back to it. He speaks English intelligibly and asks you for a ride to Santa Fé. You will take him in the rumble seat, yes; but will he tell you what knightly errand that was on which his fellow tribesman just rode across the court from his own door to another? The elderly Indian is totally blank. The more you describe the incident the less he seems to know what you are talking about.

"All right," you say. "Get in."

Still he stands there, one foot on the running board, slowly revolving a small parcel in his hands. He wants to settle for the ride before he starts, for that will make him equal, but by favor, not in money. And he has been refusing to do you the favor you preferred. After a long silence he says: "Maybe you like see Indian house."

Atmosphere F. O. B. Chicago

This you accept; he leads you to a ground-level door, where first he makes a sound that causes a woman inside to scuttle away, and then throws down the two-foot board that bars the threshold. All the ground-level doors have such boards in front of them. The room is very clean. On the floor some scraps of linoleum. A white iron bed. A fibroid suitcase on the floor. Over the corner fireplace an oil lamp, the cracked chimney mended with newspaper. On the wall a crude pencil drawing made by his girl at the Albuquerque school. Not one Indian object. Not a pot, not a rug. Yet outside, the women are baking bread in mud ovens. He calls attention to the opposite wall, saying: "Indian bow and arrow." Toy things from a Chicago novelty house. You stare at him and he turns away.

You can see him in the rumble seat, reflected in the mirror. He sits in the middle of it, starkly erect, face like a mask. And what does he look at, gazing, slowly turning his stone head? At the landscape and nothing else—at every tree, shrub and feature of it—as if he had never seen it before.

PUYE, NEW MEXICO.

There is an Indian here with a brass conscience. He is to show you the ruins of the cliff dwellers' civilization, older perhaps than the Flood. The only reason for not thinking so is that he says it. He says also that he ties rattlesnakes together by the tail. Rattlesnakes are nothing. But the whip snake, pink and white stripes, with the poison in its tail—ough! Only Indian know what to do with that reptile. Indian hang his coat on fence post and snake whip itself to death. Or, if snake intend get Indian around neck, Indian hold knife—so!—and snake cut itself to pieces. Indian know these things.

He is voluble and can pronounce "archæologist."

So, archæologist, he don't believe Indian hear singing and drums in night, after rain. Then one night archæologist himself hear singing and drums, and go away at daylight.

Why only at night after the rain?

Why that? Because what make the singing. Archæologist not believe what Indian tell him. Water get into the dead bones and boil. That make the singing. Indian know.

What make the drums?

Nobody—not even Indian—know what make the drums.

The Sleeping Reptile

He says he has heard the drums all night long, echoing against the cliff. Not since the rest house was built. Before that, often. When you bribe him to go away he gives you out of his pocket a tiny black arrowhead—also from a Chicago novelty house. He must know you do not believe him. But does he believe what is written on the blackboard at the white man's school for his children to learn? For example, a list of the things the white man brought to the Indian's country. Whisky is left out; the potato is put in.

Anyhow, this fantastic passage somewhat breaks the gloom cast down by the ruins. A perpendicular face of stone, two hundred feet high, into which an unknown people carved themselves living chambers, halls and alcoves, thousands of them in tiers a mile and a half long. Small holes to receive timber ends indicate balconies, pergolas, verandas. Ladder holds up the face of the cliff, marvelously adapted to the muscles of the human animal as he is today. Incredible exertion! What perseverance! Only stone tools to do the cutting with. If you had seen them at it you would have said: "This race, housing itself in stone, impregnable there—it will survive." How safe it must have looked and felt! Yet not a living trace of that race is left. Too safe, perhaps. They put their faith in stone and so resisted change, wherefore they perished even sooner than their habitations.

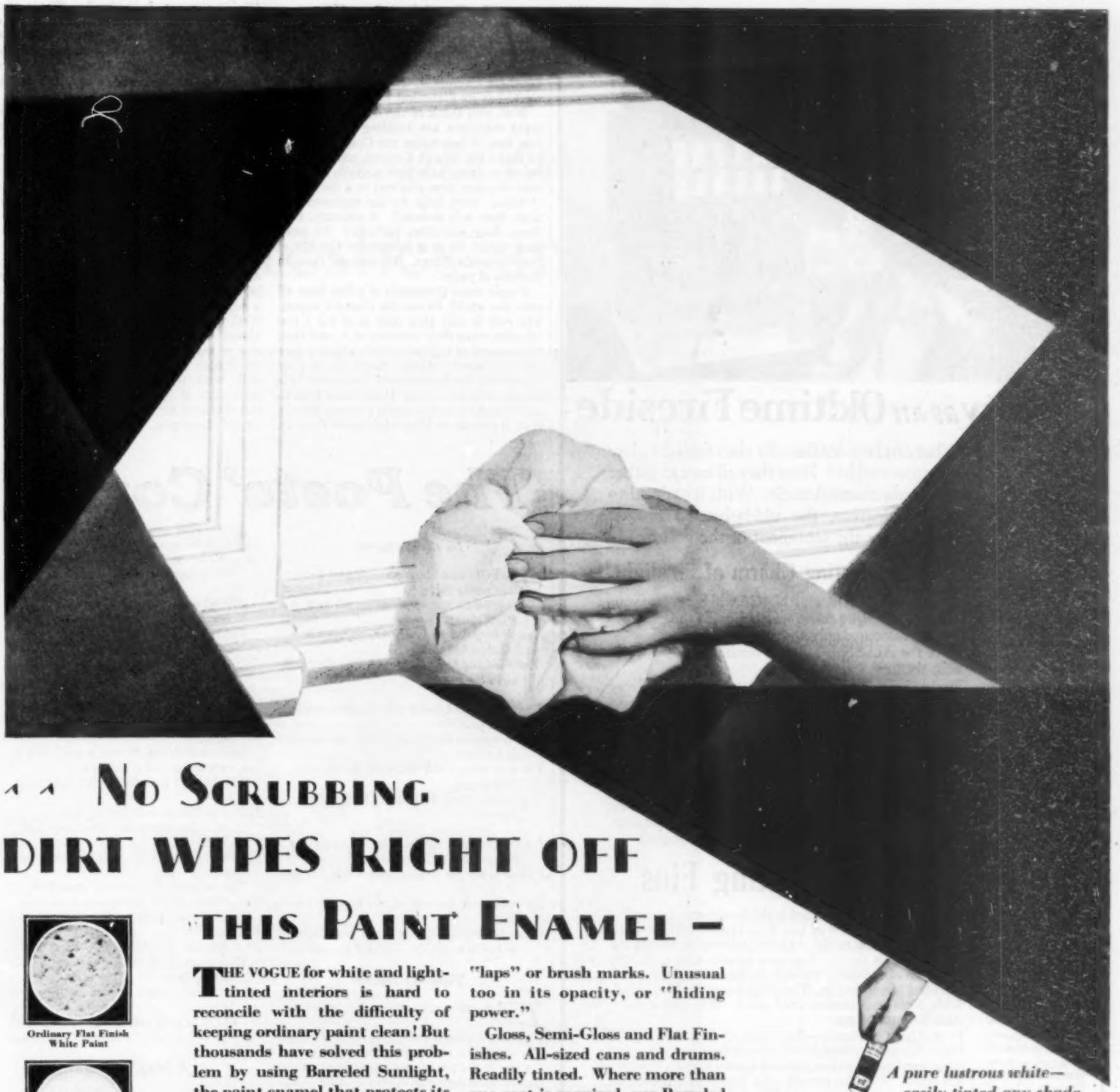
GRAND CANYON, ARIZONA.

If Nature ever felt pain she felt it in that region which is Northern New Mexico and Northern Arizona. Demon scenery. And of all this impression the Grand Canyon is the culminating sight. There is no other wound like it in the earth. A mile deep, eighteen miles across, nearly sixty miles long, filled with a Satanic nightmare of forms, flooded with all the colors in the mineral range.

At the bottom runs the guilty Colorado River, looking like a green reptile asleep in a crevice. You have to remember it is a mighty river, and that what appear to be scales on the sleeping reptile are roaring rapids. You are looking down at it from the height of a mile. You need glasses to see a mule train moving on the bank. The mule train is for people who go down to look up.

It is supposed that the earth upheaved itself, and that as it did so slowly through ages of geological time—as it may be doing still for all we know—the river, by gnawing, filing, scouring and keeping the wound raw, maintained its right of way and never changed its level, instead of forming a lake in a civil manner, with a spill at one end. Many miles farther down, the government engineers are building a mighty dam that will put that notion into its head whether it likes it or not. Still farther down, away below the dam site, the river made itself a bed higher than the landscape, using for

(Continued on Page 174)



No Scrubbing
DIRT WIPES RIGHT OFF
THIS PAINT ENAMEL —

Ordinary Flat Finish White Paint

Barreled Sunlight Gloss Finish

These photographs of paint surfaces were made through a powerful microscope. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Smooth, unbroken and non-porous, it resists dirt and washes like tile.

THE VOGUE for white and light-tinted interiors is hard to reconcile with the difficulty of keeping ordinary paint clean! But thousands have solved this problem by using Barreled Sunlight, the paint enamel that *protects its own beauty.*

No matter how much grime filters indoors, Barreled Sunlight is proof against permanent soiling. It has no "pores" to hold dirt. Smudges are easily wiped off with a damp cloth.

For sheer beauty, many people prefer Barreled Sunlight to any other finish. It has a rich "depth" peculiar to itself.

Extremely easy to apply—flowing freely and evenly, without "laps" or brush marks. Unusual too in its opacity, or "hiding power."

Gloss, Semi-Gloss and Flat Finishes. All-sized cans and drums. Readily tinted. Where more than one coat is required, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat as the first coat. See coupon.

Also ask your dealer or painter about the new exterior paint, Outside Barreled Sunlight. Brilliantly, intensely white; velvet-smooth; richly lustrous. Lending new distinction to white-painted homes everywhere.

U. S. Gutta Percha Paint Co., 25-Y Dudley Street, Providence, R. I. Branches: New York—Chicago—Philadelphia—San Francisco. Distributors in all principal cities. More than 7500 retail dealers.

A pure lustrous white—easily tinted any shade

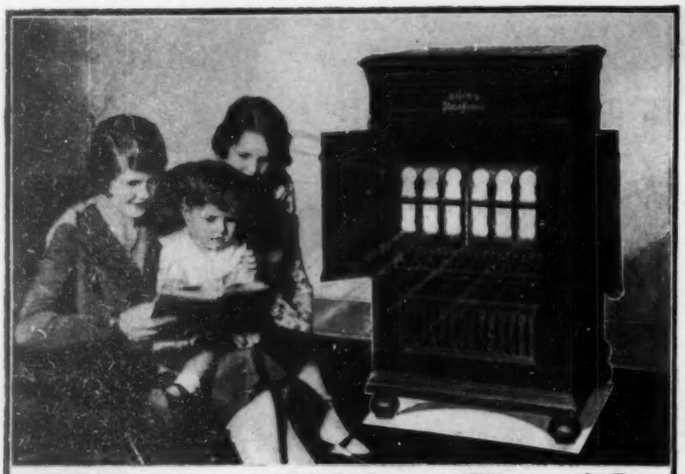
You can easily tint Barreled Sunlight any shade you wish. It is an "all-oil" product and blends readily with oil colors, producing beautifully clear, lasting tints. Dealers carry handy tubes of Barreled Sunlight Tinting Colors. Quantities of five gallons or more tinted to order at the factory, without extra charge.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
25-Y Dudley Street, Providence, R. I.
Information desired on use of Interior Barreled Sunlight in: Check ☐ Homes ☐ Large Buildings ☐ Factories
(Enclosed find 10¢ for sample can)
☐ New booklet on Outside Barreled Sunlight—"The Whitest White House in Town."

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

BARRELED SUNLIGHT

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Cheery *as an* Oldtime Fireside

What can be more friendly than firelight glow on a frosty night? How they all love to gather within its cheerful circle. With its appeal to the imagination, the old-fashioned fireside keeps aglow the sentiment of the past.

Allen's Oldtime Fireside Cheer
There is a charm about Allen's firelight glow that makes it such a friendly furnace. As twilight comes, it sends forth the cheer and comfort of an old-fashioned fireplace.

The Everlasting Charm of Firelight

ALLEN'S PARLOR FURNACE will bring into your home this firelight charm in addition to the generous warmth associated only with modern heating efficiency —for the ALLEN is a happy combination of the old with the new.

By circulating large volumes of moist, warm air to every room, it does the work of a furnace at a surprising fuel saving. Enjoyment of the visible fire is made possible by the ALLEN patented, transparent inner door construction.

The ALLEN is unusually compact and may be placed in a hall or room without installation expense. In appearance, it resembles a piece of beautiful, period furniture and conforms to the latest style in home furnishings. It is finished in walnut grained, porcelain enamel.

Allen's Junior Parlor Furnace
For the small home, apartment or store. Equipped with the famous "Oldtime Fireside Cheer" and other exclusive Allen features.

Heat Radiating Fins

The same principle embodied in the fin construction used to facilitate the radiation of heat from engine cylinder walls, has been adapted to the ALLEN, thereby increasing the heating surface 100%. A greater volume of air is thereby circulated more rapidly through the furnace and the heat is "brushed" from the fins. The Allen burns any kind of fuel. Wide doors accommodate cord wood. A special model is made for burning gas.

From Alaska to Florida—from coast to coast the ALLEN Parlor Furnace has brought the cheer of firelight and comfort of modern heating to thousands of homes, schools, churches and stores. Why not provide your family with this enjoyment? See the nearest ALLEN dealer today. He will gladly demonstrate these ALLEN advantages for you.

ALLEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY, INC.
Stove Specialists for a Quarter Century
Nashville, Tennessee

FREE BOOKLET
Interesting, historical sketch on "Heat" mailed on request.
SEND COUPON!

ALLEN MFG. CO., INC., Nashville
I am interested in
☐ "Oldtime Fireside Cheer" Model
☐ Gas Burning Model
Name.....
Street or R. F. D.....
City.....State.....

ALLEN'S
Parlor Furnace

(Continued from Page 172)

this singular and perverse purpose the materials it carried away from the Grand Canyon. From time to time it rolls out of bed and floods the Imperial Valley in Southern California. No other river in the world has its diabolical nature.

Well, you think of the dam the government engineers are building and then of how long it has taken the Colorado River to make the Grand Canyon, and whereas before you may have been giddy in a dimension of space, now you reel in a dimension of time. How long do the engineers say their dam will endure? A century, two, three, four centuries, perhaps? At most that would be as a minute in the life of the Colorado River. It reckons time in millions of years.

People come thousands of miles, from all over the world, to see the Grand Canyon. The rule is that they look at it for a few minutes, snap their cameras at it, and then go in search of light diversion, which is provided in some variety. Some go to play billiards in the basement of the hotel. It is always crowded. Only those seem able to gaze calmly into this awful pit who believe that He made it Who also made them in His own image, individually. Those who regard it as a mechanistic happening, a spectacle compounded of blind force and time, must take refuge in thinking scientific thoughts about it, for by that device the mind is set above it and the ego is rescued.

Those who find a sensory ecstasy in color may look longer. They see not the canyon as a fact but only the splendor of it, and that may be intoxicating. In the twilight, with the color gone—then it is most terrifying. At night it is least terrifying, for to have it filled with anything, even darkness, is a great relief.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

Here ends the Santa Fé Trail. Out of awfulness and desert suddenly into fullness, benefit of plenty, ease of livelihood, and to a city without nativity—the one that gave birth to itself. A fact absolute unto itself alone. Envious logic may reason it away like a myth. It is unreal, non-existent, an illusion on the sand. And there it is still, with the vitality of an undefined faith, full of light on every subject save the riddle of its own being. Los Angeles, city of the angels.

The Poets' Corner

In the Sahara

OH, YOU who stay in cities, saw you this pretty thing?
The moon was new on Sunday, all in a silver ring;
Now it is veiled and curious, no more a shining hoop,
And the wind is in the desert, and the sand is in the soup.

The wind that Allah bridles is free tonight to roam,
Like camels in the evening, when the caravan is home;
The tent ropes creak uneasily, the soup is full of grit,
And all the cooks in London have not the like of it.

I know, years hence in cities, when spring has scarce touched Spain,
I shall yearn for mighty spaces and fret to see again,
As on some larger planet, the huge horizon's loop
When the wind is in the desert and the sand is in the soup. —*Lord Dunsany.*

Turning Home

THE wagon creaks with weight of golden ears
Behind the horses plodding down the lane;
The sturdiness and confidence of years
Close to the prairie soil, turn home again.
Behind them haze and silence and the shocks
Of corn like wigwams ready for the night;
Before them, wood smoke drifting, and the flocks
Of late birds, and a window's mellow light.

A goose wedge crying south above the creek
Has turned the driver's gaze. The dusk can bear
The sky so near. He feels against his cheek
A snowflake tingling with the upper air.
He draws a deep breath, under restless skies
And looks ahead with calm, untroubled eyes.
—*Glenn Ward Dresbach.*

For a Friend

ALL splendid things are gently made;
There is no hurry for the tree
To build his tower of brown and jade,
To spread his little patch of shade—
His splendidness builds patiently.
The seedlings need all summer through
To fashion every flag and rose,
To drink the morning's cup of dew,
To perfume evening's languid blue—
Their loveliness unhurried grows.

All splendid things and lovely are
Built slowly, surely, from the start:
The tree and field, the evening star—
And your dear friendship in my heart! —*Bert Cooksley.*

Vermont Churchyard

OUR dead are kindly neighbors. Old and young,
Beneath their marble monuments they lie
Not unfamiliar nor aloof among
Their land's inheritors. We pass them by,
Intent on living, only half aware
Of these for whom the sod is roof and cloak,
Yet should we miss them if they were not there—
The pioneers, the sturdy farmer folk,
The village worthies, tradesmen, senators,
Divines and teachers, men of worldly gear,
And veterans of honorable wars;
Who make death meet and comely, resting here
Amid the calm green hills where they were bred.
We like to be good neighbors with our dead.
—*Arthur Guiterman.*

A Man's Woman

I SHALL be capricious, I shall have a whim,
I shall build a tower of jade, and gaze far down at him—
A tower of green and gleaming jade within a misty field.
I shall be mysterious, with mystery for shield.
I shall never give to him, I'll make him give to me
All the hard-to-capture things of earth and sky and sea.

I was swift to do for him in every sort of way,
Thinking of his comfort, forgetting self each day;
I was loyal, faithful, devoted, kind and true
That is why I bored him—if women only knew!

I shall be capricious, I shall have a whim.
And neither earth nor sea nor sky shall rob me then of him.
—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

Like keen October air, it

Refreshes and Delights

A Feast to the Eye and to the Palate

And to your home it brings the charm and graciousness of spacious hospitality

Mellow as sumac tinged with autumn red in the setting sun . . . keen as the fresh, clear air which blows over the fields . . . exhilarating as a canter on a spirited filly . . . refreshing as the conversation around the fire . . . such is the thrill, the new sensation, to drinking this fine old ginger ale.

And because of its quality, its distinction, its unforgettable flavor, "Canada Dry" has won the approving nod of connoisseurs the wide world over.

Basic excellence contributes to this wonderful flavor. Only the purest ingredients are used in "Canada Dry." Jamaica ginger of the highest quality gives subtlety to this fine old ginger ale. It is blended and balanced in exact proportions. Hourly tests prevent variation from those proportions. Daily tests under laboratory methods assure purity. And a secret process of carbonation enables "Canada Dry" to retain its delicate and uniform sparkle long after the bottle is opened.

Here is a better, purer, finer ginger ale. Its flavor adds zest to meals. Its gaiety adds joyousness to any party. It enhances the warmth of friendship and broadens the scope of hospitality. Order it today in the Hostess Package of 12 bottles.

"CANADA DRY"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

© 1929

. . . so, while Mother cleans the rugs . . .

little Doris cleans the couch

ELECTRIC cleaning was wonderful before . . . but never so *efficient* as now. For Premier has found a way to *speed it up!* Ordinary attachments take no part in the new Premier method. In place of attachments, the Premier Electric Cleaning Unit provides a cleaner for the rugs and carpets and a separate, handy little cleaner to hustle through the little cleaning tasks. The marvelous Spic-Span makes this possible. This handy little cleaner was created because women were anxious for a simpler method of home cleaning. So we built the Spic-Span to do the work of attachments . . . and to do it better and faster.

The Spic-Span weighs only four pounds and plugs into any electric socket. It comes with a wonderful deodorizer and blower . . . repels moths . . . banishes odors . . . freshens stuffy closets . . . cleans, purifies and preserves mattresses, clothes, upholstery . . . without the use of attachments.

Used in combination with either the Premier Junior or the Premier Duplex, the Spic-Span gives you a complete electric cleaning unit for every purse and purpose . . . a marvelous cleaning team that shortens your housework by hours and puts the utmost degree of sanitation into every cleaning task.

Free Demonstration. The Spic-Span may, of course, be purchased separately. Phone or visit your nearest Premier dealer today and arrange for a private demonstration of the cleaning unit best suited to your needs. Also, ask to see the remarkable Premier Floor Polisher accessory. No obligation.

2 ELECTRIC CLEANERS FOR ALMOST THE PRICE OF ONE

Premier Electric Cleaning Unit

THE PREMIER VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY
(*Division of Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc.*) Dept. 510, Cleveland, Ohio

Distributed and serviced throughout the United States by branches of The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company in all leading cities. ¶Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., General Offices, Toronto. ¶Sold over the entire world, outside of the U. S. and Canada by the International General Electric Company, Inc., Schenectady, N. Y.

THIS STRONG-MAN BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 15)

French dandies who often strolled into the gym to pop open; and Louis would arrogantly emphasize the feat by letting the weights drop to the floor. The crash was almost enough to bring down the building.

All France loved Apollon. He was a national reminder that not all Frenchmen are short and dainty. Sadly, his cerebral machinery was not correspondingly advanced, but he more than made up for this minor shortcoming with his good humor and gentleness. Still if you had seen him in action in his circus, you never would have suspected this quality. In his act he used a huge cage, about nine feet long, ten feet wide and twelve feet high. It was made of iron bars an inch thick. When the curtain rose, there was Louis in the cage, a pathetic figure in ill-fitting prisoner's garments, moaning and stretching his arms through the bars, ostensibly sighing for freedom.

Then, without warning, there came a growl in his throat. His hamlike hands grasped two bars and shook them fiercely. They bent like putty. He grabbed two more and bent these. When he had thus forced an opening large enough to admit his body, he stepped forth and briskly swung into his weight-lifting stunts. The conclusion was scarcely less spectacular. Twisting the iron bars on another side into the same helpless shapelessness, he would force his way anew into the prison. It kept a blacksmith busy all day long to keep the bars straightened for new acts.

In size and accomplishment, Jean Le Breton and Pierre Bonne were generally rated as Apollon's real rivals in France. These two good-natured behemoths were among the mightiest men that trod the earth; together they weighed nearly six hundred pounds, and their backs were as broad as an ordinary-sized door. Pierre was a butcher and Jean a baker, but I must report that their shops saw very little of them when there was weight lifting to be done. I saw them hoist lifts all day long to win a wager of fifty francs. Jean finally won by lifting a bar bell, weighing two hundred and fifteen pounds, possessed of an iron handle two and a half inches thick, and holding it rigidly over his head. The grip he had developed kneading dough was more than poor Pierre could equal.

A Social Downfall

Naturally I could not compete with these men, but within my own weight I managed to do quite well. After considerable practice I had reached the point where I could take a one-hundred-and-seventy-pound dumb-bell and press it overhead five times, which was a substantial achievement at my weight. Also I learned to juggle twenty-five-pound dumb-bells, which I would catch on my neck. These tricks were impressive enough to cause the Cirque de la Waltonette, then playing at Versailles, to offer me a billing at one hundred dollars a month.

In the spring of 1899, becoming a little bit tired of France, I decided to return to New York. There was another string pulling me too. No matter where I went, I heard tales of Louis Cyr, whose deeds had been reverberating throughout the world. Was he greater than Apollon, greater than Saxon? The merits of these three men were heatedly discussed in European gymnasiums.

I was determined to see this Hercules—to work for him. So I sailed for the United States on the Olympic. Arriving at New York, I wasted no time looking up old friends. Instead I entrained at once for Montreal, where I had been told that Louis Cyr could be found. To obtain his address beforehand, I was told, was unnecessary; he was better known in Canada than the premier.

Louis and his circus were in winter quarters at St. Jean de Matha, a quaint community about fifty miles northeast of Montreal. It was my first meeting with the Strongest Man in the World, and, at first glance, the claim seemed by no means preposterous.

Six feet, eleven inches tall, Louis Cyr then weighed three hundred and sixty pounds. Of physical beauty he had none. Certainly not the classic grace and symmetry of a Sandow or a Montgomery Irving. Cyr was just mass; he had as little grace as an elephant, and required the steerage way of a side-wheeler. Ordinary doors would not admit him full-face; he must ease in sideways. As a social success he was lamentably dangerous. More than once he brought tears to the eyes of his hostesses by sinking, with a great splintering of wood, through the best chairs.

True, when I first met him he had passed his prime, although he was still in his thirties. He was carrying too much weight. It was not all muscle; much of it was fat, the penalty of his gluttonous appetite and his failure to keep in condition. Alas, that was the undoing of most great strong men. They fairly ate themselves into their graves, first lubricating the way with oceans of beers and ales.

A Giant's Little Joke

"Ah, so you would be a strong man," Louis said to me, when I told him the reason for my visit. "You would like to be as strong as me, so!" He laughed uproariously at this little joke, and thwacked my shoulder so playfully that I almost fell down. He bellowed for his wife. I awaited the coming of an Amazon.

But no. A tiny, fragile woman—I dare say she weighed no more than one hundred pounds—came out of the kitchen, dressed in black, with dainty lace festooned about a very thin throat. Could this be the wife of the Colossus?

"Louis, you must not bellow so," she rebuked him. "I can hear you ten miles off."

"I want you to meet Joe Lambert," Louis invited.

Without warning, he stretched out a mighty paw, lifted Mrs. Cyr in his palm and, as if he were offering me a visiting card, playfully presented Mrs. Cyr. Then, with no visible evidence of exertion, he lowered her to the floor.

Later I learned that it was one of Louis' little jokes. He did it to impress the guests. But it never served to conceal the fact that Mrs. Louis Cyr, although she submitted gracefully and coyly enough to these stunts, was the real boss of the Cyr ménage.

Louis gave me a job at fifteen dollars a week, plus expenses, and I went into training as a lightweight strong man. Believe me, it was a magnificent sight when his circus took to the road. In a special wagon, housing his huge collection of weights and bar bells, Louis always led the parade. His huge flanks flowed over most of the front seat; Madame Cyr, sitting primly beside him, always gave one the impression she would be jounced off the next moment.

I shall never forget the day this wagon got stuck in the mud just as the circus prepared to parade into a small town in Alberta. Main Street—the only street—was lined with the inhabitants. Louis and Horace Barre, his massive team-mate, had donned their top hats and frock coats. Then—whoosh! The left rear wheel oozed into a mudhole and sank to the hub. As it did, Mrs. Cyr, unable to hold her own against Louis' sliding bulk, pitched headlong into the mud.

For a moment it looked as if the great Cyr intended to tear the town to pieces with his bare hands. His placid face became distorted; he cursed and clenched his fist. The town's reception committee prepared for a hasty evacuation of the premises. Fortunately a sober-minded citizen had rescued Madame Cyr. Save for the mud that still clung to her best dress, she proved quite unharmed. Amity was restored and Louis turned toward retrieving his wagon.

Including its cargo of weights and all, I suppose the vehicle weighed about ten thousand pounds. The four horses could not budge it. Finally Louis lost his temper. He cuffed the lead horse so hard it sank on its haunches. Disdaining to remove his elegant clothes, he prowled into the mud, lay flat on his belly and found a spot underneath where he could apply his shoulders against the axle. Barre meanwhile braced his oaklike legs and took a firm hold on the spokes of the sunken wheel. Louis lifted. His plump face became a beefsteak red. The force of the thrust sank his elbows knee-deep in the muck. But slowly the huge weight stirred upward—enough to let one of the men slip a board under the wheels. Then, with the help of the horses, Louis and Barre pushed the wagon free. It was really an extraordinary feat, but Louis' pride was somewhat slackened by the fact that it had been a free show.

For sheer physical strength, he was unquestionably one of the real strong men of his times. Every day he would hoist over his head a three-hundred-and-twenty-five-pound dumb-bell. This he did with an ease that belittled its uniqueness. Try it sometime. For analogy, consider rolling a Babe Ruth and a half together, hoisting them to your shoulder and then pressing them to arm's length. He also snatched a two-hundred-and-sixty-pound dumb-bell in his right hand, swung it with one fluent motion to his shoulder, and pressed it to full arm's length. Still another common trick was to dip the middle finger of his right hand through the ring of a five-hundred-and-thirty-five-pound weight and lift it casually.

Still, it is for another incident that I chiefly remember his magnificent strength. The two of us were on a train bound for Grand' Mere, the rest of the circus having proceeded over the trail. On this particular day the coaches were full of lumberjacks on their way to camp—huge, strapping toughs. A fight started in one of the cars ahead, and in no time the whole train was in an uproar. When lumberjacks fight, all playfulness ceases. If they hit you, you fall down and stay down. Someone hit the poor conductor, who tried to intercede, and almost put his eye out.

A Terrible Peacemaker

A brakeman, who knew Louis, dashed into our car. "They're all fighting up ahead," he yelled, "and someone will be killed! You're the only one who can stop them!" Louis rose, set his silk hat at a more jaunty angle and strolled into the car ahead. It was a chaotic scene that met our eyes. Seats had been overturned. Fully forty men were fighting in the aisles, half a dozen lay unconscious on the floor.

"Stop this fighting," Louis yelled in French Canadian. "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves!"

One of the combatants stared at him insolently. "Shut up, fatty," he jeered, "or somebody will kick your tummy."

Louis barged forward and snatched that fellow by the seat of his pants just as he snatched two-hundred-pound dumb-bells. He swung him nicely, simply to get the proper balance, and then heaved him half the length of the car. The fellow spun over the seats and crashed. He lay quite still. Then, one by one, Louis plucked up the most belligerent fighters, dusted them off in the same fashion.

In those close quarters it was useless to try to hit him. Once his viselike hands grasped one of the lumbermen, that fellow became powerless. They screamed and cursed. By this time the conductor, tattered and sorely bruised, struggled to his feet and yanked the emergency cord. The train pitched to a halt.

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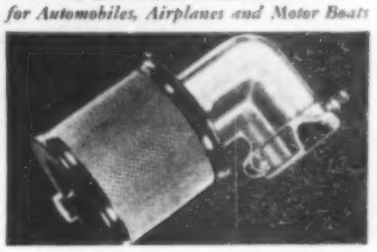

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"If you don't stop fighting," Louis bellowed, "I'll throw you off the train!" To prove that he meant it, he pitched the two nearest him off the platform. The fighters looked at him astonishedly, then they subsided.

"Say, fatty," one of them finally asked, "who are you anyway?"

Louis restored his battered topper to his head.

"I am," he announced imperially, "the great Louis Cyr, the strongest man in the world."

Then he stalked off. After that we had no trouble on the train. We finished the ride in peace.

When the circus completed its tour I went to Louis and informed him that I intended to return to New York. He paid me my wages and I departed, but only after assuring him that I would return in time for the start of the next season. Other and more promising paths, however, were to present themselves, and I never did go back. In the first place, I met the Waltons in New York and once more hitched my wagon to their star. In the second place, a girl acrobat, Pearl, whom I had met in France, joined me in New York. For the next few years the five of us—the three Waltons, Pearl and I—toured half the world, doing our combination trapeze and strong-man act. In Australia I blossomed forth as Young Samson, resplendent in a rich leopard skin and very skilled in the manipulation of dumb-bells.

These years I refer to now as "the between years." For they were to end in frightful disaster. After the Waltons had retired from the show business, I undertook to create my own act and circus, and for several years enjoyed considerable success. My major act was really good, if I do say it myself, and, for all its outward simplicity, required considerable skill.

Hanging by my knees from a horizontal bar slung from the top of the tent, about forty feet above the pit, I gripped in my teeth a twisted thong which supported another horizontal bar about ten feet below me. Two thongs, tightly twisted, depended from this second bar, each hanging vertically from the ends. The trick was this: Pearl and another girl, Cleo, from a lower position on the trapeze, would fasten their teeth about the loose end of the thong nearest them, and swing into space. As they did, their weight and that of the apparatus immediately centered in the main thong I held in my mouth.

Tragedy in the Big Top

Instantly all three twisted ropes began to unwind. First of all, the horizontal bar underneath me revolved; then, at a much faster pace, the two girls spun at the extremities of their individual ropes. It was a very pretty sight—and not very dangerous as long as the ropes and our teeth held together. The weight that I supported never exceeded more than three hundred pounds, and my teeth and jaw were very strong. I used the trick for three years in this country and South America without incident, so that when the tragedy did come it came with terrible quickness.

In 1911, Pearl and I decided to put our own circus in the warehouse for a season and accept an offer that Barnum & Bailey's made. We had, you see, finally decided to marry, and the event was to take place at the close of the season. We joined the circus, and two weeks before the close the circus moved into Indianapolis. The three of us got ready for the trapeze act.

Somehow—but ever so quickly—tragedy swept into the little corner we had under the peak of the big tent. The girls had taken their position on the trapeze, had slipped into space. Barely had their weight swept into my teeth before I felt the main thong break—break as cleanly as if it had been knifed. I watched in horror, from my inverted position, the trapeze jerking crazily from the shock.

With the figures of the two girls trailing grotesquely, two streaking splashes of gay colors, the bar hurtled down through the forty feet of space to the floor. I saw one figure tumble into the net, bounce stiffly for a moment, and then scramble to its feet. The other plunged straight toward the dirt floor. A queer, dreadfully crushing sound sucked back. The figure lay still. Over the whole arena, from the throats of two thousand people, there swept a half-choked sob.

The figure that lay still was Pearl.

I could not go on with the show. I tried hard, but it was no use. My heart lay in the oaken box I had shipped to Lyons, France. Bitterly I packed my trunk; I was through with the show business forever. The train ride to New York was a torture chamber one thousand miles long. I took a flat in Brooklyn and got a job as a carpenter's assistant. That was all I was equipped to do. A man who has spent ten years in learning how to lift a two-hundred-pound weight in a certain way, if he has nothing else to offer, has little to expect from the modern business world.

Attila the Great

Yet, however noble this self-imposed exile seemed in contemplation, two weeks' experiment with a hammer and saw convinced me that it was not an honest way of drowning my grief. After all, one must live; and fifteen dollars a week was scarcely enough to keep a strong man in calories. Within three weeks I prepared to retrace my steps to the two-a-day. I organized immediately The Great Joe Lambert and his Three Auburn Beauties, America's Foremost Equilibrists and Balancers, a vaudeville act not unlike that used by the Waltons, in which I appeared simultaneously as a strong man and equilibrist. I need not pause to describe our act here. It is an industry that Japanese acrobats have made as common as United States Steel.

The Great Joe Lambert and his Three Auburn Beauties survived just two seasons. A disastrous season in the tropical heat of Cuba proved that this side of the show business was no place for my talents. I returned to the strong-man business, far from the sound of complaining females, and got a job as instructor in the gymnasium of Professor Attila, at Thirty-eighth Street and Broadway. There was a man. When the real tale of strong men is written the name of Professor Attila—born Louis Durlacher—must be written boldly in the first chapter.

Beyond question, he was one of the most intelligent and gallant—certainly the shrewdest—of all strong men. He was the first to develop in Europe the science of strength, and the first to carry the gospel of physical culture to this country. Of all the famous strong men of the times, he was selected to perform at Queen Victoria's jubilee. Meeting him on the street, you would probably have passed him with the judgment that he was just another jolly little fat man. Actually he was among the strongest of them all.

Among his clients—I hesitate to use the term "students"—were the present King of England, then Prince of Wales; old King Christian of Denmark and his six children, three of whom became crowned heads; the late Empress of Russia, mother of the ill-starred Czar Nicholas; Lord Lonsdale, the sportsman peer; J. P. Morgan, Alfred Vanderbilt, Oscar Hammerstein, Sousa, the Rothschilds, Jim Corbett—artists, writers, statesmen, musicians beyond cataloguing.

Still, he properly achieved his fame in developing such celebrated strong men as Sandow, Rolando, Cyr, Barre, Desbonnet and Sampson. To a generation departing from this vale of tears, these are names that have a mellow sound. Moreover, he radically changed theories of physical culture; the fundamentals of the theory he preached are now the basis of military instruction in the British, French, German and Italian armies.

In the 80's and 90's—that epoch of the Strong Men's Big Parade—when the

(Continued on Page 181)

This breakfast room, from a home in the exclusive country club district of Kansas City, illustrates how even a small wall space can be converted to large storage and shelf room with Curtis Units.

This Kansas City installation shows how Curtis Units make every inch of space available—even to "turning a corner", an exclusive Curtis arrangement. Note the open section in the corner, devised to hold incidentals that should be quickly at hand.

A pantry arrangement from a home in Wheeling, West Virginia, showing a more elaborate installation of Curtis Units. The chrome finished knobs and handles seen here are standard on all Curtis Units.

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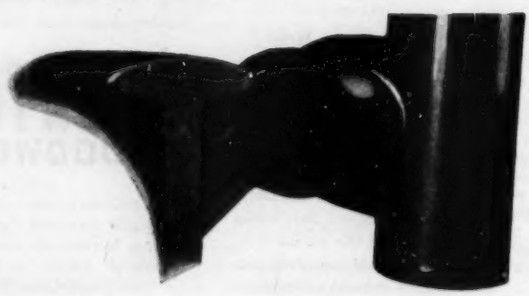

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(Continued from Page 178)

Western Hemisphere fairly shook under the shock of their trampling feet, he was something of a supreme generalissimo. He created new kings of strength, and as speedily deposed them. What days they were! Robust days, fighting days, jealous days! And in his prime, Attila pulled the wires that made puppets dance.

There strolled into Attila's gymnasium, one day, a handsome lad of twenty-one; a lad with bulky shoulders, fine chest and beautifully strong legs.

"What a man!" cried the distinguished professor when he laid eyes upon the youth. "What a real man I can make of you!"

It was the boy who was to become the man Sandow; the occasion marked the forming of probably the most famous partnership of strong men. Then Sandow was known as Frederick Mueller and he was happy enough to find a mentor.

For several years Attila nursed this pupil. With him, he put into effect his new ideas of physical culture. At that time strength meant enormity. The supermen were those who could carry the biggest rocks; who could destroy coins and bowlders in their hands. Richard Pennell was experimenting in New York with a special lift. Elsewhere the giants grew hair on their chests, looked to the Huns who sacked Rome for their prototypes, and scorned science.

Even Attila, in his early days, had taken unto himself the same fierce association; he claimed—incorrectly, of course—descent from Attila, leader of the Huns. Now he planned to drag a high-hat era into the arena of strength. The world was getting culture. Machines and derricks were reducing the most stupendous efforts of muscle to mouselike proportions. Hairy chests and bulging muscles, of themselves, were destined to become obsolete. Shrewd man, he looked to Greece and saw the wisdom of reincarnating the beautiful classicism of its gods.

On With the Show

After Sandow and Attila split, Ziegfeld, a young producer, risked his all in bringing the strong man back to the United States. The sensation he created exceeded Ziegfeld's most sanguine expectations, and one may reasonably say that his opulent research in glorifying the American girl had its humble origin in Sandow's magnificent biceps.

After a disastrous experience in Mexico with a circus that I had put together, I got a job at the Panama Canal Exposition, doing a daily strong-man act—the only trick I could do alone. Finishing that, I summoned my Three Auburn Beauties through the columns of the Billboard. In 1916, Barnum & Bailey's engaged us to open with the show at Madison Square Garden. The Great Lambert and his Three Auburn Beauties returned to the scenes with the act I had vowed I never would do again—the aerial act that had caused the death of Pearl, not as a result of the failure of any of us, but because of the breaking of a safety factor any trapeze artist comes to take for granted.

For several months we went through this act without incident. The trick itself was unchanged; I still hung by my knees from the bar slung from the top of the tent, holding in my teeth the cord that supported a horizontal bar. From ropes dangling from the ends and center of this bar hung the three girls, also grasping the ropes with their teeth.

In Milwaukee the show opened before a great crowd. We made ready for our act. I had a vague premonition, but it was too late to stop. Just as the girls swept on the trapeze, just as the bar started to revolve and the pressure came full upon the mouthpiece, I felt my teeth give way. There was a quick tearing, my teeth burst loose, the mouthpiece slipped out cleanly, and once more, from my slow-swinging perch and upside down, I watched the three girls go spinning forty feet or so to the floor.

But now all three fell in the net. I choked a sob of relief when I saw them rise, skip across the net and slide down the poles to take a bow. Even as I watched, a stream of warm liquid clouded my eyes. I was bleeding badly, and my mouth seemed full of ten thousand devils. As quickly as I could I slid down the main pole, without waiting to be lowered, and ran to my dressing room, where I knew I could find a pair of pliers. With these I tore out what remained of the roots of my teeth; then I tried to stem the flow of blood with a stiffly mixed concoction of salt and water.

Naturally, I went out again to take my turn on the trapeze. Let me say here that there was no heroic motive behind it; no do-or-die spirit. It's just the custom in the business. The trick did not take more than two minutes, but it seemed an eternity. I fainted when I reached my dressing room. The next day I quit the show. For the time being, my usefulness was ended; my trapeze work was done forever. I headed for New York, to do some more thinking.

Well, I was on the verge of giving up all hope when I happened to see in a theatrical paper an announcement that the Hippodrome was seeking men to go under water. For some time I had heard rumors that Charles Dillingham was planning a stupendous marine act. My curiosity was piqued. Moreover, I am a good swimmer, so I decided to look into the matter. Early the next morning I hastened to the Hippodrome. More than one hundred men, drawn from all classes of life, were already there.

Perhaps you remember this celebrated act of Dillingham's? The column of Roman gladiators that marched bravely across the Hippodrome's mighty stage, strode valiantly into the big glass pool erected in the center, and sank stoically beneath the waves, with never a tremor of their lips. Well, I was captain of that gallant company, and I won my spurs—permit me, please—in soldierly fashion.

When the hundred of us were admitted to the theater, we discovered that a glass pool, sixty-five feet long, twenty-five feet wide and twenty-feet deep, had been built into the stage. The act was explained to us; we were told that the jobs would be given to those men who could hold their breath longest under water. We stripped and the tests began. I held back to watch the others. I noticed that none of them remained under water for more than a minute.

I was the last to go. Diving nicely, I swam under water until I found a staircase leading to the bottom of the pool. To this I fastened myself, holding on until my lungs almost burst. By the time I came up the manager had already ordered the others to dive for my body. I had been underneath for two minutes. On the spot I was commissioned captain of the gladiators and hired at seventy-five dollars a week.

Of all the jobs I ever had, that was the nicest. It was easy enough. At the proper cue I'd lead my column of twenty-four warriors into the pool; descending a series of steps, our descent was gradual. Four feet below the surface were strung rubber hoses through which oxygen was pumped. Powerful lights made the bottom as clear as day. The walls at the bottom of the pool were broken into doors—one for each man—and each of these doors opened into a water-tight chamber. From the moment we entered the water until we emerged through these compartments at the bottom we didn't consume more than three-quarters of a minute.

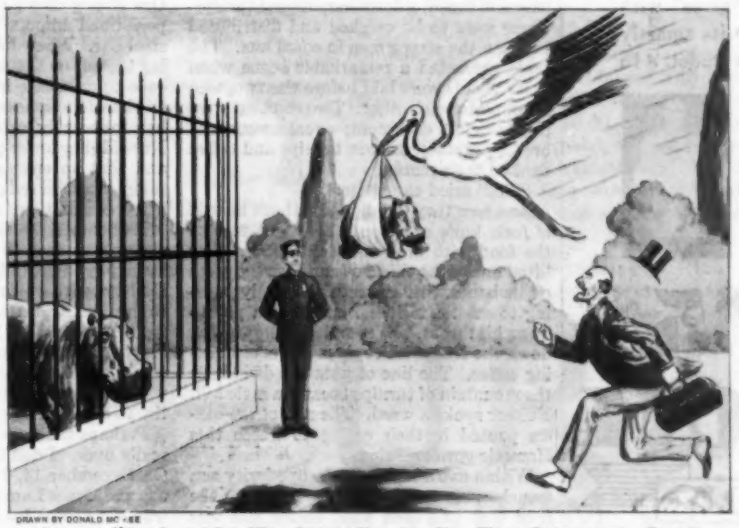
Forty Minutes Under Water

For forty minutes we loafed around downstairs. Then each of us took our post at one of the doors and, at a given signal, entered the water-tight compartments. We pushed open the outer door, the water swirled in; hurriedly we formed columns under water and then marched up the steps, bursting spectacularly before the audience, which presumably had long since given up hopes for us. What a beautiful idea that was. I must confess, however, that often some of the boys ran short of breath and swallowed water; in fact, one or two passed out cold on the bottom. But these were quickly hustled through the compartments, and the audience never suspected what had happened.

Curiously, the war—during which I worked in the Ford plant—seems to have rung the knell for strong men. Attila had retired and was soon to die. Sandow had long since retired from active competition and was running a swanky gymnasium in London, as befitted the Gentleman Athlete. Of the Saxons, only Herman was to remain for any length of time. Kurt was badly wounded in the war. Arthur, the eldest, was tired of trouping. Sebastian Miller, the world's foremost specialist at cracking rocks in his hands, was through.

Of the old guard of strong men, there remained the great Breitbart, who bent iron bars about his neck, and who was to astound Cleveland by inviting fifty people to ride around the city hall in a transfer wagon, while he held the traces of the four horses required to move the load in his teeth. Strongfort was getting ready to put the strong-arm business in the mail-order field. The most promising youngster of all—Henry Steinborn—was soon to cripple himself by attempting to support a heavy automobile, loaded with passengers, with his feet. He tried to hold the burden—it totaled about six thousand pounds—aloft while a newspaper photographer fumbled for his plate. One foot slipped and the whole business crashed upon him.

Of all the strong men I have known, the Saxon brothers really rise to heroic



DRAWN BY DONALD MC KEE

Doctor: "Confound It! Why Didn't You Say You Were Going to the Zoo?"

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proportions. Consider Otto—or Arthur, the name he took in this country—who even surpassed the great Cyr in overhead lifts. His great one-arm bent press of three hundred and seventy-one pounds still stands; the nearest anyone has come to equaling it is three hundred and six pounds. In order properly to appreciate this, you must look for an analogy elsewhere. For instance, you will find a small army of sprinters who can run the one-hundred-yard dash in ten seconds; a very small group have done it in nine and four-fifths seconds. The handful who can run the distance in nine and three-fifths seconds are geniuses.

So it is, to a large extent, in feats of strength. In the record books only a few pounds of weight separate the record holder from the also-ran; the strong man who made one great lift always had an army of rivals that fell just a few pounds short. But this record of Otto's, so far is it removed from all others, is unique. Curiously, one of Joe Nordquest's, an American, came within seventy pounds of this record, although he possessed only one leg.

Is it any wonder, then, that Ringlings', establishing a precedent never repeated, wrote into the Saxons' contract, at their insistence, the clause that they were to be provided with all the beer they could drink? This, in itself, was no small item, for Otto's daily consumption alone reached thirty bottles. Yet, in this single fact, I think, lies the reason for the downfall of most of the great kings of strength. In all things—eating, drinking, working—they knew nothing of temperance. Ridden with fat, their hearts taxed, most of them passed away in the decade following the war, while still in their prime.

The case of Louis Cyr, I think, will illustrate the cause of the rapid disintegration of the great weight lifters of those exuberant days. He drank beer, as did most of his colleagues, by the gallon; whisky slaked his palate as smoothly as water. Yet, in his eating he reached really prodigious eminence. His normal breakfast fare was half a dozen chops, a dozen hot cakes, at least a quart of coffee. For luncheon, he delighted in a five-pound steak, bleeding with rawness. But these quantities become just appetizers compared to the meal I saw him take, many years ago, at the Hotel Windsor, at the expense of his partner, Horace Barre.

Square Meals for Strong Men

"Oh, I am so hungry," Louis announced, tucking his napkin under his chin. "I could eat up the whole kitchen." Horace opined that the idea appealed to him. "I'll make a bet with you," Louis announced. "I'll bet you ten dollars that I can eat more than you." Horace agreed. The head waiter was called in and the terms of the bet were outlined.

Four chickens were to be chosen, each of approximately the same weight; some thirty potatoes, four pots of coffee, four loaves of bread, a dozen carrots and turnips. These were to be weighed and distributed between the strong men in equal lots. The table presented a remarkable scene when these viands were laid before the two, who sat opposite each other. Two chickens were placed before each man; equal amounts of bread, potatoes, carrots, turnips and coffee flanked their plates.

"Go," cried the waiter.

And how they did dig in, without benefit of fork, knife or spoon! They just tore at the food with unencumbered hands. Cyr lifted one of the chickens and tore the meat off its bones with his teeth. Scarcely pausing to masticate it, he crammed a potato down his throat. Ever and anon he washed down the stuff with copious drafts of burning coffee. The line of potatoes dwindled; the mountain of turnips became a mole hill. Neither spoke a word. The rest of the diners paused in their eating to watch this Homeric gormandizing.

Within five minutes Cyr's superiority as a trencherman was obvious. Most of the food that had been piled before him was gone. He paused to survey the mound that still lay before Barre, whose eyes now had become quite glassy.

"You are losing your appetite, *n'est-ce pas, m'sieu?*" he asked.

So he grandly plucked four potatoes from the squad still ranged in front of his rival's plate and swallowed them like so many peas.

When he had finished, Louis' plate was as bare as Madam Hubbard's cupboard. Poor Horace, he gazed sickishly at the untouched chicken still on his plate.

"Once more you beat me, Louis," he said. "I can eat no more."

Louis beckoned to the waiter. "I am still very hungry. Will you not bring me a nice piece of pie?"

Is it any wonder, when he passed away on November 10, 1912, at the age of forty-nine, a victim of chronic nephritis, that he weighed more than four hundred pounds—undeniably a fat man?

The public's attitude toward strong men has changed. I am still as strong as ever I was; I am still able to do any of the tricks I did in my youth. But what does it avail me? The world has lost its appreciation of the higher elements of weight lifting.

Tricks for Volunteer Strong Men

In the days of Cyr, Attila, Sandow and the others, men still worked with their hands. Lifting weights themselves, they recognized the strength it required to lift three hundred pounds to one's shoulder. Now every machine that is made must be labor-saving. The man who toils with his hands is opprobriously stamped as a laborer. What subtle distinction can you, to whom a one-hundred-pound weight is a problem for the furniture mover and the derrick, discern between the great lifts of Cyr and Saxon?

At the museum of Austin and Stone, in Boston, Cyr made his greatest lift of all—four thousand, three hundred pounds. Eighteen of the burliest men in the audience were invited to take their places upon a platform set upon high trestles. Louis bent underneath, braced his hands upon an oaken stool, spread his legs slightly, and then shoved his back against the platform, lifting it cleanly. But nowadays you could get more people to watch a steam shovel at work in a subway excavation.

Horace Barre twice shouldered a dumb-bell weighing twelve hundred pounds and carried it the length of a gymnasium. John Marx, it is said, split an American dime in his hands—an enormous feat, if it is true. August Johnson, the Terrible Swede, using both hands, jerked three hundred and forty-seven pounds overhead. But what do these things mean today? The strong man's only hope, alas, is to lift the derrick that puts him to shame!

There is still another reason for the strong man's low estate. The gentle pranks he used to play can hardly pass inspection before the modern sophisticated audience. One strong man I used to know seemingly performed impossible feats with a great steel bar. When he had finished he would lay the bar on the floor and invite the audience to duplicate his feats. The lads who tried to follow never noticed that half the bar innocently extended into the wings. Nor did they know that the bar was hollow, and that an energetic assistant forthwith rammed a solid rod of iron into the aperture. They couldn't get away with that today.

Remember the sharp spikes with which strong men used to stud their dumb-bells? Perhaps you do, but I doubt that you recall the force with which they used to dash them to the floor before they invited the audience to try their tricks. For those spikes used to sink into the floor and hold the weights as firmly as if they were nailed down. There was, alas, more than a little skullduggery in the strong-man business.

Perhaps the days of the strong man are really over. I don't know, and I hope not. On December 18, 1928, there was born to Joe and Grace Lambert, a nine-pound child who was named Joe Milo Lambert. Already he's a wizard with nickel-plated bells.

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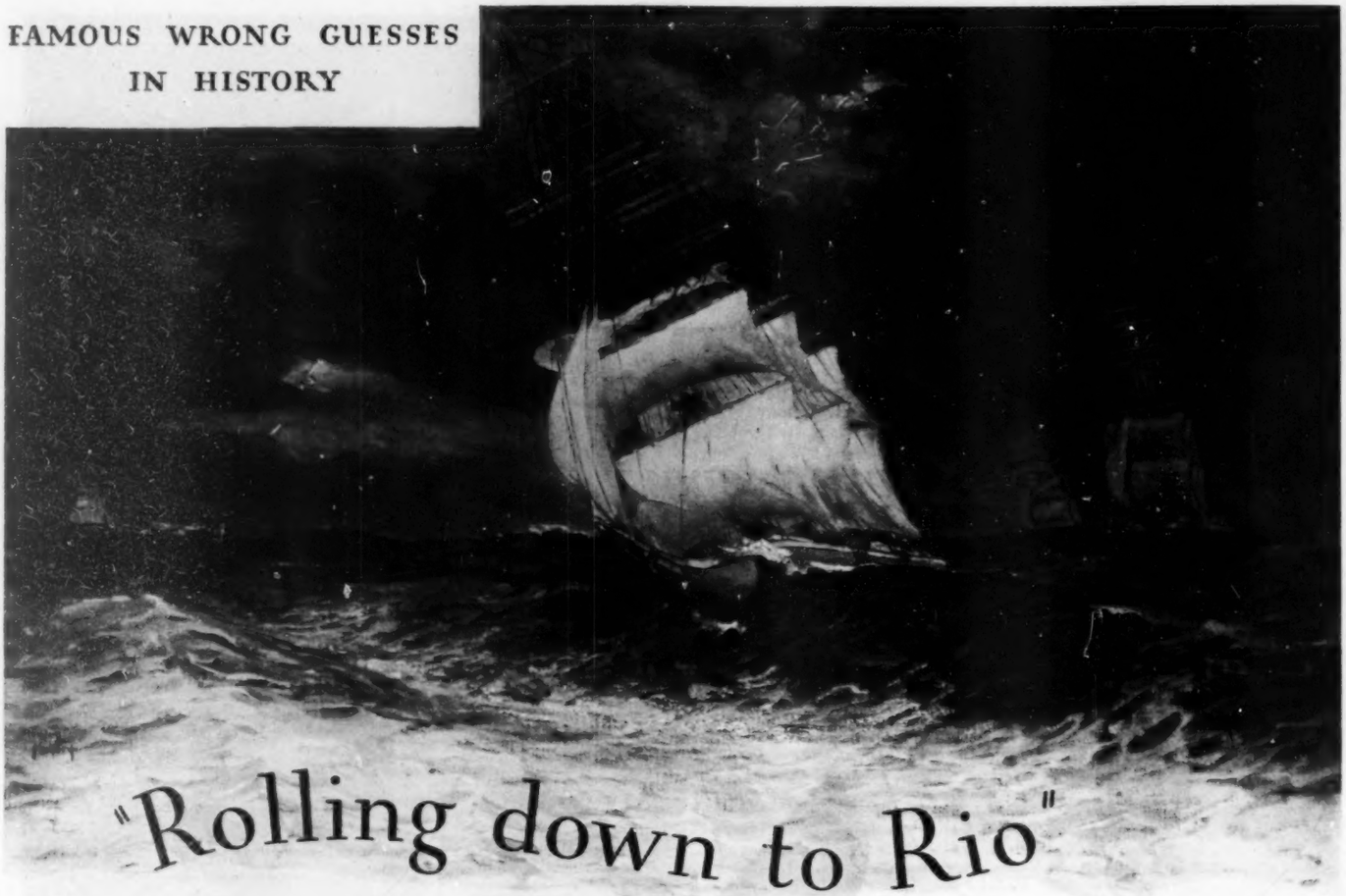

"Rolling down to Rio"

with warming pans and skates!

UNDER the blazing tropic sun they lay—strange, incongruous objects. Warming pans from Birmingham. Skates from Sheffield for a people who had never seen ice!

British goods were flooding the South American republics, lately freed from the Spanish yoke. More merchandise reached Rio de Janeiro in a few weeks than could be used in twenty years—much of it absurdly unsuitable. Warehouses were crammed to bursting, whole cargoes left exposed on the beach—a total loss!

British merchants grimly paid the penalty—for *guessing wrong*. And, as the year 1825 drew to a close, all England rocked with a financial crisis.

"Guessing" is still freighted with disaster

The business man of today who ignores economic trends and conditions, still finds "Rolling down to Rio" a stormy and disastrous voyage. The investor who buys securities simply because they have been going up, or puts his faith in "hunches," "tips" and glowingly worded invitations to "get in on the ground floor," still pockets heavy losses.

Fortunately, industrial leaders and successful investors are coming to realize more clearly every day the dangers of guessing. More and more they are insisting upon *facts* before they act.

All this is plainly evident in the steady growth of the Standard Statistics Company. Organized twenty-three years ago for one purpose, and one purpose only—to find out the facts of business and finance, and correctly interpret their significance—it is today the largest institution of its kind in the world, sending out through many complete and distinct "Standard Services" its reports and recommendations to an ever-growing clientele.

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SHOES—AND SHIPS—AND SEALING WAX

(Continued from Page 37)

and say "The French people like the American people," or the other way about, then we will be getting somewhere and will be expressing something realistic and modern.

Just at present, officially, the stage is set for an Anglo-American reconciliation—this after a ten-year period of about as definite and dangerous ill-will as has existed between the two nations since the 1860's. Mr. Dawes is eager and smiling; Mr. MacDonald is equally so.

In England there is a government favorable to the United States; in the United States there is a President, *mirabile dictu*, who knows Europe. All those public gentlemen on both sides of the water—those in England for the most part, oddly enough, having had American mothers—who a little while ago were making faces at each other, are now either retired or else converted to kindliness. In the political drawing-rooms of London and Washington, and in the press of both countries, the tone has become pianissimo. England, the most conventional of countries where dress is concerned, has accepted smilingly, even with approbation, Mr. Dawes' determination not to wear knee breeches at court. A small matter, but, if you know England, an important one. America, the most ignorant of countries where foreign usage is concerned, has on the whole received this determination without the loud democratic rejoicing that would have marked such an incident twenty years ago. A small matter, but, if you know America, an important one.

And why is this?

Because there is to be another naval conference, and this time the naval conference is likely to succeed.

It is likely to succeed because it is to be in the hands of laymen instead of naval experts; but, much more, it is likely to succeed, not at all fraternally or altruistically, because nowadays even naval experts are coming, royally, to the conclusion that battleships may perhaps be out of date.

So far so good. Every little bit helps—even a successful naval conference. And still more, two governments friendly to each other; although, with very rare exceptions, the latter has been the case—at least officially—between the governments of England and America for the past one hundred and fifteen years.

A Base of Departure

Battleships, even hydroplanes, Downing Street and State Department at Washington, the British Embassy in the United States and the American Embassy in England—all of them help or retard in one way or another, but they do not go far enough. They are not close enough to the mind or heart of the average citizen; and the taxes that may be saved for him in this fashion or that, the good will that may be added to or subtracted from by this or that purely official action are remote and complex. They come down to him through many channels before they reach his doorstep.

Furthermore—as is always the case with official action, as will always be the case with official international action until we change our use of words and point of view—the ordinary citizen is still left the prey of any chance ill wind that may blow.

Should the present naval conference be successful, there will be a slight general accession of good will, a slight general rumor in the United States that England, after all, isn't so disingenuous, a slight general rumor in England that the United States, after all, isn't so grasping and hypocritical. In London and Washington numerous morning-coated gentlemen will purr, and those who do not feel like purring will be told to do so by their superiors. In the English and American press there will be congratulatory editorials. But few will read the editorials and still fewer will know anything about the morning-coated gentlemen, lost in the amazing isolation of their own self-importance. The actual sentiments—if any—of John Smith, of Omaha, toward England, and the actual sentiments—if any—of James Smith, of Nottingham, toward the United States will have altered hardly a jot. And only by using a successful, or a nonsuccessful, naval conference as a base of departure for a long period of friendly or hostile propaganda can the feelings of John Smith or James Smith be deeply stirred.

As the World Gets Smaller

The heart of the matter has not yet even been approached; the international mind has no conception as yet of the gigantic changes, economic, political and personal, that have occurred in the past thirty years; especially in the decade since the war. It has no conception as yet of the almost complete transference of power from one class to another; the different emphasis on values.

There is nothing more touching and, perhaps, disheartening than to meet and talk to the average functionary attached to that excellent, if somewhat confused, body, the League of Nations; to perceive his good will, his fine intentions, and his complete doctrinaire lack of knowledge that the questions with which he is dealing are questions of flesh and blood. And still more, that, although these questions have always been questions of flesh and blood, for the first time in history this side of them has now achieved the power to make itself heard, to make itself by far the most important avenue of approach.

It has become a much more complex world, and for that reason, ct riously and paradoxically enough, it is rapidly becoming a more human one. It is becoming more and more difficult to move men or nations in masses, to lead them like sheep to political or military shambles. More and more the world is being run around non-political conference tables and, as Walter Lippmann says in A Preface to Morals, by countless small decisions made daily by countless busy men, from Tokio to London.

One is likely to forget that not long ago another naval conference ended in complete disaster and mutual recrimination. The morning-coated gentlemen of London and Washington hissed instead of purring, the most inflammatory rumors were afloat, the newspapers of Great Britain and the United States carried editorials by no means friendly; meanwhile, John Smith, of Omaha, and James Smith, of Nottingham, went about their business not greatly perturbed. They were slightly depressed, perhaps, but that was all.

Mr. Stanley Baldwin, that excellent English gentleman, until recently British premier, and, wherever it touched neither his prejudices nor his nationalism, not such a bad friend of the United States, at the sixty-sixth annual dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund, held in London last winter, spoke the following amicable words:

"Then," said Mr. Baldwin, "if I must pass from the lighter note"—not such a startlingly lighter note, the rest of Mr. Baldwin's speech—"those of us who have a sense of responsibility know quite well that for good or ill we are, so long as we do our jobs, in a position to influence the country and to influence the world, and that will become more and more the case as the world gets closer together by flying, by broadcasting, and by the spread of education, and by a hundred other things. The responsibilities on us are very great.

"I remember shaking hands with about one hundred and fifty Americans from the Middle West in the cabinet room at Downing Street last summer, and I said to them—there were no reporters present, and my best speeches are made when there are no reporters present—I said to them: 'There is nothing wrong, nor ever will be wrong, between our two peoples. Their hearts are absolutely sound. There are only two causes that may cause trouble between America and England: one is the politicians and the other is the press.'

"It is quite true. That is why it behooves all of us to be careful in what we say and in what we write about foreign countries. At home it does not matter twopence, comparatively. We understand. But abroad it does matter, and very bitterly at times. Therefore, I welcome every opportunity that arises of international conferences of the press, of gatherings of journalists here from foreign countries, and of visits abroad by our journalists. I think that with journalists, as with politicians, it is a good thing we should see more of each other, and we should make personal friends, and that we should create that kind of atmosphere in our two great professions, if I may so call them, of politics and journalism, so that the bacillus of ill nature can never hope to live."

A most admirable, kind and wise speech, considering Mr. Baldwin's limitations—particularly the last line, "so that the bacillus of ill nature can never hope to live"—but a speech, due to Mr. Baldwin's limitations, plus the limitations of almost everyone who ventures to speak internationally, that is neither wide enough, deep enough, nor high enough. It is couched in what might be called the advanced language of thirty years ago, but the advanced language of thirty years ago is not the advanced language of today. It is remarkable chiefly for two things—first, that it was made by a British premier of Mr. Baldwin's political traditions and beliefs, and yet made so little stir on either side of the Atlantic; and second, that a British premier of Mr. Baldwin's political traditions and beliefs should have come to recognize so clearly the necessity between nations, as well as men, of mutual self-explanation. Not propaganda, but mutual self-explanation.

An Age of Explanation

Thirty years ago, had the leader of the Conservative Party in England made such a sensible and human speech concerning America, it would have been something to talk about; and until recently no conservative anywhere believed in his heart in mutual self-explanation. He believed, possibly, in propaganda for his own purposes, but not in mutual self-explanation. Mutual self-explanation, patiently undertaken again and again, is the heart of the democratic process. The heart of the aristocratic process has always been a proud reserve. If the other fellow didn't like it, he could go to the devil. The feudal baron didn't have to explain himself to anyone. He could be as dignified as he wished. But nowadays even the presidents of great railway systems have to explain themselves and their companies, and the more alert ones are doing it on the backs of menu cards. And nowadays even a Conservative British premier realizes that he has to explain both himself and his country. Explanation, one way or another, has become perhaps the most essential feature of the numerous changes that have occurred. It is no longer an implicit world. As a result, it has become, according to old standards, and will so remain until we learn how to use more discreetly our new freedom, a much more noisy and less-dignified world; but at the same time it has become a much more interesting and hopeful one.

Once you penetrate below the surface of Mr. Baldwin's speech, however, you find the usual number of discrepancies in detail and the usual number of international *clichés*. Only once does he touch fundamentals, and that is when he says that the world is getting closer together because of flying, broadcasting, the spread of education, and

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a hundred other things. It is by no means proved, for instance, that the mere meetings of persons of various nationalities, even when these persons represent such high-grade professions as that of journalism, automatically produce good will. The contrary is frequently the case, while as for politicians, it would be an excellent general rule to forbid them internationally to communicate directly at all. They should be forced to communicate and transact their international affairs entirely through non-political intermediaries; preferably intelligent business men. In all that class known as politicians—you can call some of them statesmen if you like—there resides little hope for international common sense—at least, little hope for permanent international common sense—no matter how many conferences they hold or how many dinners or soirées they give one another. There resides little more hope in the professional diplomat. That is why, for all its occasional errors and absurdities, its exposure to stupid political appointments, the American custom of choosing ambassadors and ministers from the ranks of the lay citizen is a good one. It possesses the same virtues as the jury system. Mr. Dawes, being much more of a banker than of a politician, is likely to make a good ambassador.

Merely as a theory, the ancient liberal theory that, all people being alike—having, that is to say, arms, legs, hearts, lungs, digestions, common aspirations, and so on—you have only to let them see one another in order to have them like one another, sounds reasonable; but in practice it isn't. The modern liberal perceives that it is necessary to go far beyond this point, and he needs no added proof beyond the increasing tourist travel of today, which, unless something is done about it, bids fair to become an increasing menace. Before the last war, thousands of German tourists, you will recollect, annually invaded France, and thousands of Germans and Frenchmen knew one another, but this did not prevent the last war. It is not enough that two men become acquainted; it is necessary, first, that they be in the state of mind to like or, at the worst, tolerate each other. The best-intentioned American journalist in the world, if he is a human being, can listen for twelve hours a day to amicable official speeches and then be put into a rage if the porter of the hotel where he is staying shows a trace of the insolence that is too often felt toward Americans.

You do not let a spider at a dinner table bite you simply because a spider at a dinner table is illogical and out of place.

Willing Listeners Needed

Mr. Baldwin spoke as a liberal-minded and intelligent Tory; it would not be possible for him to realize that because he is a Tory the tone of what he said and the implicit assumptions back of that tone actually no longer count in the modern world—that is, the world of advanced and liberal nations. Practically, such a tone and such assumptions may still count, because what the modern world is, is by no means clear as yet even to those who are aware of it, but, actually, the Tory point of view is no longer of moment, except to make temporary trouble. When the world realizes what has happened, as year by year it is realizing more fully, then even this capacity for making temporary trouble will be lost. Mr. Baldwin's speech, amiable as it was, and well-intentioned, is not a bad example of why, internationally, the world is still so insecure. Nationally, in their domestic structure, all the advanced and liberal nations have become democratic; internationally even the most advanced of them are still Tory.

Mr. Baldwin speaks from above down. He has the Tory faith in education superimposed by certain intelligent classes which deliberately leaven the mass of the population with their own intelligence. This, of course, is the ancient and still popular conception of education, and it has been tried again and again, and has always failed. In the face of the facts of physics and the tragic failure of most education up to date, it is curious that this particular delusion still exists. Water cannot rise above its own level; you cannot educate a man from above unless first you educate him from below to the point where he can understand and is willing to accept the point of view of his superiors. When he has reached that point, he becomes superior himself. And the only way you can educate a man from below is not directly, but by giving him the environment which will cause him to wish to be educated.

Some way or other, to official good will you will have to find a method of adding the good will of John Smith, of Omaha, and James Smith, of Nottingham. And some way or other, you will have to get John Smith and James Smith interested in each other and willing, at least, to listen to each other and tolerate each other. Sir Philip Gibbs' statement that, on the whole, John Smith and James Smith do not bother their heads much about each other while true enough, doesn't mean much. Permanent peace between men or nations was never kept by lack of interest or by ignorance.

Part of the Whole

It is this insistence of the professional diplomat, the international politician, the League of Nations expert, the well-intentioned Tory, upon thinking and talking down, their insistence that the illogicalities of human nature can be dealt with as if they were a body of laws, precedents and statistics, which still keep international thought as unrealistic, in the right sense of the word, as it is. And in this apparent illogicality the ordinary man is right, and justly feels himself to be right. Vaguely he is aware that at some point he is touching eternal verities. Amicable official speeches and meetings have never yet meant very much beyond a temporary official state of mind, but an insolent porter in a London or New York hotel—that is, a porter who is insolent merely because a stranger is American or British—shows, in contradiction to Mr. Baldwin's statement, that the hearts of large sections of the English and American nations are anything but sound toward each other. In this respect, English and American journalists, English and American writers, the press of the two countries, can indeed help, especially if they concentrate upon explaining English peculiarities to Americans and American peculiarities to the English, upon making clear English and American aspirations—on the whole, harmless and common ones—and if they dwell upon the necessity the English-speaking peoples have of standing together. Especially can they help if they point out again and again the truth that for the most part American, Canadian, English, Australian, and so on, differences are minor and surface differences, whereas the similarities of all these countries are for the most part fundamental and important.

But journalists and writers are human and the majority of them reflect the popular sentiments of their native lands, and moreover, the press, being an educative power, can go only so far. Besides, save for some great newspapers and journals, it, like the individual journalist or writer, is a weak reed upon which to lean. From above it is influenced by the government, or, in other words, the politician, and from below by the mass of its readers. It is only part of a whole of which the other part is John Smith, of Omaha, and James Smith, of Nottingham. It is a question of action and reaction, and in any final decision you cannot get away from John Smith and James Smith. Nor should you. That is where you should be, for it is with these up-to-the-present-little-considered persons that ultimate, unshakable peace and coöperation between Great Britain and the United States must finally rest. Until they are awakened and convinced, no peace is secure, no coöperation lasting. It is fortunate, as I have already pointed out, that John Smith and James Smith are caught in economic forces—forces of which only their leaders are aware as yet, and that only dimly—which bid fair to turn John Smith and James Smith into as sensible men internationally as they already are domestically and nationally.

Within the past twenty years John Smith and James Smith have come into a great possession; slowly at first, but since the war with increasing acceleration. They have come into possession of the civilized world. As yet they do not know their power, and it may be many years before they do, and in the interim they may continue to allow this class or that—the politician, the press, the Tory—to make fools of them as usual, but I doubt very much if that will happen on any large scale, for if John Smith and James Smith are not as yet aware of their power, their leaders, without knowing exactly why they have it, are, as I have said, steadily becoming more aware of that power.

Now, I do not want to draw any too roseate picture of business up to date. I recognize clearly that for the most part it has presented a fairly sorry spectacle, selfish and stupidly competitive. Nor have I any faith in the ability of mankind to lift itself by its own boot straps. The average man, however shrewd, when given the chance to make money at the cost of all other values—even his future safety—will immediately choose to make money. But curious things have been happening, and the average man, if given a chance, gladly prefers to make money safely, honestly and decently, rather than to the contrary; especially if by so doing he can make more money. His primary object is to make money, but his methods depend upon his environment. The environment of money making has within the past decade or so changed utterly. Instead of being the root of all evil, money may very possibly become the mainspring of the major portion of good. Money is only the root of all evil when one man has it and another hasn't it; when one man tries to take it away from another. If money becomes universal, it will cease to be an evil. Indeed, it will become more like an element, like air or water.

A Question of Survival

There is hardly a big business man today who does not know—at least, within his own nation—that the more money is distributed, by high wages and so on, the more wasteful competition is eliminated, the more prices are kept down and fine goods manufactured, the more selling is zoned, the better business will be. Business has become scientific, not only in its internal organization but in its external point of view. Medicine recognizes that so long as there is a plague spot in the world, plagues will continue; business recognizes that so long as pools of poverty exist, no success is secure. If the intelligent business man recognizes all this nationally, it is only a question of time before he begins to recognize it internationally; and when he does, the international consequences will be as profound as already they are beginning to be profound nationally within the borders of such advanced nations economically as Germany and the United States. It is not a question of altruism; it is a question, purely and simply, of survival.

This is the new idea that has come into business, and no one can predict where it will end. At all events, for the first time in history a class is now in the ascendancy whose methods are based on science, not emotion, and whose fundamental intention is peace, and whose future procedure must be peaceful, unless it exhibits an amazing stupidity and lack of appreciation of its own philosophy never before witnessed. All ascendant classes have, after a certain period of experiment, come to know pretty well what they were doing. Aristocracies made war and were trained to war, because by war alone they kept their ascendancies. Business must preach peace and general wealth, because by those two things alone

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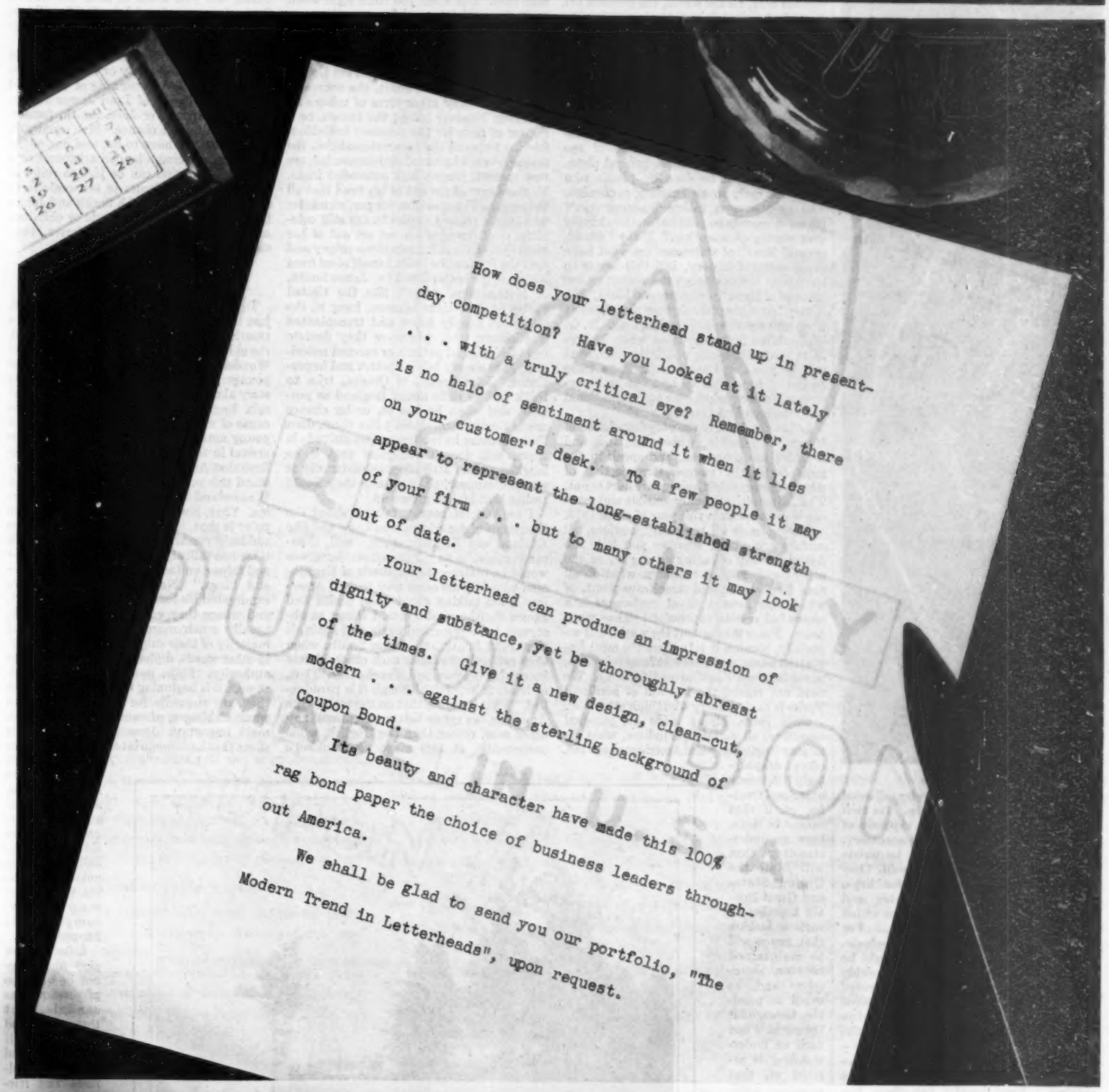
AMERICAN WRITING PAPER COMPANY INCORPORATED

HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS


How does your letterhead stand up in present-
day competition? Have you looked at it lately
. . . with a truly critical eye? Remember, there
is no halo of sentiment around it when it lies
on your customer's desk. To a few people it may
appear to represent the long-established strength
of your firm . . . but to many others it may look
out of date.
Your letterhead can produce an impression of
dignity and substance, yet be thoroughly abreast
of the times. Give it a new design, clean-cut,
modern . . . against the sterling background of
Coupon Bond.
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rag bond paper the choice of business leaders through-
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We shall be glad to send you our portfolio, "The
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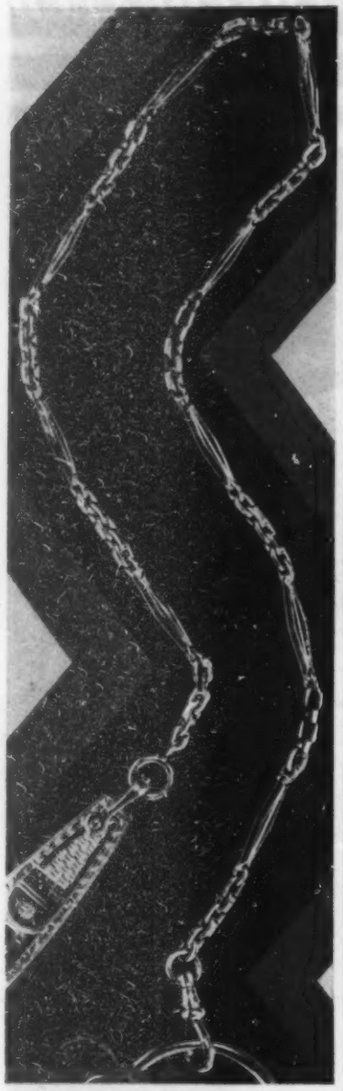
EAGLE·A·PAPERS

A WATCH-CHAIN *BELONGS* ACROSS YOUR VEST!



ONE of the few bits of jewelry allowed mere man is his watch-chain. Its rich gleam relieves the broadest expanse of vest. It is a smart and useful accessory. Many men who are wedded to wrist-watches, still wear a chain, as well. They find it a convenient guard for keys, knife, pocket-comb, cigar-cutter and other small but important articles which only clutter up trouser pockets. . . . For appearance's sake, wear a watch-chain. With or without a watch, it should be well designed, correctly styled, superbly wrought—a Simmons Chain. Illustrated is a new green and white gold-filled Waldemar (30932), priced at nine dollars and a half. It is only one of the many attractive Simmons patterns—some of which have been created especially for certain models of well-known watches. Your jeweler can show you a rich assortment. R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Mass.

SIMMONS
TRADE MARK
CHAINS

(Continued from Page 186)

can business maintain its position. Nor need the more sensitive-minded of the illuminati shrink from such a picture, nor those who believe that nations become soft unless they cherish a bellicose sense of honor. There are even more ardors and discipline in peace than in war, and if the illuminati will recall their history they will remember that it was in great and peaceful periods that, on the whole, the greatest art flourished. Certainly there is nothing inartistic or inglorious about the attempt, deliberate or otherwise, to remit to some extent the general suffering of mankind.

What Everybody Wants

Miss Rebecca West, in her collection of brilliant essays called This Strange Necessity, remarks that "the business of the statesman is to form sound, general ideas, and that cannot be done by people who specialize early in an exacting profession. The same reason makes business men's pronouncements on political matters hardly ever worthy of attention." If the "sound, general ideas" of statesmen are what have made most of history, and this seems to have been the case, then the sooner we are relieved of these "sound, general ideas," the better. As a general rule they are about as cruel and anachronistic as hawking. H. G. Wells shows far more vision when he predicts a world in which political government will be more and more reduced to mere bodies of functionaries and the real government will be taken over by international business men and experts.

Let us get down to the very foundation of things, if possible, where England and America are concerned, and speak in the most forthright manner, irrespective of whether somebody's feelings are hurt or not. That, after all, is the only sensible and modern way to speak in this year of grace 1929.

Laying aside all personal questions, all surface prejudices, whether you hate the American way of eating an egg or, on the other hand, English manners, what do all sane Englishmen and Americans want, of which this present naval conference is a somewhat remote expression? They want peace. Peace throughout the world, but especially, because it is to them the most important peace, and the most fatal if broken, peace between England and America. We need not regard the handful of maniacal Tories in each country who think otherwise.

Once more, laying aside all personal questions, all surface prejudices, what do all sane Englishmen and Americans hope for, often despairingly? A treaty or series of treaties, or, if that cannot be done, then, an understanding that will bind the United States and Great Britain together in such a fashion that peace will be maintained between themselves and, as much as possible, throughout the world. When such an understanding is arrived at, that otherwise insoluble question—the control of the seas and the freedom of the seas—will solve itself.

What, more than anything else, prevents these happy and sensible consummations? Happy, it goes without saying; sensible because, as a general rule, what the majority of sensible people want is not only sensible but also obtainable. Well, a great many human and easily understandable things, but, therefore, all the harder to combat. The more human a thing is and the more easily understandable, the more difficult it is to destroy.

We love to assign big motives and use big words. That is a general failing of the human race. But when you come right down to it, the wellsprings of human action are simple. Nations are no more than congeries of men, looking pompous and using big words; only we are just beginning to find that out. Between England and the United States, keeping them apart, the source of practically every other form of misunderstanding, however petty, the reason, as a matter of fact, for the constant individual friction between the two nationalities, the reason, even, why naval conferences fail, are two ancient, human and outmoded ideas. England cannot get out of her head that all the peoples who speak her tongue, no matter what their present status is, are still colonials; and America cannot get out of her head that she is still a rebellious colony and that the further she holds herself aloof from England, the better it will be. James Smith, of Nottingham, doesn't like the United States or Americans because, hang it, the latter are simply lesser and transplanted Englishmen who, whenever they deviate from the original pattern or succeed notoriously, are simply being upstart and impertinent. John Smith, of Omaha, tries to think just as little about England as possible, and when he has to, or by chance meets Englishmen, doesn't like them, darn them, because he recognizes this attitude in them, but doesn't recognize that if he laughed at the attitude good-naturedly it would disappear, since at once they would realize that he had grown up.

I am not, of course, talking about the thousands of Americans who know and like England and Englishmen, or—well, thousands might be an exaggeration; hundreds would be better—the hundreds of Englishmen who feel the same way toward America. I am talking about John Smith and James Smith; and the odd thing, as observers have remarked again and again, is that John Smith and James Smith, when they get really to know each other, almost invariably become fond of each other. That, at least, is hopeful, although it is paradoxical. What it says is that on the surface the American can get on better with almost any other race, rather than the English, while underneath, at this stage of mankind's development, the English are the only race he can possibly really understand. And the same is true of the Englishmen. It is, as a matter of fact, the old domestic problem that has troubled the world ever since the time of the old man of prehistory. But the modern father has learned to respect his son's individuality, and as a result the modern son has learned, for the first time, to respect intrinsically his father. If James Smith will just learn to take the United States for granted and John Smith will just learn that he cannot get on without England, a fair start will be made.

A large order? Yes, but not so large as it would have been twenty or even ten years ago. So long as the running of the world was in the hands of Lord James Smith, landed aristocrat, or John Smith, farmer, there wasn't much chance. Men usually do only what they have to do, and one of the privileges of being a landed aristocrat or a farmer is that you can be just as rude, as oblivious of large issues or economic force as you want. But if John Smith and James Smith, business men, are rude or oblivious of large issues or economic forces, they starve to death.

Cabbages and Kings

In that moving war play, Journey's End, just before two British officers go out on a trench raid in which one of them is killed, the older, a charming fellow, quotes Alice in Wonderland to steady the nerves of the younger. Incidentally, there is an amusing story about this and one indicative of a certain English state of mind which is the cause of much trouble with America. The young author of Journey's End, upon his arrival in the United States, could not believe that American audiences could understand this scene, since, obviously, Alice in Wonderland must be unknown in America. That, however, is not the point. The point is that, if you remember, the Walrus suddenly remarks to the Carpenter that it is time to talk of many things: "Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—of cabbages—and kings." Nowadays he could have expurgated his list. Kings no longer count, and where they exist, are charming folk, usually much more democratic than the majority of their subjects. Sealing wax, or, in other words, diplomacy, is also losing its authority. Ships are still important, although it is beginning to be recognized that they are elements for peace rather than war. Cabbages, of course, will always remain important domestically. But it is shoes that have come into their own. When the inhabitant of China wears American shoes, and the inhabitant of the Argentine wears English shoes, and the inhabitant of Scandinavia wears German shoes, something is happening.

I, for one, am glad. Shoes may not be quite so picturesque as sandals, but they are good things and, if well made, tend to prevent calluses and friction and corns, domestic or international. Up to the present the cause of most wars has been economics; it is possible to hope that from now on the basis of peace will be equally economic.

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YOUR LIVING ROOM is the heart of your home. There your family gathers for rest and recreation. There you entertain your friends. And it is through this room,—the "show" room of your home,—that people obtain their first impression of your social standing, your hospitality.

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This Kroehler Label *identifies the genuine*

WOMEN ASK "who is that man?"

AND MEN SAY "I'd like to meet him"

"WHO'S that man in the gray suit? If he isn't a visiting millionaire, I never saw one."

"That's Harold Jennings, Sue. He's not a millionaire at all. He's a local boy whom few of us knew. Surely you've heard of him. He rose from shipping clerk to assistant manager of Williamson's factory in two years, or something like that—didn't he, Harry?" asked Mrs. Roberts, turning to her husband.

"That's about it. He's making $100 a week now instead of the $100 a month he made then. Must be, to dress like that. Looks prosperous. I'd like to meet him. He'll be a power in this community some day."

"I'd like to meet him, too," put in Wilkins, from his place down the table. "When I was at the Williamson plant the other day, the Old Man told me the story of Jennings' rise. He was with the company four years before anybody paid any attention to him. Just another employe. Punched the clock, wrapped packages, and drew his pay.

"But he had some good ideas, and he got along pretty well with everybody. Then, about two years ago he began to spruce up a bit. Before long, the Old Man began to notice that his shipping clerk looked better than a lot of his salesmen. Always had a fresh shine and kept his suits pressed.

"One day the Buffalo salesman was sick, and somebody had to make a call at Jamestown. Just an order-taking call, I suppose, so Williamson sent Jennings. Jennings made a hit with the customer and in a couple of weeks he had another chance to substitute for a salesman. Soon he was in the sales department.

"Since then he's had a chance to use some of his ideas, and because he gets along well with everybody, and makes a splendid impression, he's going ahead fast."

This story, told over a Country Club dinner table, is one of hundreds that might be reported. All show that three factors determine success—ability, getting along with people, appearance. While ability and personality are most important, the right appearance often *speeds* success.

If you want your appearance to help you succeed *quickly*, have your clothing pressed regularly. Inspect each suit when it comes back from the presser. You'll know it has been pressed the Valetor Way if the answer to these 12 questions is "YES."

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7. Are the sleeves free from wrinkles, with or without crease, as the wearer desires?
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9. Is bagginess at the knees removed; does a firm sharp crease run the length of the trouser-leg from mid-pocket to cuff?
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12. Is the cloth soft and lustrous; the nap raised?

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ELSIE AND JANE

(Continued from Page 7)

by a margin, they had Vida and Gil running all over the court, Vida losing control and temper, Gil slamming away doggedly without hope. After the third straight set Vida threw down her racket. She hated a beating.

"You're too good for us," she said, "and I'm simply all in. Let's stop for tea."

"You were splendid, partner," said Falette to Elsie. "I've never played with any girl half so good."

"We did pretty well," admitted Elsie, "but it was you, most of it."

"It wasn't at all; it was all you."

"Oh, be yourselves!" admonished Gil. "Why all the politeness? You were both good."

"I was off my game," said Vida, still ruffled by defeat.

"Be yourself, angel. You know you did your damnedest, but these two were just a little damneder. They are better men than we are, Gunga Din!"

"And after that we will have tea, toast, marmalade, and a bit of plum cake, if there's any lurking about, to remind Mr. Falette of deah old England, what, what?" said Elsie. "And while we lap it up we'll decide what to do with him tonight. You busy, Gil?"

"Going up to town on the late train."

"Any dinner date?"

"Nary."

"How about you, Vida?"

"I'm a suffering Armenian. I've got to go to Mrs. Twitchell's string quartet, preceded by dinner."

"How did you get roped into that?"

"She asked me into my deaf ear and I didn't know what she was saying, so I answered yes."

"She must have! Then I think Gil can take Mr. Falette and me to dinner at the Meadow Club—no, I'll take both you lads home with me for dinner and scout around for some more people. Maybe we can go to the movies afterward, and there'll be dancing here, of course, and then this is the night when the Wylliamses keep open house ——"

"And how open!" said Vida, brightening. "After the musicale I might leak in there."

"Then we're all set. Suit you, stranger?" Elsie turned to Falette.

"It's extraordinarily good of you. It sounds perfect to me."

"Lots of things sound perfect that turn out to be duds," warned Gil. "The Wylliamses' nights have been known to be pretty awful."

"But listen," Vida asked, "what's Jane doing?"

"I d'know; Jane and I run our own books." Elsie tried to make it sound easy. "She may be home to dinner, or she may not."

She was sure Vida's expression was faintly amused, faintly malicious. Naturally Vida would be glad to pin something on Jane, because Jane had once taken away a heavy suitor of Vida's—not actually gone out after him, but he'd seen Jane and forgotten Vida. They all did it—they all fell for Jane, except Gil Rodd and one or two more—but they were old friends. But Vida had better not say anything about Jane, or Elsie would score her off, right here and now. She knew things about Vida!

Apparently Vida felt that silence was the better part, and Elsie forgot her as the party broke up. She had another good idea. She wasn't going to phone around for any more people; they'd have dinner—she and Gil and Falette—and after dinner Gil would have to go off, and then she'd have a chance to talk to Falette. She wanted to talk to him; she wanted it terribly. And she wanted him all to herself. This was a chance without looking grabby.

She worked it neatly, and hadn't the slightest compunction in telling Gil and Falette, when they appeared at eight, that she'd nearly worn out the phone and everyone who was possible was all dated up. She had even deceived Jane, who was still in bed. Elsie had told Jane nothing about Gil having to go off after dinner; she let Jane think that the three of them were to have the whole evening together. Nor did she say much about Falette. "He's not so bad for an Englishman. Mrs. Parsons is wild because she's got to take care of him while Louise is sick; it cuts into her bridge."

"She needn't have wished him on you," said Jane pallidly. Jane had other things on her mind besides visiting Englishmen. Just when Elsie was ready to go down, she called her.

"Look here," she said, "I've simply got to have a pick-me-up. I can't go on like this."

Elsie eyed her stonily. "Try aromatic spirits of ammonia."

"I've taken a lot already. Elsie, be a lamb and get me a shot of father's brandy. Jacks'll give it to you."

"I won't do it, Jane. You lay off that stuff."

"I'm taking it for medicine, you idiot. It's the only thing that'll bring me back to normal again. I could eat some dinner if I had a little brandy first. Good heavens, don't look at me as if I was reeling to a drunkard's grave! I haven't got a drop of my own left or I'd not ask you."

"Jane, you know what father said about buying liquor. Your allowance'll be stopped if he finds it out."

"He won't find it out, and I only buy a tiny bit at the longest intervals. And if he stops my allowance my credit's good, thank heaven. Now, are you going to get me that brandy?"

"No, I'm not."

"Very well, I'll have Lena get it from Jacks."

"I'll tell Jacks not to give it to you. You've got to pull up. Last night ——" Elsie stopped and bit her lips. "Oh, Jane, it's so silly. Why do you do it!"

Jane giggled. "It gives me a frightful kick, that's why. It changes everything, it even makes the worst bores sound funny and clever! I get awfully clever myself—maybe you didn't notice it. And everything's 100 per cent gayer and jollier."

Elsie turned with decision. "Well, I'm not going to get any more brandy for you and I shall speak to Jacks. Take some spirits of ammonia and you'll be all right."

Jane's mocking voice followed her: "That's an idea. It's mostly alcohol, you know."

But Elsie was gone. Downstairs she told Jacks that no liquor was to be served to Miss Jane, by the doctor's orders, and she felt contemptible while she did it. To be obliged to warn the servants was sickening—all the same, Jane mustn't have any brandy. Then she forgot Jane, forgot the servants, forgot everything except that Robert Falette was walking in at the door and holding out his hand to her. Unfortunately, Gil Rodd was only a half minute behind him.

They had a perfect dinner, the three of them alone. Paul Klaife's secretary had telephoned—"Mr. Klaife has been detained in town"—and though Elsie pretended to be sorry, because of the letter to Uncle Dave, she was glad to be relieved of the small, pompous presence of her father. She was more glad when dinner was over and Gil was obliged to go. They were having coffee out in the blue dusk of the veranda, and the hot dry perfume of old Jonathan Klaife's box hedges lay about them like a magic.

"Must we go on to this party you spoke about?" asked Falette. "It's so pleasant here. This house reminds me of home, somehow."

"I'd love to stay here, if you really want to. Tell me some things about your home. You said it had ivy all over the front and all your great-grandpapas' portraits hang in the great hall. My great-grandfather's portrait hangs in the hall here too. His name was Jonathan. This was his house."

"We have a Jonathan, too, among the Falettes; though it isn't one of our own family names. You'd like our old house, it's full of left-overs from every generation. The gardens run on into the orchards and the orchards into the woods." He went on with his description, and again she noticed the pride in his voice, and with it wistfulness, as if he were homesick.

"He's crazy about his home and his people," she thought. "He's just mad about them. They must be darling!"

In response she told him more about Great-grandfather Jonathan and his wife, and at last quoted his eulogy. Falette listened closely. "That's very fine," he said. "It doesn't sound like a conventional tribute, but like a friend telling of a man as he believed him."

Elsie glowed. No one had ever before taken the slightest interest in old Jonathan; even her father cared nothing about him. It was wonderful to have someone to talk to of things she had kept shut away and hidden. The night, coming down in starred clarity, was friendly to confidences. Within the house there were lights; they could, if they turned their heads, see servants coming and going, yet they were isolated, aloof. Far off was the constant murmur of the sea, an obbligato for their duet.

They found endless subjects, and he told her more about his work and what he hoped to do.

"I wish I had a job," she said enviously. "My sister says everything's a bore, and she's very nearly right."

"Your sister must be very blasé."

"No, she just likes things going on." She tried to think anxiously of Jane, but it was no use, she couldn't bother now. "And so do I. Sometimes I feel I'd like to have to earn my own living, only I couldn't do anything that would pay for my slippers. Two girls I know opened a shop in town last winter and asked me to go in with them, but father raved. And it wasn't serious; they only played at it. To be any good, a thing's got to be real, don't you think?"

"I know it." He stopped for a moment and then went on: "It may be naïve and old-fashioned of me, but I can't help thinking that the only realities are the things people laugh at now—honor, and truth, and loyalty, and bravery."

"I don't laugh at those things," said Elsie; "I try to live by them—but it's a long reach sometimes."

Now they sat silent and embarrassed, as Anglo-Saxons do when they have revealed their hearts in words. Falette recovered himself first. "You're the most extraordinary person. I don't believe I ever talked like this but once in my life before, and then it was with my mother, and she was telling me"—his voice dropped—"she was telling me what sort of girl she hoped I'd marry. I'd been dangling about after a girl in the village; she wasn't a bad sort, you know, but she wasn't—well, mother and I had a talk, and I didn't go down to see Bess again."

"Was it very hard? Were you awfully in love with her?" Elsie clenched her hands, waiting for the answer.

Falette laughed. "I wasn't in love at all. I was a soppy kid with nothing to do that summer, and Bess had yellow hair and pink cheeks and liked to flirt. She married the local vet the next year, and now she's very stout and has three tow-headed infants."

Elsie unclenched her hands and breathed again. Glorious to think that he hadn't been in love, and that the girl was married! She wanted to laugh with sheer relief.

A clock within softly struck twelve. Falette fairly jumped. "It's late," he said—"later than I had the least idea. I must go, I suppose. But what about tomorrow? I'll surely see you, won't I?"

(Continued on Page 193)

Unspoken Compliments....

The "spoken compliment" is for the ladies! What is there then about a man's evening attire that makes for "unspoken approval"? The cut of his clothes? The way he wears them? Yes—and No! That much can be said about most men. It's the little things that make the good impression!

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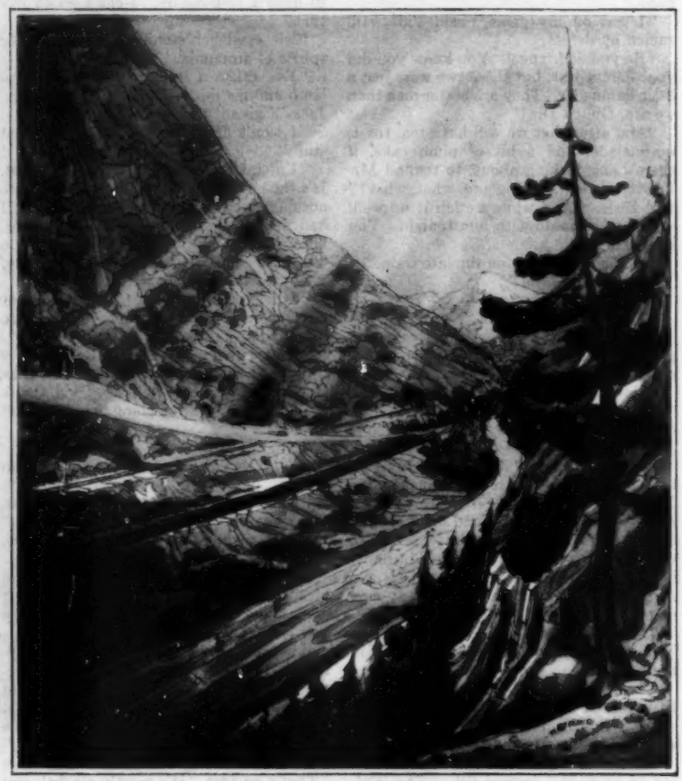

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Pacific Coast Limited — Observation car service, standard sleeping cars; chair car. Lv. St. Louis 2:00 P. M. Kansas City 10:00 P. M.

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THE OVERLAND ROUTE

(Continued from Page 191)

"I'll be on the beach about noon—everyone is. And if Mrs. Parsons hasn't arranged the day for you, we'll fix up something—luncheon, and maybe more tennis and a party somewhere."

"But you won't desert me, will you? You've been so awf'ly kind today, and I've liked it so."

"I'll take care of you," she mocked him gently; "I'll be your guide, mentor and friend."

"You're my friend now, to have listened to all my talk about home."

She went slowly upstairs after he had gone. She'd heard the girls she knew tell about falling in love—how quick, how complete it could be—and she'd never believed them. Now she knew it was true.

"I'm in love with him," she thought, "and I don't dare call him by his first name. But what odds is that? I'm in love with him. And I believe, I'm almost sure, that he's starting to be in love with me."

Through the half-opened door she heard the purring of Jane's muffled telephone. It went on and on. Elsie looked in and saw that Jane was in deep sleep. She picked up the phone.

"Who is it?" she whispered.

"Hello, Jane; it's Eddy. Did you get the brandy I sent over?"

"You rotten little rat!" cried Elsie aloud, forgetting caution. "I'd like to break your neck, and believe me I'll do it tomorrow." She slammed down the phone and bent to Jane, who slept on undisturbed—Elsie could catch the reek of brandy on her breath. She snapped on the light—yes, there was the bottle, open, a generous quarter of its contents gone. Elsie knew exactly what had happened. Jane had telephoned to Eddy, and Eddy had been delighted to oblige.

"It's no use," said Elsie hopelessly. She put out the light and took the bottle into her own room and locked it up. She wanted to cry with anger. "Somebody ought to kill Eddy Lawrence," she thought furiously. "He's a rat, that's what he is—nothing but a rat."

But after she had gone to bed she forgot Eddy Lawrence and Jane. The enchantment of the night came back. Robert Falette—a nice name, a different name. Did his mother and brothers and sisters call him Bobby, she wondered. How sweet it was, the way he'd spoken of his people; he loved them, he was proud of them, and they were worth his love and pride. Good people of a clear unsullied line.

"Oh, well, I've got Jonathan and Amanda," thought Elsie drowsily. "They're a match for lots of Falettes." And she was asleep. She woke in the late morning as Mary opened her shutters, and instantly remembered everything in a grand jumble. The most important item was that she had fallen in love! There was something to match the sunlight and the racing clouds. And right away, before her bath, before her coffee, she must call up Mrs. Parsons and get Falette away from her for another day. She must use finesse, subtlety, and she must be very artful.

She found she needn't exert herself, for Mrs. Parsons grasped at the chance:

"Elsie my dearest girl you are simply angelic to take all this trouble Louise is still swelled up like a Zeppelin and my dear the itching is now driving her almost insane so if you'll take charge of the young man I'll send him down to the beach and give him one of the cars and the second chauffeur for himself so he can do as he pleases I thought I might have a little dinner for him on Friday will you come and how about Jane?"

"I'll come, and I'll let you know about Jane. Please tell Mr. Falette to wait for me by the pool at the Beach Club, and I'll see to everything. There's heaps of things going on today."

So that was that. And now for Jane! But as she put down the phone and prepared to invade her sister's room, Jane appeared, coffee cup in hand, looking a bit pale and puffy, but otherwise all right.

"Hello, you! Did you take my brandy?"

"Yes, I did. I couldn't leave it there for Lena to see, could I?"

"No, that was all right. What's on for today?"

"I'm going down to the Beach Club at noon."

"How was the Parsons' luncheon?"

"Not so bad. Heaps of people."

Jane yawned and flung herself down on Elsie's bed. "Oh, Lord, how dull it is! Bathing and talk, and lunching and talk, and tennis and golf and tea and talk, and dinner and talk, and dancing and talk. I'm sick to death of it. I wish we'd gone to Deauville. I'm never coming to Southampton again. I hate everybody down here. Too stupid! I wish something exciting would happen. I wish I could go on the stage—but that's such hard work. I wish I'd fall in love. I wish I had some new clothes or jewelry. And I do wish you wouldn't look as though you were enjoying yourself."

Elsie burst out laughing. For a wild moment she meditated telling Jane that she herself had fallen in love, but it was too soon.

"Don't talk like a simp," she said. "You're not B. Lillie singing World Weary exactly."

"I wish I were. I wish I had what the uplifters call a zest for life. I'm just a poor little rich girl and nobody loves me."

"You're a poor little simp!" Elsie was dressed now, and standing before her mirror, rubbed in her lip rouge with a careful finger. "I bawled out Eddy Lawrence for sending you that stuff, Jane, and if I see him this morning I'm going to tell him some more."

"Don't pick on Eddy; it was all your own fault for being so snooty about Jacks."

"But, Jane, you mustn't, really. It's no good."

"What's the matter with you; I don't like your line."

"Jane, I'd do anything for you, you know you're so dear to me, and I can't bear to have you wasted."

Jane spun a big pink pearl ring round a slender finger, and would not look at her sister. "Oo-la-la! You're a quaint piece, all full of sentiment; but I must run my own show, darling." She rose slowly to go back to her own room. "I suppose I've got to get dressed and go out and hunt up some amusement in this dull hole."

But as she passed Elsie, troubled and helpless, she gave her a quick, hard hug. That comforted Elsie a little; she went out feeling better. Jane was all right, Jane was a good egg, it was all Eddy Lawrence's fault. She didn't see why Jane fooled around with Eddy Lawrence; he was such a worthless hound. What if he had inherited a pile of money—that didn't excuse him always loafing and getting up wild parties and trying to make everybody drink too much. Old Jonathan Klaife, had he been alive, would have dealt with Eddy Lawrence, but it wasn't any use telling her father; his idea of discipline was to rant, and after he'd made them feel like worms, to cut off their allowances. Jane's allowance had been stopped twice in the past six months. This was hard on Elsie, because she had to share hers with Jane, and Jane was extravagant. She couldn't see anything without buying it.

As she neared the Beach Club Elsie again forgot Jane. She wondered if she looked excited. If Falette knew how every drop of her blood was racing and racing, and how she wanted to dance and shout and sing, he'd think her an idiot. She must be careful. She swung out of her car and up the stairs to the pool with exaggerated nonchalance, and let him see her first.

"Oh, there you are," she said casually, as he came up. "How's everything?" But she couldn't keep from smiling at him a little of her thrill. He, too, was smiling; he was glad to see her, no fooling. Easily, naturally, they began where they had left off last night; their liking and understanding had not sagged, had not suffered any of the checks or retrogressions which sudden

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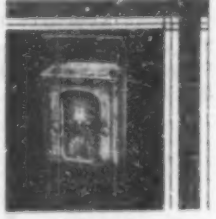

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FRIENDLY TO THE FEET

friendships often do suffer in the shortest of absences.

This sense of suitability, of established relation, continued with the hour. They went down presently to the ocean and swam companionably together in the water, which for once was smooth and kind, and lacking in its usual insidious underpull. They walked on the sand, baked in the sun, but always their heads were together and their talk went on interminably. Various people spoke to them. Vida hailed them from under a scalloped umbrella, and they stopped with her for a few minutes and then went on.

Elsie saw Eddy Lawrence and wondered vaguely what it was she wanted to pounce on him for, and then, remembering, would not speak to him. Naturally, she couldn't say a word before Falette. And nothing seemed to matter much when he proposed that they take the car Mrs. Parsons had turned over to him and go off and have luncheon together.

"Isn't there an inn somewhere in the country?" he asked.

"I ought to take you about and have you meet people," protested Elsie, without conviction.

"I met so many yesterday. This would be much nicer," he begged.

"He does like me—he does like me!" she exulted secretly. Then, aloud: "It would be fun. And we can come back and have some more tennis, if you want. It's a pity Gil's gone to town; there's no one else who's much good in doubles."

"I'd like to play you singles," said Falette eagerly. "I was wishing that yesterday. I wondered if you could beat me. I never played with a girl who could beat me."

"I don't know if I can beat you, but I'll give you a battle."

So they were to have another day together. Elsie promised herself half-heartedly, when they got back in the afternoon, that she really would call up three or four people for dinner at the club—not at home because her father would be there and he was such a blight.

"Let's send Mrs. Parsons' car home and use my roadster," she suggested as they came out. "She might need her chauffeur."

Presently they were tootling away over the flat roads, the old shabby farms alternating with the great new replicas of French châteaux, English Georgian mansions, or Spanish *casas*, with their much-landscaped surroundings and their meager landholdings. Now and then they had glimpses of the sea's blue sheen to remind them that they were on an island. They talked of everything under the sun, but mostly of themselves, and it gave Elsie a keen, sharp delight to tell Falette things she had kept secret all her life. Only about her family was she silent; she could not speak to him of the mother who had been too busy with frocks and lovers to notice her children, or of the father who had been too busy with business and golf to notice either his wife or his children, or of the sister whom she loved so devotedly and who cost her such anxiety. Falette, though, was still garrulous of his people; he had endless stories about them. It made Elsie feel lonely and wistful to hear him. And when he said, "I'd like awfully to have you meet them," she answered with fervor that she'd like it awfully too.

They were both starving before they found a place to lunch, but at last they ran across a little tea room painted blue and white, with the absurd name of Comealong Inn. Here a stout blue-ginghamed woman gave them old-fashioned vegetable soup, full of corn and lima beans and cabbage and onions and dumplings, then cold ham and chutney and blueberry muffins, and for dessert large sections of peach pie and enormous cups of coffee.

"We don't get many customers away off here," she told them, "so I cook things that won't be spoilt by keeping till the next day. Veg'table soup hottens up good s'long's there's a drop of it left in the pot, y'know."

"It's all perfectly grand," Elsie assured her. But she would have eaten anything and found it ambrosia today.

They drove back in the afternoon, too late for tennis. "But that will keep till tomorrow," said Falette, "if you still dare to play me."

"You're simply trying to get out of it yourself. You know I'll beat you."

"That's American brag," he teased her. "And that's British swank."

They were still ragging when they got into town. "We'll stop by my house, and you can have a cup of tea," she said. "I suppose you're dying for your tea, you had so little lunch. And I'll call up Mrs. Parsons—I seem to be doing it all the time—and find out if she wants you for anything tonight, and if she doesn't, we'll get a few good scouts together for dinner somewhere. My father may be at home; you could talk to him about Uncle Dave's plant."

"I'd forgotten about work," said Falette slowly. "This has been a good day, a day to remember. I hope you've liked it too."

"Yes, I've liked it," said Elsie; "I've liked it very much." She had liked it so much she didn't dare look at him while she spoke; she was afraid to admit to herself how much she had liked it.

"We'll have tea in the garden," she went on in a loud, cheerful voice, "just to prove to you that we can do it in America."

They went in, and Elsie looked at the list of phone calls and messages on the hall table. She told Jacks to send tea out to the garden by the fountain.

"I'll be there shortly," she said to Falette; "as soon as I'm through with Mrs. Parsons, and so forth."

As she passed the morning room she saw her father in a welter of afternoon papers.

"Hello, darling!" she called. "Welcome home. There's a young Englishman in the garden waiting for tea; you might go and talk to him. He wants to get acquainted with Uncle Dave. He's staying with the Parsons. The name's Falette."

Paul Klaife pushed aside his papers. "I don't like this dark sunburn you're getting, Elsie; you look almost African."

She never argued with her father. "It'll all fade out this winter," she said sweetly as she vanished toward the downstairs phone.

When she was through with Mrs. Parsons she called up Jim Hooker and the young Crastons and Sallie Fulton and Vida and Arthur Haynes; some of them she had to trace from house to house until she found them. But at last she'd rounded up a party of eight and made her reservation at the club. The telephone room was hot and close, so she went upstairs to wash her face and get some powder. She told Mary she'd wear a white dress for dinner, because she liked the contrast with her brown arms and neck. Downstairs she went again, and out to the garden, where the fountain tirelessly flung a sparkling thread in the air and caught it back, and a pair of agreeable apple trees sieved the late sunshine through their branches to make a modernistic pattern on the grass. Zinnias, marigolds, yellow lilies, heliotrope, verbena and pied petunias rioted in the borders. Jacks, with that supreme butlerish air which ennobles any menial task, was laying the tea table, and Falette and Paul Klaife were deep at ease in cushioned wicker and conversation and cigarettes.

"Don't get up," Elsie said, and attacked the tea urn. She was just giving a cup to Falette when she saw his eyes dilate and stare past her toward the house; his outstretched hand was motionless. Elsie followed his gaze and beheld Jane, in palest pink organdie and wide hat with a blue ribbon, coming out to them, looking the loveliest Lady Hamilton in the gallery. Her shadow, black, elongated, witchlike, ran before her and fell like a portent on Elsie as she reached them.

"My other daughter," said Paul Klaife. "Jane, this is Mr. Falette."

Jane put out a slim hand and smiled, and Robert Falette took it with sudden clumsiness, standing awkward, confused. Only his eyes spoke—admiration, amazement, excitement. Elsie was still holding the tea; he had forgotten it.

They sat down again, but everything was changed. Jane's presence was a powerful chemical reacting on them all. Falette kept looking at her and looking at her, and though Paul Klaife went on speaking, his hearer answered at random. Elsie shivered with a thrust of fear. She was conscious of her rumpled short dress, her blown hair, against Jane's delicate perfection, but she did not mind that; it was not really disconcerting. No, that didn't matter. But the sensitive prescience a woman much in love always possesses told her bluntly, bleakly, "He's going to fall for Jane. He's forgotten you already!" and her heart cried out piteously, "I can't bear it!"

"Tea, Jane?" she asked at last. She had to say something to be sure that she was still alive.

"No tea, thanks," said Jane. "I've had some." She made innocent, round eyes at Elsie—they meant, Elsie knew, "I've had a couple of cocktails. Keep your old tea." And then she turned her best smile to Falette—that faint upcurving of the lips, that soft drooping of her lashes which gave to her face an odd, sly gayety. When Jane smiled that smile it meant trouble. Elsie's spirits, already down, sank still farther. The balloon which had floated her so high flashed into a thousand atoms, past repair. She felt sick and tired and very cold. But she was still game.

"I've dug up a party for dinner at the club tonight, Jane," she said. "D'you want to come or are you all dated up?"

"I've a sort of date with Eddy Lawrence. I'll bring him."

"I wish you'd get someone else."

"No, I'll bring Eddy."

Elsie jerked her head. After all, what difference did it make who Jane brought? "Very well, but it's not his sort of crowd."

Paul Klaife wanted to go back to his papers. "Of course you must see the Graneger plant," he told Falette. "I'll have my secretary arrange it. Any time next week? . . . Good."

"I'll phone to the club for two more places," said Elsie. She must get away from the sight of Falette leaning to Jane and looking at her still with that stunned surprise. It was unendurable.

"Dinner's at half-past eight," she reminded him conscientiously as she went.

She went up to her room to be alone. Mary had laid out the white dress on the bed; it looked like the ghost of her hopes. She wanted to laugh at it, and at herself; only if she began to laugh, she knew she would cry.

"I've got to reason about this thing," she said to herself. "I've got to think about it, and think straight. Jane doesn't know how I feel; she doesn't even suspect, and, thank God, neither does he."

She couldn't sit still, she walked up and down, still talking, trying to be calm. "I shouldn't have been such an idiot as to fall for him without the least bit of encouragement. I've got myself to blame for this mess, and nobody else. I went soppy over him. I don't know why, either. I've never bothered two snaps for any man before; I've never cared whether they came or went, or what they did, or how they did it. I've never wanted to be with any man before. Oh, how it hurts! Jane doesn't want him, really; he's only something new! And it mayn't last, his being crazy about her! But I've got to sit by and never quiver, whether it lasts or not."

She didn't know whether to go back to the garden and see them together, or whether to wait until Jane came in. At last she decided to wait. She made herself telephone; she sat down at her desk and wrote notes and some checks that should have been sent long before. Everything went wrong—her spelling, her words; she couldn't fill in the checks properly. But she stuck to her self-made tasks doggedly until they were done, and done right. All

(Continued on Page 196)

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the time she was tormented by thinking of Jane with Robert Falette. Jane could be devastating when she chose; and Elsie knew that when she saw a new man she usually chose.

"But that's all right," she reminded herself grimly; "Jane's got a perfect right to be a riot with anybody who comes along. She can't, in a way, help it, she's so lovely, and she's not exactly got It, she is It! I wonder—I wonder if I'm making a big fuss over nothing at all; I wonder if I'm simply being a fool all over again, only in a different way. I wish to heaven I could think so."

She heard Jane come into her room and speak to her maid. "Hoo-oo," she called, "Jane ——"

Jane came in, yellow feathers simply dripping from her mouth. "Elsie, you've saved my life! He's a sweetie, he's a lamb! And maybe he didn't click with your little sister! Why didn't you tell me he was such an angel child—but of course you didn't notice it. You find these extraordinary men and all you do is look them over and sniff. Isn't it too delicious that Louise Parsons got poison ivy? Isn't it too grand? For if she was all well and underfoot I'd have to annoy her by stealing her young man, and as it is, I'm merely the kind friend being agreeable to the forlorn visitor. I was so bored, Elsie—I was so bored till now! I was so utterly and completely fed up with everything and everybody in this place, I thought I'd perish. And now little Jane's found a playmate. I do think that when an Englishman is nice he's a darling, don't you?"

"You talk as much as Mrs. Parsons," said Elsie. She couldn't think of anything else to say.

"Don't be a pussycat. You don't want him yourself, so you mustn't begrudge him to me. I'm going to wear my rose chiffon for tonight. What are you going to wear—that white?"

"No, Mary put it out by mistake. I'm going to wear my old black tulle." She couldn't bear to look at that white dress now.

"Wear the white, it's so becoming."

"I don't feel like it."

"What's the matter?" Jane was sweetly solicitous. "Ol' headache?"

"Like the devil." She had a good idea. "I've a great mind not to go to dinner tonight. You can take it over."

"Bad as that? That's a shame. I hate to have you not go when you've arranged it and asked everybody."

There was no good being a coward. "I'll be all right to go," Elsie promised.

"I'll bring you my tablets. They'll fix you up."

Elsie had to take a tablet and lie down. She could hear Jane humming I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby, and she stopped her ears to shut it out.

"You've got to go through with this," she whispered. "You've got to seem as if nothing had happened. Brace up, Elsie. Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love. Remember that you may be all over it by another week, and wonder why you ever carried on like this." One part of her kept saying this, but another was as insistent with "You do love him. You love him; you can't help it, you'll always love him; he'll always mean something more to you, something different than any other man."

The dinner party was a sustained ordeal; the hour of the afternoon all over again, only more so.

Falette sat beside Jane, he talked to her, he saw no one else. Everyone noticed, but no one was surprised. They had seen Jane's effect before.

Vida whispered across to Elsie, "Jane's the slickest I ever beheld; they fall in rows. But she's being unusually nice to him. Look at Eddy Lawrence biting his nails!"

"He can bite his nails off and not bother me!" said Elsie. "I'd give him an encore on it. He's a snake."

"Why did you ask him?"

"I didn't. Jane did."

"I suppose she wanted an appreciative audience for what she's doing to the Englishman. Everybody knows how Eddy feels about Jane. It's just like Gil feels about you."

Something cleared and changed in Elsie's vision; she saw them all at odds with reality, all pretending not to care. Vida wanted Gil, and Gil didn't want Vida, but Elsie; and Elsie didn't want him, but Falette. Eddy Lawrence wanted Jane, and Jane wanted nobody.

"It's a sort of miserable merry-go-round," thought Elsie. "It's all twisted. If only the people we cared for cared for us all back again!" She felt a new pity and understanding for Vida, for Gil, and even for Eddy Lawrence, for they all went on pretending that they weren't unhappy or disappointed or hurt. And now she must join them. She hoped with all her soul that she would not be as obvious as they.

She wondered if it was the same with the older generation—whether this same sharp unappeasable longing had been the force behind her mother's leaving her children and her husband to follow Philip Brooker. "Oh, what's the use of it?" she thought rebelliously. "Why can't our lives go on evenly and happily, why can't we have what we want when it's so sweet, and there's no reason against it except some queer kink in our hearts? It seems so unnecessary, wished on us against our wills, like when we wake up in the morning with a horrible headache and haven't done a thing to cause it." A headache! That made her remember Jane yesterday; it was yesterday and not years ago, as it seemed. Jane had taken only one cocktail tonight; she's waved away the second and the third that Eddy had brought round to her. Eddy'd drunk them up himself, he was stiff and glassy-eyed, but still perfectly articulate when he wanted to talk. For the most part he said little, merely watched Jane radiantly smiling at Falette, and Falette plainly growing more infatuated by the minute. Elsie had to drag her own eyes away from them. It was a heavy chain dropped off when the dinner was over and they could drift in to the dancing. Elsie knew very well she wouldn't be stabbed with the sight of Jane much longer. There was a moon outside, and Jane was an expert in the value of moonlight for a twosome.

It fell out exactly as she had foreseen. Jane and Falette vanished after a couple of dances, and Eddy vanished also. "He had something on his hip, and he's pie-eyed," blithely explained Arthur Haynes. "I'm glad he's gone. He's not so good when he's all liquored up."

There were many dinner parties at the club, and a good many more people came in later, so that there were plenty of stags, and Elsie danced steadily and determinedly through the night, hoping that she'd be so tired she'd have to sleep. She was among the last to leave, but Jane was not home when she got there, nor did she come in for half an hour.

"I hope you're not asleep," she said, poking her head into Elsie's room, "for I'm simply bursting to talk. Elsie, he's more of a lamb than I thought at first. Elsie, listen; I believe it's the real thing, I honestly do."

Elsie was painfully wide-awake, though she lay still and pretended to be sleepy. Her heart beat so hard she thought Jane must notice, even in the semidarkness.

"Save it till morning. I'm dead," she said crossly. "You and the real thing—that's a joke, and it'll keep."

"Don't be so mean," begged Jane. "I never met a man like him in my life. Elsie, he's marvelous. At first I didn't think so much of him; he was just somebody new, but tonight we've talked and talked ——"

"That's his specialty."

"You've got to listen. He told me all about his family and the old manor house where he lives—and everything—too fascinating. It all sounded so peaceful and sweet, compared with this dull hole—rose gardens, and a sundial, and dogs and stables and hawthorn hedges ——"

"Jane Klaife, will you get out of here? You make me sick!"

Jane retreated slowly, still talking: "I might marry him. It's about time I married somebody; I'm all fed up with everything—and he's such a precious lamb, and it's an awfully old family. Of course, I meant to get a title if I ever married a foreigner, but he could easily be knighted or whatever it is."

"You only met him at teatime. Better think it over."

"Time has nothing to do with falling in love, Elsie. You can fall as much in love in an hour as you can in ten years—sometimes a lot more."

With this piece of wisdom Jane departed and closed the door. "For once she's right," thought Elsie drearily; "she's dreadfully right."

In the morning and thereafter Jane was still enthusiastic. There was nothing for Elsie to do but look on and mask her feeling. Jane and Falette on the beach together, Jane and Falette lunching, going on together for the tennis matches, teaing, dining, and, since there was a dearth of later amusement which did not require them to be with other people, spending their evening at the movies! Jane's telephone rang in vain; she broke her dates with more than her usual carelessness. She sent uptown for some new frocks, and she made Lena's life even harder. And all of the smart little seaside resort buzzed and chattered about the affair, though there had been no comment at all on Elsie. It was always so with Jane—she could never make a move without attendant publicity.

Only this time she didn't seem to notice, which made people talk all the more. She went about with Falette as if the rest of the world didn't exist. "She's positively gone starry-eyed and romantic," thought Elsie. "Perhaps she really is in love with him. This is comic—that we should both of us fall for the same man. It's absolutely comic!"

She pulled her mouth into a smile and went out and hunted diversion. There was plenty of it; Gil was back, ready to come if she snapped her fingers. So they played about together, and she went to all the parties Jane dodged, and when people asked about Jane, she gave her head a little, mysterious tilt and looked amused and knowing, but told nothing. When Mrs. Parsons, with mixed resentment and relief that she practically never saw her guest, said to her, "You didn't need to turn him over to Jane, Elsie—you really didn't." Elsie said, "You'll blame me next for Louise getting into the poison ivy"—which for once silenced Mrs. Parsons.

Even Mr. Klaife, usually unobservant of his daughters' activities, demanded why the young Englishman was always underfoot. "Not," he went on, "that he isn't a very pleasant chap, and seems to have far more brains than most of the young men who hang around here, but every time I look up I see him waiting for Jane, or going out with Jane, or coming in with Jane, and it's a bit monotonous."

To which Jane replied, kissing him lightly on his bald spot, "Darling, why don't you ask him if he means to make an honest woman of me? I'd adore to know."

Elsie winced; she could not help it. "Oh, well," she thought, "he'll only be here a little longer. Once he's gone, Jane'll hunt up something else, and when he's out of my sight maybe I can forget about him. At least I won't have to put up a front."

She had hardly spoken to Falette since he had turned to Jane—not that she avoided him openly but because Jane kept him so busy. He had forgotten about wanting to play tennis with her; he had, she knew, almost forgotten her existence. He was undoubtedly seriously in love, but trying not to lose his head. It made Elsie ache to see him, she could follow his emotions—Jane had dazzled and overwhelmed him,

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had made herself terribly desirable, yet he could not rush into an engagement on the impulse of passion alone. "He's not the sort to get married with divorce in the offing," thought Elsie. "He must have someone to build life with for keeps. Honor and truth and loyalty and bravery—those are the things he called realities. He's added love to the list by now, I suppose."

Jane accused Elsie of not liking him. "You're almost snippy with my young man," she declared. "Good heavens, I should think you'd be crazy about him. He's got lots of your quaint ideas—for instance, he's grieved if he sees me with a third cocktail."

"I'm glad to hear it. Maybe you'll see now how a really decent sort of man feels about it."

"Is this a slam for poor old Eddy? Everyone tells me Eddy's in despair, ready to kill himself."

"He might drown in bootleg hooch, maybe." Yet she felt a little pity for Eddy.

"You're getting awfully sharp. You'd better make up your mind to like Robert, for I think—I think, my dear, you're due to have him for a brother-in-law."

Elsie turned her face away casually. "Seems to me I've heard that line before, and not about—Robert."

Jane giggled. "So you have. But I'm in earnest."

"Has he proposed to you?"

"No, but he would with the least encouragement. And I have reason to believe that he's cabled to his family. Lord, what a family he's got—simply hundreds of them. They almost make me draw back in girlish hesitation."

"Jane, that's rotten."

"Don't be severe; it doesn't suit your type. Use your imagination for a moment; can you see your dear little sister in a sweet, united family group, reading from left to right, Aunt Maria, Uncle Silas, Cousin Whatnot, papa and mamma in law, sisters-in-law, brothers-in-law, nieces and nephews, et cetera? One of the few charms of the Klaife family is that there aren't many of us—ever notice that? And Robert takes his family so seriously. Yarns about them by the hour. All very well to let a girl know where she stands, but after that, not so good. Even so"—for a moment she dropped her flippancy, and all her beauty was irradiated by genuine feeling—"even so, I like him—very much!"

"Oh, do you, Jane?" Elsie caught her breath. If Jane actually cared about him, it altered everything, made things easier. She wouldn't be losing him for his own unhappiness. Besides, she loved Jane and had always given way to her, because when she was thwarted or crossed or deprived of what she wanted, Jane took it so desperately hard, and Elsie didn't mind. She could not have defined it, but Jane's power over her was that which the weak always have over the strong.

Jane was back in her mask again. "Mrs. Parsons went by me on the beach today with the air of trampling me down. Well, he leaves there tonight, and he'll go back to town, dashing down here every other night or so, and week-ends. He's got a room at the Irving; that'll be convenient. I only hope, if we do get engaged, that he won't try to hand me an old family jewel for a ring, such as an amethyst or a bit of quartz which some one of his ancestors got for service to the king. But there's one thing to be said for his ancestors—they're dead."

Elsie hurried away. "I've got something to do, g'by," she called over her shoulder. When Jane was like this she was impossible. In the hall she almost stumbled over Robert Falette.

"Oh, hello," she said. "Does Jane know you're waiting?"

"Yes, I think so." She looked at him steadily. He was taut, intense, troubled. Jane had been teasing, Elsie divined, or perhaps he did not find it easy to surrender to a feeling stronger than his will. She would have liked to tell him that she, too, knew that feeling. Her smile went crooked, she was going, but he stopped her.

"You were so awfully good and kind to me," he said, "I wonder if I might talk to you. You seemed to understand me so well."

Seemed! Her smile vanished altogether. "I'm in a great hurry. I'm late as it is. What did you want to talk to me about, particularly?"

"About Jane." His bewildered eyes, his twitching nervous hands besought her.

"I'm afraid I've got to dash away. Some other time, maybe." She waved him off with bright carelessness and ran out to her car. Not after listening to Jane! She didn't dare; she'd give herself away. Let him think whatever he liked; nothing mattered so much as keeping her own front bravely unbroken. "I'm vain," she decided—"I'm vain and I'm too cowardly. He got along a lot better with me than he ever will with Jane, and I haven't got the nerve to tell him so, and tell her so, and grab him! No, I'm concerned about nothing so much as hiding how I feel about him—that's the vanity of it. But after all, if Jane really does love him, it might change her all round. I wish I could talk to old Jonathan. It hurts me so! It hurts me so!"

She was to play tennis with Gil, and he was waiting for her. "What's the matter?" he asked at sight of her. "You look as dreary as a three-day nor'-easter."

"It's my parent," she assured him. "He's been fearfully cranky."

"That's no parental blues you've got, my child. Tell the truth. If there was anything I could do—anything, Elsie." He looked at her as pleadingly as Falette had done half an hour ago, and if she lifted a finger he'd say much more. His safe and steady affection tempted her. Why couldn't she take it and rest in it and put out the stormy flame in her heart for the man who had nothing to give her? "But that would be meanest of all," she thought, and caught up her racket. "Oh, come on," she said. "Nothing like a little violent exercise to straighten things out."

"I'll bet Jane's worrying you," persisted Gil.

Elsie was startled. "You're crazy," she said.

"Eddy Lawrence has been drunk as a fool every day since she took on this Englishman for a heavy suitor. I thought the Englishman had more sense; imagine falling for Jane after he'd met you."

"Thanks for the ad, but what of it? Better play than talk so much."

Gil moved off across the court, unsatisfied. "More of this wretched merry-go-round of ours," thought Elsie, and tossed up the ball to serve. Presently the swift rhythm of brain and muscles, the concentration on Gil's play, the perfect condition of her strong young body combined to make her forget everything but the excitement of the game. Even when it was over she was not so distressed as she had been before it. Gil, too, was more serene. They dated up for Saturday night and waved farewell quite naturally and cheerfully.

"I've got to live along and take it as it comes," reflected Elsie. "If I get too wild I'll dash off somewhere for a visit. And then, of course, he's going away. That'll help a lot."

It did help, but hardly as much as she had hoped, for he was always coming back or else he was long-distancing to Jane, and Jane was reporting the state of the affair in fullest detail, and couldn't be stopped by Elsie's most unkind comment. They were engaged, it seemed, provisionally. Jane had put in the provisos. "It seems his family would like to look me over," she told Elsie. "They've been keeping the cables hot. If I don't suit, I may be dismissed like a housemaid! No, he didn't say that exactly, but he's so funny about his family. I don't see that a family without a single title in it is so much, do you? I told him his family'd have to come over here if they wanted to see me, but I believe his mother's writing to me, and his sisters, too, and I'll be asked for the hunting or shooting, or something. It's a loud shout!"

Such comment was salt in Elsie's wound. Try as much as she would, she could not think of Falette as Jane's. But Jane was making tentative plans for her wedding, and since she would not announce her engagement, the only person to whom she could talk was Elsie. Elsie had to listen to the revised and rerevised list of possible bridesmaids, and to Jane's speculations as to the merits of St. Thomas' and St. Bartholomew's as a background for the event.

"I wish I could hire Madison Square Garden," she said, "and put on something stunning."

"Get the Yankee Stadium and be done with it," advised Elsie. "Have a boxing match beforehand and a baseball game after the ceremony. That'll endear you to his family—so sporting!"

"You be careful, or I'll do it," warned Jane. "I might even have a bull fight with Eddy Lawrence for the *torero*."

"Why don't you leave Eddy Lawrence alone! I don't believe Robert Falette wants you to have anything to do with him."

"But Robert's not always here, and poor old Eddy's so pathetic. He's awfully in love with me. Much more than I'd any idea." She eyed Elsie mischievously. "I hardly drink a drop, honestly, when Robert's here."

"He doesn't mind you drinking, and neither do I, if you'd only be sensible."

"It's so dull to be sensible. I'll have to be terribly sensible for such a long time if I marry Robert."

"Why don't you let him go, then?" Elsie asked the question fiercely.

"I don't know," said Jane; and then with another glimpse of her inner self: "He's so much more grown up, and he's so much more of a little boy than all the other men I know—d'you understand, Elsie——"

Elsie nodded. She understood much too well.

"—— that it stirs me, somehow—and I can't do without him."

"Then why, for heaven's sake, do you even notice Eddy Lawrence, when you feel this way about—about Robert Falette? You used not to bother half so much about Eddy."

"But now—when he's all cut up, and looks at me so mournfully, and gives lots of parties for me—it's such fun."

"I don't like Eddy Lawrence and I don't like his rotten parties, and I wish you'd give 'em a miss."

"He's going to give a swell one for me on Tuesday. It'll begin with cocktails at his house, and dinner somewhere, and dancing somewhere else, and then we're all going into the pool, and then there'll be more dancing and supper on somebody's yacht, and there'll be two orchestras that'll follow us around everywhere, one for hot and one for sweet—look here, you've got to go, you know. He's asking Gil."

"I might as well go," said Elsie; "though that doesn't mean I like Eddy any better."

"It'll be a good party; you won't regret it. I suppose," went on Jane pensively, "it'll be my last good party. Robert's coming on Wednesday and I might decide to announce ——"

"Jane—really?" She tried to look delighted.

"I'll see how I feel about it when he comes. And what his precious family has cabled. And this and that and what not. But I might as well do it—at least it'll be something new."

"That's that," thought Elsie. "She thinks heaps more of him than she pretends. I'll feel awfully low walking up the aisle as maid of honor and listening to Jane promise to love and honor and obey him. It won't be easy. But you've got to go through with it, Elsie my girl, and no funny business. It's like a bad dream; I hope all the time that I might wake up and find that none of it's real. It makes me think of Swann, who only wished that he might live until he had stopped loving Odette, and was free of the torment of it. Oh, well ——"

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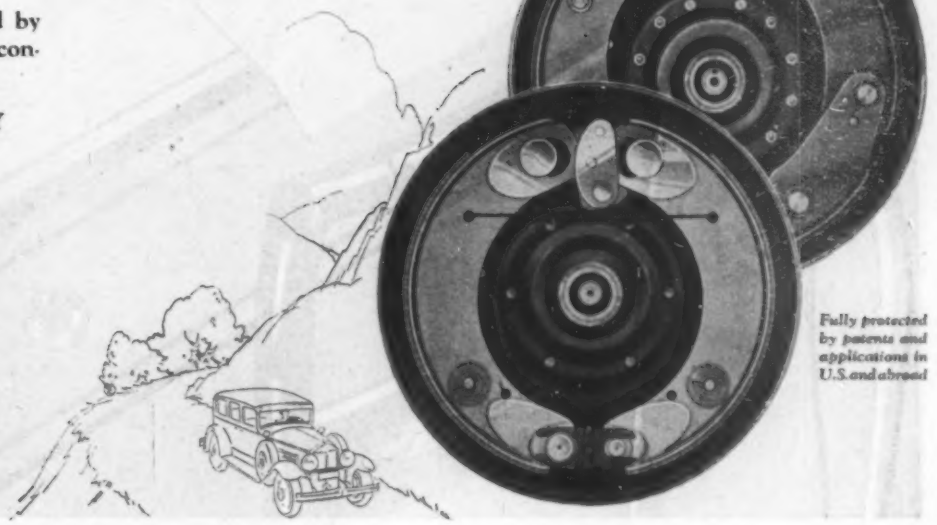

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She stuffed it back in her mind and covered it over with a thousand trifles—parties she must go to, telephone calls, dates, frocks, anything. She must arrange to take some golf lessons from the pro at Shinnecock, she'd buy a star boat and do more sailing, she'd join the class in tap dancing which until now she had scorned as being a mere reducer for thick ankles. She wished she'd studied piano or modeling or singing; she might have had a studio and worked at it, for the people she knew who dabbled in the arts seemed always to find refuge and resource there. But neither she nor Jane had ever in their school days shown any talent or tendency of that sort.

She hardly thought at all of Eddy Lawrence's party until the moment it began, because of what was to happen the day after, and when the night came, went to it indifferently, accepting it as a way to fill in time. There were twenty or so guests; Eddy had hand-picked them for the occasion.

"It's going to be a wet night. There'll be nobody sober in this crowd by midnight but you and me," said Gil, "and I won't be so very sober."

"You might say by half-past ten and not be wrong," said Elsie.

She looked anxiously at Jane and thought she had never seen her so beautiful; there was something luminous about her, the yellow of her chiffons accented the golden lights in her hair, and her soft smooth skin was pearl rose against it. She was laughing, she was radiant. Elsie felt that it was not the party, but tomorrow! She had always loved Jane far too much to envy her; she could not envy her now, but she felt very lonely, very forlorn. Someone came by and asked her to dance, and she turned resolutely to the hard business of forgetting.

The party went at a high pace. Eddy had provided a mammoth flock of cocktails, and hors d'œuvres of surprising variety and number, and the two orchestras promised were there, playing alternately. A dozen cars chartered for the night waited outside in the velvet dark. The dinner, it appeared, was not to be served at any of the clubs, but in a private house which had stood empty all summer, but for this occasion was open, furnished and made ready for hospitality by an omnipotent caterer. In a sweep of hilarity the party reached it, invaded it, and christened it Eddy's Club, the musicians were placed on the veranda, the champagne was opened and the earlier racket began all over again, intensified.

It was midnight before the dinner was over, and by that time Gil's prophecy was amply fulfilled, and the waiters and chauffeurs had to help some of the guests into the cars as they set off for the pool. There was considerable confusion when they arrived, Bill Glover insisting on diving in without the formality of taking off his evening clothes, and a good many others were unable to get into bathing suits. But Eddy had foreseen this, and capable maids and valets got everyone ready at last, and two husky attendants watched to see that no one was accidentally drowned before the shock of contact with the cold water sobered them. It was, they declared—after this shock had had the desired effect—nothing less than an inspiration of Eddy's to parenthesis a swim between dinner and supper, with the orchestras still going strong alongside the pool. And they were all much revived and stimulated when, along about half-past one, they were marshaled out of the pool and clothed again, though it could hardly be said that they were in their right minds. Violent flirtations were going on between people who never before had been more than civil. Quarrels were imminent between old friends. Utter irresponsibility had invaded them and directed their speech and their acts. By the time they were well on their way to the Storms' yacht all inhibitions were off. Only Elsie and Gil Rodd remained reasonably immune. But Vida insisted on hanging around Gil's neck, and Gordon Craston had conceived a sudden and demonstrative affection for Elsie. It was not hard for her to elude his paws, but his persistence was annoying.

There was supper on the yacht, and more champagne, with Scotch and Bourbon and stingers for those who wanted a change, and a stock of liquors from which individual fancies might be made up—fizzes and daisies and Tom Collinses, swizzles and sours, and no one was eccentric who put maraschino in the champagne or combined cointreau and gin. The orchestra ate and drank lavishly and played with renewed vigor for dancing on the deck.

Elsie had pulled a chair into a dark corner behind a lifeboat to escape from Craston, and she stayed there watching the first whisper of dawn in the eastern sky, listening to the soft slap of the waves against the boat's side. She was tired, some dancer had kicked her ankle bone painfully, her dress was in ribbons at the hem, and her slippers stained and dirty. She pushed back her hair and leaned her hot forehead against the rail. Tomorrow had come. In a very few hours Falette would be here, she'd see him with his arms around Jane, she'd hear them talk of being together for all their lives. And all her own life must bear the searing scar of it. For the first time she swallowed tears—slow and bitter tears.

And then she heard someone calling her name. At first she was too far in her thoughts to answer. The voice came nearer, anxiously, "Elsie—Elsie!" It was Gil. She winked her eyes dry and got up.

"Here I am," she said faintly. "Are we going?"

Gil seized her arm. "Jane's passed out down in the cabin. I thought you'd better know."

"But she's taken awfully little tonight. I was watching ——" she said, as she ran along beside him.

"It was just this last half hour. She and Eddy got drinking stingers—making fool toasts ——"

"It's always Eddy!" She ran down the cabin stairs. Eddy was lying half over the table, his glass in his hand, too far gone to know what had happened. Jane was on the couch, her eyes shut, her breathing heavy. "She fell off her chair, and I laid her down," said Gil.

Elsie made an instant decision. "I'm going to get her home. See about a boat, Gil, will you? Can we get one?"

"The launch is ready. What'll you do? You can't carry her. Here, let me help."

"No, you're none too steady. I can take her." She stooped and lifted Jane's crumpled little body gently in her arms, took her limp head on her shoulder. With the help of the sailors she got down safely into the launch. They had no coats, but Elsie didn't care. All she wanted was to get away, and get Jane away before any of the others saw her and knew. She held her and looked at her pityingly. Oh, poor Jane, so little, so foolish, so sweet, so lovely! She'd shield her as much as she could; she'd take care of her.

It was cold in the early wind and Elsie shivered, but the way from the anchorage was short. "Have one of the cars come up, please," Elsie directed. "I can manage."

The launch wabbled and ducked, but she got up carefully and, with a sailor at her elbow, managed the step up and out. The car was coming, but standing directly before her, as if waiting, was a man. Elsie blinked. It couldn't be—and yet it was. It was Robert Falette.

At first he didn't see Jane. "Good Lord, you do look done in!" he began to Elsie, and then his eyes dropped to her burden. "What's happened?" he cried. "What's happened?"

His voice, his sharp solicitude pierced the fog of Jane's condition. She stirred and murmured thickly, "Zat li'l' ol' Robert ——" and relapsed.

"You'd better not come with us," Elsie said to Robert. "Jane's had a bad turn. I want to get her home quietly."

She tried to shut the door, but he pushed her hand away and got in beside them.

"Jane's sick! What's the matter—did she fall, is she hurt?" He leaned over, tried to take her from Elsie, but she clutched Jane and put her hand over her face. Even so, as he stooped to her the truth was evident.

"Is she—drunk?" he asked.

Elsie was silent. She did not look at Falette, but straight ahead, and she shifted Jane to make her more comfortable. Her arms ached from her burden, strong as she was.

"She is drunk," said Falette. And now there was horror and disgust in his voice. "You may as well tell me," he went on, as Elsie still said nothing. "I knew there was something ——"

Elsie thought of old Jonathan, who kept silence about the faults and frailties of his friends. "How did you happen to be here?" she asked at last.

"I came down last night. I was impatient, I'd heard from my people and I wanted to see her and to tell her. I didn't know about this party, but they told me at your house. I went to the hotel, but I couldn't sleep. I went to the club, but you'd gone to the yacht. I walked about, I meant to meet her. . . . Oh, what does this matter? Has she done this before? I've a right to know."

"I won't talk to you," said Elsie, and held Jane more closely.

"But you must. I tell you I've a right to know."

They had reached the Klaife house, and he offered, with visible hesitation, to help lift Jane out. "Don't you touch her," said Elsie, and pushed him away. She carried Jane into the hall and laid her down on the long sofa. Falette followed her and they faced each other over the limp, disheveled little body.

"You must tell me. She was always taking more than I thought she should."

"D'you love her, or don't you?"

"But you don't understand. There's more than that. We're engaged. My people ——"

"This is the sort of thing that might happen to anyone. She didn't realize ——"

"She didn't care," said Falette. "Look here, let's speak the truth. I can't marry a girl who does this sort of thing; I can't take her to my mother and sisters."

Old Jonathan was looking down at her from his picture on the stairs.

"I thought you loved Jane," said Elsie; "or maybe you love your family more."

"There's more than love in marrying, you know that. I want to be proud of my wife, and there may be children ——"

"But this might happen to anyone, I tell you. If you loved her ——"

"Don't keep on saying that."

Elsie stood still. She couldn't go on pleading for Jane, and yet when she thought of Jane facing the desolation she herself was bearing, she could do nothing less. "You'd better go away," she said at last. "Come back this afternoon. Everything will be all right."

"Everything won't be all right unless you tell me the truth. She drinks too much most of the time, doesn't she? She's been drunk before, hasn't she—dead drunk, like this?"

He was driven beyond his self-control. His face was thin and pinched with suffering. She wanted to say something to comfort him, she longed to give him the truth he demanded. But there was Jane, her sister, and Elsie's heart was split between them. And in her very love for Jane she saw that Falette was right; it is the family, the ties of blood, that hold more fast than any other loyalty.

"Oh, go on," she cried, "and don't come back! It'll be better all round. I'll tell her; she'll not care!" She flung it at him, intent to save Jane's pride.

He was ready to go, she knew that he'd take her at her word. This would be the last time she'd see him. She almost called out to him, and as if he had heard her cry, as if he knew what she would not tell him, he turned and said, bluntly, brutally, "I wish I'd loved you instead of Jane."

If she told him! If she told him now! He would turn to her inevitably; she knew it. She looked from him to Jane—Jane who loved him as much as she was capable of loving anyone—Jane who had lost him. Jane would never be able to bear the unhappiness, the humiliation of seeing him go to Elsie as Elsie had borne the unhappiness, the humiliation of seeing him go to Jane. No, she could never do this to Jane.

She shrugged her tired shoulders. "Don't be silly," she said coolly, and opened the door. "Good-by."

She watched him go and closed the door after him. That was the end of that. She stooped once more and lifted Jane and started upstairs.

Great-grandfather Jonathan looked at her approvingly as she passed, but Elsie defied him.

"You old fool," she said, tears of fatigue and hopelessness running down her cheeks—"you old fool! You don't know anything about anything."

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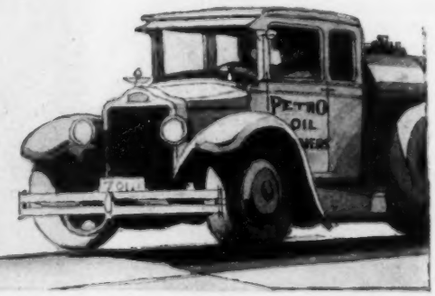

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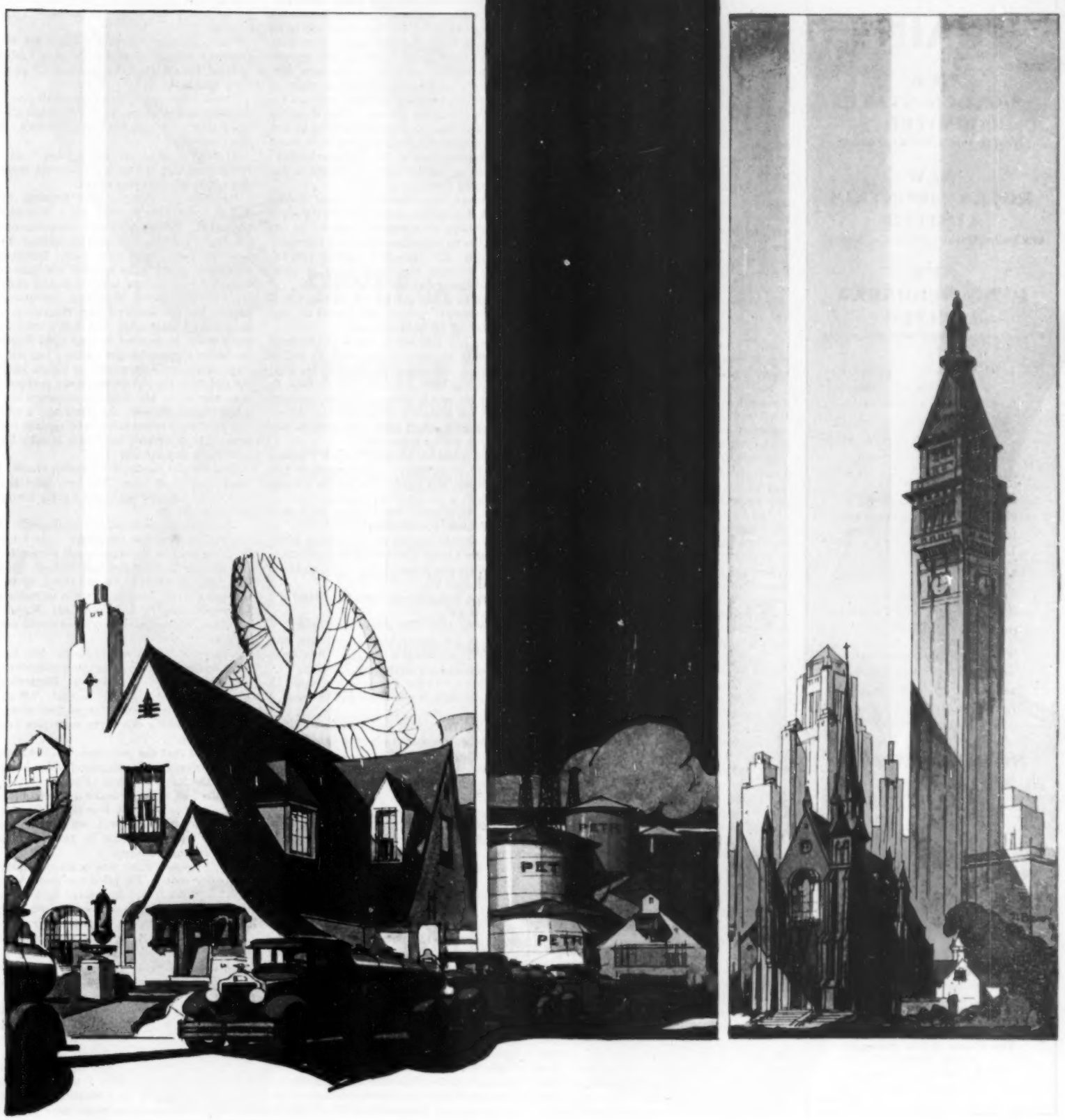

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THE MONGLER

(Continued from Page 25)

Mr. Eggenschwiller looked as though he had been pierced with several darning needles. "What's that ag'in now? I ain't believing it."

"Ain't missus telling me? And ain't Eli Hulsebus putting it out that if Myrt goes with this Schnepp he is going to knock off some blocks or whatever? Och, he is after all the girls, and all the loony things are after him."

"But he ain't set onto no porch like what he's set onto ours!" cried the anguished father.

"And he ain't et so many wittles off nobody else either," added Mrs. Eggenschwiller significantly.

Mr. Eggenschwiller stood jungle-still in correct position for the pounce. "He's got to pay fur them wittles somehow," his eyes glared in somber menace. "And it's just one way he is going to pay fur them too. It wonders me," he concluded softly, "does everybody in this here town know he is inheriting an inheritance ——"

"In my opinions"—Mrs. Eggenschwiller contrary to custom here proffered a rich crumb herself—"a bird on the hand is worth several or how many on the bushes. Elam is good fixed, and if you leave this flighty Schnepp go chasing him off, it could come to pass that your girl could be an unmarried woman without no husband of no kind."

"And it can come to pass," warned her husband, "that you will be setting without no man neither if you keep speaking such silly foolishness. That girl ain't ever standing up to the preacher with Wennerling; now you can set and bite your teeth into that. I have got a'ready some other plans in my mind, and stop still and be quiet whiles I make a thought about them."

Mr. Eggenschwiller made his thought and pounced with it upon the following day. He informed the young man Schnepp in no uncertain terms that he himself was a man of the strictest moral standards, that Mrs. Eggenschwiller was a woman of the strictest moral standards, and that, in effect, they had reason to believe their daughter's affections were being trifled with.

"And we ain't anyways sure," concluded Mr. Eggenschwiller darkly, "but what she's been compermised a'ready."

At that fell, ambiguous word Mr. Schnepp looked up, genuinely startled. After all, he was only nineteen and he had never had experience with denizens of the jungle. Such creatures as roving pachyderms of parents had never been considered in his blithe calculations.

"Now, looky here," he said earnestly, his bright color for the moment fled, "you say I drove off this here Wennerling. Now I'll git a-hold of Wennerling and I'll tell him I'm laying off of your girl and ——"

"You leave that Wennerling out of it!" Mr. Eggenschwiller eyed him remorselessly. "What I want to know is: What are your own prospects?"

Mr. Schnepp flattened back in his chair. His stunned eyes sought this direction and that; escape there seemed none. "I ain't got no prospects," he pleaded. "I ain't even got a home."

"You paid Deacon Hornblower ten dollars day behind yesterday fur an auction onto that cottage," pursued Mr. Eggenschwiller.

"But that's what it was, an option. An option fur a mebbe-could-be customer. And I ain't even sure I got a customer," confessed Mr. Schnepp wretchedly.

"You got a Uncle Noah anyway. Ain't you saying you're his closest relation?"

Into Mr. Schnepp's eyes came the alert expression of the captive who espies a possible loophole. He scuttled for it. "But it runs in the Schnepps to be awful long-lived. Go read oncet the tombstones," he implored, "onto Flathead graveyard. You won't find hardly no Schnepp laying with less than a hunert years ower him. And Uncle Noah he's only eighty-three a'ready. No, it could be fifteen, twenty years that I wouldn't have no prospects. If ever."

An opportune customer entered the door. Mr. Eggenschwiller bestowed a final darkling glance upon Mr. Schnepp and went prowling off behind the counter. Opportune! . . . Mr. Schnepp got his good-looking legs to the outer air. Something was wrong with this tentative little side line of his. He even averted his eyes from the cottage upon which he had finally obtained the option. He had been encouraged thereto by a specific threat upon his life from the lips of Eli Hulsebus, also by the sight of said Eli emerging from the cottage with a yardstick, and had hoped optimistically for a consummation of this deal at the annual strawberry festival which was to be held upon the following night. Now with the fell, ambiguous word of the parent Eggenschwiller echoing in his ears Mr. Schnepp swept his gaze from a crate of strawberries exposed for sale with an expression of sudden cramp. What if all the Yingstown parents whose daughters he had compromised with soda pop and milk shake felt precisely as did Mr. Eggenschwiller? Just how should he comport himself at the strawberry festival—if at all?

However, ten exceedingly good dollars were in that option, and the following night Mr. Schnepp so comported himself at the festival as to precipitate the crisis for which he longed. Mr. Hulsebus plucked him behind a syringa bush and there in dank shadow demanded his life and his all.

"You've et my girl for the last and final time a'ready!" grated Mr. Hulsebus, and whipped off his Sabbath coat.

There is a tide which taken at the flood leads on to fortune—in real estate as well as otherwise. This was, Mr. Schnepp's alert mind recognized, a flood—and he took it.

"Which one is your girl?" he inquired mildly, his admiring eyes upon the other's muscles as a sleeve shot back. "I'm new here, you got to remember."

"You'll feel old before I'm done," promised Mr. Hulsebus. "Good enough you know which is my girl. You fed her enough a'ready."

"Oh, that one? Some eater, ain't she? But, at that, you're lucky."

The second sleeve did not shoot back. Its owner's hand took temporary armistice. "What do you mean, lucky? If you think you kin stall me ——"

"Why, lucky fur to have her. Now if I had that girl ——"

"You ain't!" The sleeve shot back.

" —— I'd marry her and put her into Deacon Hornblower's cottage. Only three thousand and a year to pay."

"What's it to me, a year or how many?"

"To be sure, if you can't pay the cash, I can ——"

"Say, what's your game anyhow?"

"Real-estate game. Now I can get you that cottage for ——"

"Now, looky here," Hulsebus eyed him curiously, "I ain't interested in buying no house."

"But I seen,you with a yardstick at."

"I'm a-using that house fur a copy. I'm a-building my own house if you got to know. Been a-building it three years. But, looky here, I fetched you back here fur a fight. If you don't lay off my girl ——"

"Take her," said Mr. Schnepp weakly. "She's yourn."

He still felt weak when some moments later he and his companion—now fully clothed—strolled in amiable communion from behind the syringa bush.

"Say, maybe you're a reg'lar guy, fur all," the latter conceded.

"I wouldn't go as fur as that," said Mr. Schnepp dispiritedly. Nor would he. For again that little side line had betrayed him. Born to blush unseen in a desert area of Mr. Schnepp's mind was flowering a modest little conviction that side lines may be the very sort of lines most apt to trip one. Vivid in his memory, too, was that fell accusation from the lips of the outraged Eggenschwiller; vivid the threat in his paternal eye. Had he himself not had the inspiration to step high and lightly behind Uncle Noah as shield and buckler, who knows where that chill interview might have terminated?

He could, of course, risk no further converse with Mr. Eggenschwiller. To tell the girl with those big pleading eyes which seemed always upon him of late that she was of no interest to him was impossible. His one hope lay in Wennerling.

Full of strawberries he sought out young Elam; full of nothing at all but vast unease young Elam, haunting the outer shadows of the festivity, took to heel at the other's approach.

"Say, we ain't getting acquainted together very fast!" Schnepp hailed amiably.

"Don't want your acquaintance," gave back Mr. Wennerling.

"Now I got somepin to say with you," Schnepp came out flatly. "You think I'm stuck after your girl, not? Well, I ain't. I don't want her."

"I don't want her no more neither." Mr. Wennerling clapped the gate between them and made off down the street.

He didn't want the girl because he thought she didn't want him; Schnepp knew that. He leaned against the gate, considering. Prospect Number One seemed not even fair now—poor, very poor. Schnepp shuddered again as he recalled the look in the girl's eyes he had seen more and more often of late—that imploring, fascinated gaze he had encountered more than once in despairing female orbs. He didn't want to leave town, he wanted to stay right where he was in Eggenschwiller's store; but with Eggenschwiller determined he would have the girl, with the girl determined she should have him —— Mr. Schnepp squeezed into a tight place between the fence and a tree and scratched ruminative back against the latter. If it weren't for Uncle Noah—his one shield and buckler ——

Alas for the rarity of Christian charity! Uncle Noah had none. The very next day he himself stepped high and lightly across the great divide.

Mr. Schnepp received the intelligence of his demise over the telephone. He hung for a moment to the instrument even after the receiver in Flathead had clicked. This was not due entirely to the shock of bereavement; he knew that when he turned he would face at his elbow Mr. Eggenschwiller—face him with neither shield nor buckler.

The worst indeed was realized. Mr. Eggenschwiller, after appropriate condolence, himself took a flyer in futures. Regarding Mr. Schnepp meditatively he said: "Well, come up to the house fur supper along. Missus is making one them snitz pies you like so good."

Nor was that the only time Mr. Schnepp dined perforce at the Eggenschwiller home within the following days. For Mr. Eggenschwiller had again to make a trip to Flathead—on business; it was the day upon which the Schnepp will was read; he brought back with him in the machine young Joshua Schnepp.

Mr. Eggenschwiller was in an extremely expansive mood. He plied the guest with food and anecdote. Afterward he led the way to the porch and ensconced Mr. Schnepp upon his own favorite chair.

Only one incident marred the apparent felicity of the occasion. Mrs. Eggenschwiller, seeking casually to take advantage of the rare good humor of her spouse, for the moment wrecked it.

"Och, if there ain't Elam!" she exclaimed suddenly. "Acrost the street over, going down. Now why ain't we inwiting him fur to set with?"

"Fur the reason," Mr. Eggenschwiller rose precipitately, "that I ain't wanting him to set with. I ain't wanting him ever

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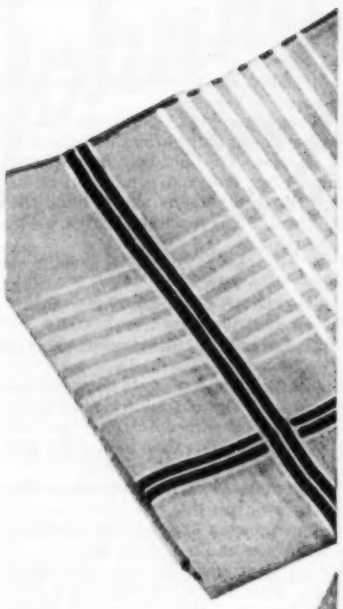

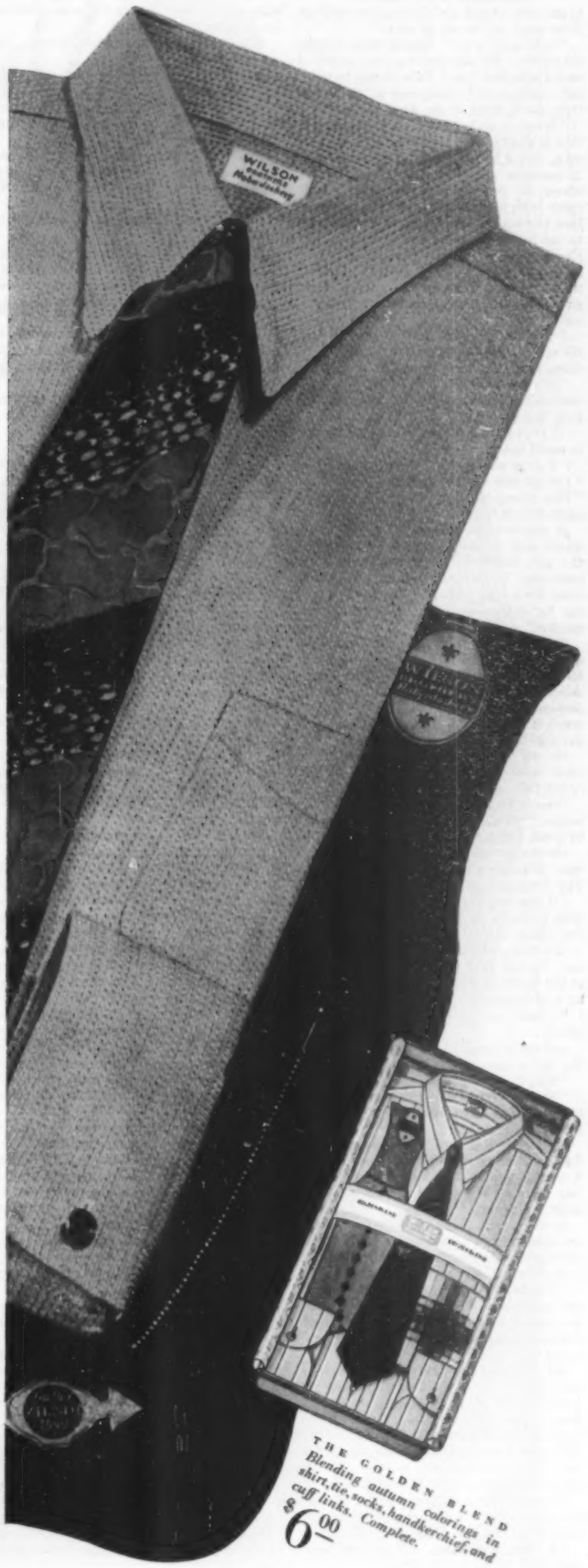

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(Continued from Page 204)

to set with. And I ain't having him neither. Now mark my words to that!"

"Och, pop, pop!" shrank Mrs. Eggenschwiller. "He was hearing you oncet! I seen the face at him! Take shame to yourself—such a good young man as what he is! Och, elend, what to do, what to do?"

"What to do? Shut up and keep quiet, that is what to do. He kin be a good young man, but if he ain't suiting me good, that is somepin else a'ready. Here, Lyddy, where do you think you're goin'? You come back here and stay settin'. You stop here and stay settin' till I give you dare fur to run insides. Such a family," sighed Mr. Eggenschwiller to their guest, "as what I have got myself married into! But, at that," he added waggishly after a slight pause, "some of them could be worse yet, not?"

For once his guest had no ready word. He sat in a spider web of light and shadow, doing some intensive thinking.

"It's some warm, ain't it?" he turned toward the girl after a time. "Wouldn't a soda pop go good?"

"I ain't feeling fur no pops," said the girl in small voice.

"You go along with," ordered her father, "and git you a pop." He chuckled richly. "This young man ain't worryin' ower the expense of it, if that's what's kreistlin' you."

It was not the expense of the beverage which was troubling young Schnepp and the girl, however. She went wordlessly, patiently, by his side; and he himself was silent for a time. Then: "If you ain't feeling fur pop, we could set by the river, mebbe."

Still wordless she turned with him toward the river and sat down upon the bank. He lowered himself delicately by her side—delicately; the hour was upon the gallant Joshua when he must tell a girl who cared much for him that he didn't care for her in the slightest.

He was after his fashion a kind young man; he did not trust himself to look at her in the full moonlight.

"Oncet in a while it comes a time," he began, "when it seems like folks have got to speak out their minds."

He swallowed. He felt her turn toward him. Was she about to melt against him? The shoulder nearest her flinched.

"If you're going to propose to me," said Miss Lydia in clear, firm voice, "you ain't. Fur I hate you."

Mr. Schnepp's hand fumbled toward his ear. He felt of it. He turned. He looked at the lips from which the words seemed to have proceeded.

"I hate you," the small mouth framed calmly.

Joshua Schnepp's heels dug into the bank. He had a sensation of falling.

"Why?" he contrived simply.

"Fur the reason that you have ruined up my life. You have been very destructible to me."

Not even a monosyllable escaped Mr. Schnepp. The impossible was come to pass. A young woman was telling him that he was odious. He forced incredulous eyes upon her again.

A single tear, unreal in its metallic glitter, sprang from an eye which burned with fervent dislike upon him; it hurtled down a cheek which was rigid beneath it.

"You have been very destructible to me," she repeated and suddenly bowed her face in cupped palms; from between her slight fingers gushed tears, real tears now, and many of them.

Mr. Schnepp had never admired a girl so much in his life. Even if he wanted her, he couldn't get her! It seemed incredible. From some vague pedagogic instruction in the past he had gained the information that he had a heart; now something flopped in his breast which seemed to prove it. She continued to weep almost soundlessly.

"I got somepin to speak to you," he said in solemn awe. "I ain't stuck after you no more than you was after me."

The hands lowered. "I bet you was," said Miss Lydia defensively.

"You couldn't git me," the man of business assured her; "not on no terms. Neither on time nor terms."

After a moment she smiled faintly. He smiled faintly.

"But you chased Elam off!" she cried piteously.

"And I'll be gitting him back," he promised. "All that feller wants to know is that you're still after him."

"And what fur good will that do me? You heard pop. He ain't fur letting him insides the yard no more. Never. No more."

"Then you have got to go outsides to him."

At that she became tremendously agitated. "But I have never disobeyed to my pop! Och, no, I couldn't ever have an idea of meeting him outsides anywheres."

They pondered.

She said: "Pop has set his stubborn head to making up a match among me and you. I guess you seen that a'ready. And what he sets his head to, he fetches off."

Mr. Schnepp became somewhat agitated himself. "But he ain't fetching that there off," he said decisively.

"I guess anyhow not," agreed the girl.

"Now listen on me oncet," commanded Mr. Schnepp after another interval of cogitation; "it all comes down to this proposition: Do you want to live by your pop fur the rest part of your life or by this Wennerling?"

"Him!" cried the girl.

"Well, then," declared the other solemnly, "there's one way and it's the only way and it's a easy way and I'll be there fur to help."

He detailed the way. He drew upon his past for illustration. He dwelt in particular upon that fire-headed Dunkleberger, who had snatched his shrieking inamorata from pleasant dalliance to parsonage.

"But Elam ain't the snatching kind," interposed Miss Lydia.

"I'll be there fur to do the snatching," stoutly averred Mr. Schnepp. "Leave me see now, it's only one train after night, ain't it? And it leaves at a quarter behind nine."

"But pop ain't ever leaving me out by night," trembled Miss Lydia.

"Ain't you got nothing but objections in you?" cried Mr. Schnepp in some exasperation. "Ain't it me that's settling your future fur you? You leave your pop out of this. Mind, now, it's just two things you got to do. You write off that letter to your beau telling him you're still stuck after him and telling him to wait oncet when I go fur to make conversations with him; he's got longer legs than me and I don't want him walking out on me like he done at the social. And the only one other thing you got fur to do is to leave it all to me. I," promised Mr. Schnepp handsomely, "will put over the deal to the satisfactions of all concerned."

Indeed Mr. Schnepp behaved handsomely during the following ten days—very much to the satisfaction of Mr. Eggenschwiller at least. The young man visited often at the Eggenschwiller home and he and Miss Lydia appeared to be on terms of rare and delightful intimacy.

"Look oncet how they make!" Mr. Eggenschwiller peeped from a window which gave upon a strip of side lawn. "Gaping on the stars yet!"

"It looks to me," observed Mrs. Eggenschwiller, "that they are gaping on her window oncet."

"Stars or windows, what does that make?" growled her spouse. "The points is, they are making up to each other. You will see oncet; he will be packing her off one of these times."

In that it appeared he was not far wrong. The very next evening, in fact, as Mrs. Eggenschwiller was removing her nut-brown switch for the night, she paused suddenly. "What's that there knocking at?"

Mr. Eggenschwiller all but asleep over his paper, grunted: "Who's knocking? What fur dummy's knocking this time in the night?"

"There it is ag'in!" Mrs. Eggenschwiller in some agitation blew out the light and crossed to the side window. "Something knocking at the coal chute. . . . Burglars! Burglars trying to git in at the coal chute! Make quick oncet! Go quick the cellar down!"

Now if there is one thing a jungle pachyderm will not do, it is to enter a subterranean inclosure filled with unknown terrors. Mr. Eggenschwiller stood quite still, then voiced a single demand: "Go yourself!" He himself stalked warily to the window.

"It's a ladder! Och, my dear souls! And there's a man—why, it's—ain't it?"

"Well, ain't it what?" huskily implored Mr. Eggenschwiller, dodging to and fro behind the frantic switch.

"Schnepp. Look oncet—ain't it? But what's he ——"

"That's him," verified Mr. Eggenschwiller.

"But the ladder? And he's histing it up to Lyddy's —— Och, leave me git up the stairs oncet!"

"You stop still where you're standing!" commanded her lord. "You leave him git that girl any way he feels fur gitting her."

"But if he packs her off fur to marry her ——"

"Stop switching that dum switch into my face! . . . Ain't that what I been working fur fur two months a'ready?"

"To be sure," murmured Mrs. Eggenschwiller weakly, "it would save the awful expense at the wedding. . . . But where's he at now? I can't see him no more. Och, my souls, if they would fall anyhow!"

She might well have asked; she might well have exclaimed. At that very moment Mr. Schnepp was poised between earth and heaven upon the upward reaches of a ladder which was proving inadequate for his purpose.

Above him upon a window ledge trembled a young lady; below him, his fingers convulsed about the ladder, trembled a young man; in Mr. Schnepp's hand trembled a traveling valise which he had not calculated upon.

"Come and git it!" Mr. Schnepp implored of the shadows below. "Leave loose of the ladder and come and git it. . . . And now listen up there: Come yet out a little further and stretch fur it with your toes—you kin reach it. . . . Och, what's a matter of this dum ladder? . . . Here's the walise. Go quick down and ketch a hold ag'in, it's soft ground or what. . . . Now kin you see my hand up there? Take a hold of it and leave your foot come down oncet."

She let down her foot and it landed upon the extreme right of the ladder. At the same instant the figure with the valise leaped from the extreme right of the ladder below. The ladder scraped its forehead against the clapboarding as though in deep thought, then with a gentle sigh made for the extreme right itself.

It neatly soughed down upon a laurestine bush and neatly popped off the two figures clinging to it. It slid into the darkness and lay still; the clinging figures also slid into the darkness and lay still.

Silence.

It was Mr. Schnepp who first voiced utterance. He became aware that something upon the top of him was very soft and that something beneath him was very hard. A hand explored vaguely. "Feels like coal," he murmured.

The soft thing began floundering. It floundered into the hollow of his arm. "It is coal," came a voice from his ribs.

"We slid down the coal chute," he deduced after another dreamy moment. Life seemed somehow languorous, lying here in the darkness with the soft thing in his arm. "No, don't move! Don't you hear them voices?"

There had been voices for some moments, a fairly continuous duet of high soprano and basso profundo. Now the basso was heard in full rounded note of satisfaction: "Well, they ain't here, and if they ain't here they have went. It ketched onto the bush and they hopped off. We could as well go insides now."

"Wait oncet; put the lantern at. I lost my switch somewheres. Och, no, here it is! But when did I put it at your pocket?"

Voices were heard no more. Nothing was heard save a curious, insistent thudding in Mr. Schnepp's ear; it was that thing in his chest which had begun flopping, flopping. And it did not cease to flop! That was the curious, terrifying thing about it. It kept on flopping; it thudded in his ears, in his brain and it thudded in his voice each time the soft thing by his side attempted to move. "Stop still!" it beat aloud in words. "Stop still!"

And she did stop still, but only for a moment after the voices from without had ceased. Then she stirred with determination.

"It wonders me kin I git up the chute?" Upon her knees, still within the circle of his arm, she rose. The faint light from without illumined her face and her shoulders. It seemed to hang there above him, that lovely, pallid effigy, within his reach—his for the taking.

"Go with me!" The words shook from his lips. "Go with ——"

A hiss pierced down the chute, an agitated voice: "Was you there?"

"Yes, I was here. Stretch down and git me," commanded Miss Lydia.

Before Mr. Schnepp's eyes she was drawing from him! Out of the circle of his arms! He clutched after her. "Don't go with him!" his lips beat after her. "Go with me! Stay by me! Don't go with ——"

"Boost me oncet," commanded Miss Lydia.

Joshua Schnepp boosted Miss Lydia up the coal chute and out of his life.

He lay back upon the coal, comfortable enough. After a time the alien thing in his breast became quiet. Near the ceiling across the darkness he saw a transverse slit of light. He felt for the floor with his toes and made toward the light. His knees collided finally with steps; he traversed upward and opened a door.

Mr. Eggenschwiller with one shoe off and one shoe on did not move; he sat, staring. Mrs. Eggenschwiller, two large hairpins clenched cutlasswise between her teeth, did not move; she stood, staring. And Mr. Schnepp, his visage blocked by charcoal into black and white cubistic designs, for a moment did not move.

"Well, they've went," said Mr. Schnepp.

"Went?" echoed Mr. Eggenschwiller.

"Eloped," said Mr. Schnepp.

Mrs. Eggenschwiller all but swallowed the hairpins. Mr. Eggenschwiller trumpeted hoarsely, and with an expression of one who cries "To horse!" thumped on his unmatched feet unevenly toward the door.

"The train has went," said Mr. Schnepp, and wearily sat down.

"Why ain't it you," cried the distracted father—"why ain't it you she's eloping with?"

"Because she wouldn't," said Mr. Schnepp dispiritedly.

"You asked her then?"

Mr. Schnepp nodded.

"If that ain't the ain't!" said Mrs. Eggenschwiller, and hastily switched on her switch.

"But you was here!" shouted Mr. Eggenschwiller. "I seen you onto the ladder!"

"But he got her off me," said Mr. Schnepp.

"Now!" declared Mrs. Eggenschwiller and wheeled, flat-footed, upon her spouse. "You was saying always where Elam didn't have gumption. Just who's got your girl now, I want to wonder! Just who's got her?"

It was, of course, a rhetorical question—which was just as well, as her two listeners looked too flattened out for the moment to have any answers in them. However, she herself repented at once of any unseemly elation as her eye fell upon the rejected suitor.

"Och, well," sighed Mrs. Eggenschwiller, "a body can't always be having what they feel fur in this here world. Come now;

(Continued on Page 211)

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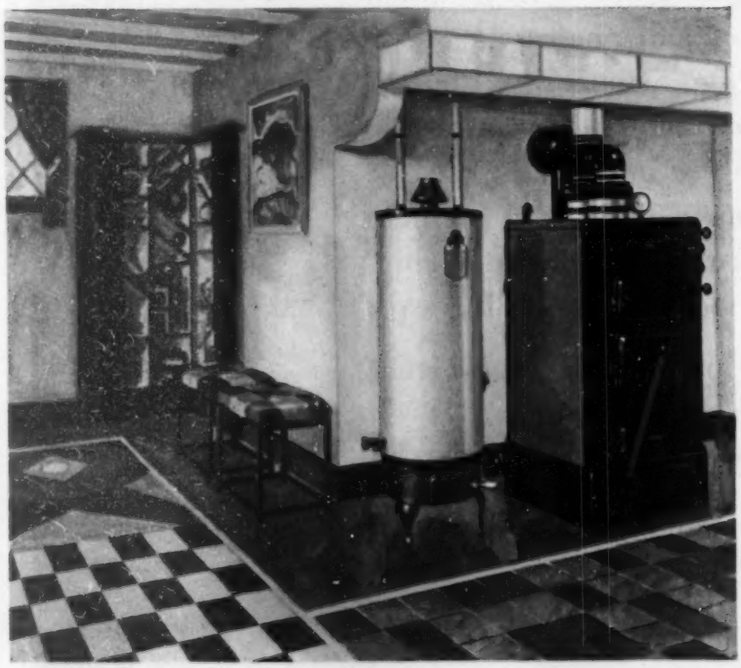

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(Continued from Page 206)

wash your face away once; then you can have a piece snitz pie anyway."

Of course Joshua Schnepp should have had something far otherwise than sympathy and snitz pie. But his sort usually gets snitz pie.

Likewise it was written in his runes that Mr. and Mrs. Eggenschwiller should regard him thenceforward as a beloved son, that Mr. and Mrs. Elam Wennerling should regard him as a beloved brother, and that after he became the richest citizen of Yings County he should carefully select as wife the daughter of the next richest citizen. Again his kind does.

However, Mr. Schnepp had one small lesson from this meager interim in his life: Side lines themselves have side lines and the smaller they are the more liable they are to trip one.

A BIG JOB FOR THE PRESIDENT

(Continued from Page 9)

Army by the officer in charge of that station by purchase, under the provisions of General Orders, No. 90, War Department, 1911. (1941619, A. G. O.)

"By order of the Secretary of War:

"Adjutant General."

Operation No. 26. After preparing the above draft, Mr. Tillman typed on the record card the following:

"Approved:

"A. G.

"A. G. O., Aug. 6, 1912.

"9:30 F. D. T."

Operation No. 27. Mr. Tillman then stamped on the record card with a rubber stamp the following:

"Approved draft of order sent to Orders Division————19—.

"_____ _____

"S. O—— Par——, ————— 19—."

Operation No. 28. The draft of the order was then examined by the clerk handling the case, the papers gathered together and personally carried to the desk of the assistant chief of the division for review.

Operation No. 29. Mr. Wilson examined the papers for typographical errors and accuracy of ruling or statement.

Operation No. 30. Mr. Wilson placed the papers in the "out" basket on his desk.

Operation No. 31. Mr. Bevans collected case, with any others which had accumulated in Mr. Wilson's basket, made notation of the class of each case handled, for the administrative record, and then indorsed on the record card in each case the time of disposal.

Operation No. 32. Mr. Bevans handed accumulated mail to the messenger assigned to the division for delivery to Colonel Kerr for his signature.

Operation No. 33. The messenger carried the papers to Colonel Kerr for approval.

Operation No. 34. Colonel Kerr signed the draft and also signed his initials on the record card following the word "approved," as shown below:

"Approved.

"J. S. K.

"A. G.

"A. G. O., Aug. 6, 1912.

"9:30 F. D. T."

Operation No. 35. The case was returned by a special messenger to the Enlisted Men's Division and placed on Mr. Bevans' desk.

Operation No. 36. Mr. Bevans then inserted the time of sending to the Orders Division of the draft, as follows:

"Approved draft of order sent to Orders Division, Aug. 6, 1912, 1:15.

"J. B.

"S. O. 184, par. 10, Aug. 6, 1912."

Operation No. 37. Mr. Bevans examined the papers to see that they were complete, made a tally of the class of case disposed of and indorsed on the record card the time this operation was concluded.

Operation No. 38. Mr. Bevans then sent the record card to the Mail and Record Division.

This typical and not unusual case of departmental procedure was encountered by President Taft's Commission on Economy and Efficiency. It made restrained comment: Here is a man enlisted in the Army who, having an opportunity to take a civil position, applied for discharge by purchase, in accordance with the Army regulations. His superior officer approves the request. Now what is necessary to pass this case safely through the department? This: (1) An examination of the man's record, as shown by the muster roll; (2) drafting of the order of discharge in final form for signature; (3) submission for initialing to the office in charge of recruiting matters—the man being in that service; (4) transmission to The Adjutant General for signature; (5) dispatch of the communication.

I suppose that some of these wasteful practices in the War Department have been abandoned or modified, for when this case and others were laid before Mr. Stimson, Secretary of War—the same Mr. Stimson who is now Secretary of State—he wrote at once to President Taft: "Some of the proposed reforms have already been introduced in some of the bureaus. . . . A portion of the recommendations I am establishing at once by order. As to the remainder, I have appointed a committee . . . who will study further the question of applying the remainder of the recommendations, as to which there is some difference of opinion in some of the bureaus."

I am not picking on the War Department. Its practices and procedure are probably no more wasteful and extravagant than the other departments and the independent establishments can show. Perhaps it has made "some" reforms in "some" of its bureaus, but the need exists that the technic and procedure of every branch and office of the Government should be submitted to painstaking examination.

And that is precisely what President Hoover has it in mind to do. I do not quote him here, but I think I can fairly reflect his large conception, as he approaches the job, of what needs to be done. This, then, is a blue print of the problem as it lies in Mr. Hoover's mind:

In the Government at Washington there are ten major departments, each with a cabinet member at its head, and each organized to deal with the citizen in some vital relation of government with his concerns. One government department deals with the citizen as a taxpayer—Treasury; two deal with him as a potential soldier—War and Navy; one deals with him as a potential criminal—Justice; one deals with him as a business man—Commerce; one deals with him as a laboring man—Labor; and so on.

It is one of Mr. Hoover's chief ambitions as President to reorganize one of these departments—it will not be necessary to create a new department—that shall deal with the citizen as a human being—in his aspirations for a richer life for his family, a surer protection for the health of his children, and ever better provision for their education, an equality of opportunity for him and them in every field of life, economic, political and social.

The Department of the Interior is the logical agency to develop into such a Department of Human Affairs, if I may so call it. It already contains several bureaus that work up this street. There are several other bureaus of similar general character scattered about in the other departments. Their presence in the other departments was by the mere accident of chance, because at the time each was created some special circumstance or personal interest led to its inclusion in a department where, scientifically, it does not belong. The President's purpose, I take it, is to lift these bureaus out of these departments and put them into the Department of the Interior, where they will be alongside all the others of like purpose.

Mr. Hoover's idea, I think, of such a department is not that it shall build up a great bureaucracy or that it shall centralize control of educational or betterment activities into the hands of the national Government, nor that it shall spend large sums from the national Treasury. Neither is it to be regulatory, nor shall it undertake to tell people what they must do. On the contrary, its purpose is to be informative, suggestive, and promotive. It will be a service department. Its various bureaus will collect statistics, digest them, interpret their meaning, and then place at the disposal of the public their findings, to be used or not, as any private or local institution or organization may elect.

Such a department will become automatically a great national clearing house of facts, ideas, methods, new knowledge and inspiration to all workers in every field of education and social well-being. It will be efficiently ready to be helpful to any citizen who applies for these things, just as the Department of Commerce is always efficiently ready to be helpful to any business man who asks it for information or suggestion of solution of his problems.

That, I think, is Mr. Hoover's large concept of what needs to be done on the constructive side. There are, of course, scores and hundreds of mechanical defects to be remedied—minor arrangements of organization. All previous attempts to improve the governmental machine—and Mr. Hoover was deeply involved in the last one—were concerned chiefly with these rearrangements of parts. The President, after long study, now purposes, given the backing of Congress and a supporting public opinion, to lift the problem to the higher plane of human relations. It will be an interesting experiment.

Whenever Mr. Hoover talks about the need of reorganizing the Federal Government machine—and it is a subject much on his mind these days—he always says: "There are too many floating islands in this dismal swamp." The condition he describes by this phrase, in his own words, is this:

"On the executive side of the Federal Government we have grown to have more than 200 different bureaus, boards and commissions with a total of more than half a million employes. For the most part, they have been thrown hodgepodge into ten different executive departments under cabinet officers. But there are more than forty independent establishments either directly under the President or directly under Congress.

"As these 200 bureaus and agencies are now grouped and organized, there are two primary streams of confusion and waste. There is a confusion of basic principles; there is a grouping of Federal bureaus which divides responsibility. There consequently arises a lack of definite national policies and direct wastes arise from overlap and conflict. Indirectly, large costs are imposed upon citizens by this scattering of functions and, I may add, by the undue complexity of our laws and regulations of independent agencies. They are technically anchored to the President, but really responsible to nobody. With all this division of authority there continues and multiplies a self-propelled urge for expansion of Federal activities in every direction."

That, concisely stated, is the condition Mr. Hoover finds in his direction of the Government's activities. To remedy the condition is his problem. It is an old condition and an old problem. Presently Mr. Hoover will have a plan ready for submission to correct defects and repair omissions that have been plainly exposed. This isn't

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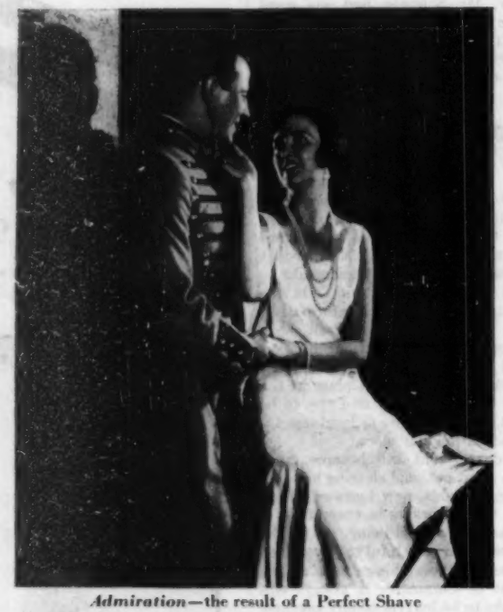

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the first time that a plan has been set in motion to find out something about how the Government's business is conducted and to try to improve its methods.

An early inquiry into the administrative methods of the executive departments was made by the Cockrell Commission in 1887. Six years later, in 1893, a joint commission, of which Representative Dockery was chairman, was appointed to examine the status of the laws organizing the departments. President Roosevelt, in 1905, named an interdepartmental committee, of which C. H. Keep, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, was chairman, to consider department methods. President Taft, in turn, in 1910, named a commission on economy and efficiency, of which Frederick Cleveland was chairman, to acquire a knowledge of the conditions in the government establishments with a view to making reforms.

After Mr. Taft made his attempt, Congress, in 1920–21, set up a Joint Committee on Reorganization. Walter F. Brown, the present Postmaster-General, though not a member of Congress, was invited to serve as chairman of the committee as President Harding's designated representative.

Broadly and generally speaking, nothing came of these enterprises. You and I—commonly and vaguely known as the public—were not interested, and neither was Congress. That ended it.

Everybody knows something ought to be done. One President after another has tried to do something. Nothing has been done of any effect. Why? I'll answer my own question in President Hoover's words. He has had his active, eager, constructive mind on this problem for at least eight or nine years.

He has observed that every single item in each proposed plan of reorganization "has invariably met with the opposition of some vested official, or it has disturbed some vested habit, or offended some organized minority. All these vested officials, vested habits, organized propaganda groups, are in favor of every item of reorganization except that which affects the bureau or the activity in which they are specially interested. No proposed change is so unimportant that it is not bitterly opposed by someone. In the aggregate, these directors of vested habits surround Congress with a confusing fog of opposition.

"Nor will we ever attain reorganization until Congress gives actual authority to the President or some board, if you will, or a committee of its own members, to do it. It is of no purpose to investigate again and report. We have had years of investigation and every investigation has resulted in some recommended action. Congressional committees have for many sessions reported out important recommendations. What is needed is the actual delegation of authority to act. The remaining great step is to authorize somebody to reorganize the administrative arm of the Government.

"I do not expect that the Federal Government will ever be a model of organization, but I have aspirations to see it improve."

Mr. Hoover, I believe, has quite definite notions and plans for making these aspirations come true. It has been noted of him, in the years he has been in the public eye, that he is given to aspirations and ideals and to dreams of human betterment. It has also been noted of him that when called upon he could produce blue prints, specifications and a budget estimate for putting these aspirations and dreams into effect. So, I suspect, it will happen in this case.

Knowing from full experience how hazardous is any prediction about political action, I yet venture, with some assurance, to prophesy that in the coming years of his administration Mr. Hoover will not submit lengthy "legislative programs," as they are called, to Congress. He will not ask for many new laws. He will be concerned and engrossed, I have reason to believe, with administrative and executive problems. The assent of Congress or a delegation of authority will have to be obtained in certain cases. Given the authority, the President will take the responsibility of finding a solution.

It is only natural and to be expected that Mr. Hoover, as President, should do the sort of job he likes best. To follow his instinct and desire is inevitable when he has the power and the responsibility, and when the job lies at his hand needing so badly to be done. He has here a job just to his liking. It is the sort of thing he has done all his working life. His primary aim is not to save money. Government activities and government expenditures will keep on growing. The design of reorganization is to get a dollar's worth of useful, efficient service for a dollar's worth of taxes. There is no thought in the Administration of firing government employes for the mere sake of reducing their number. The end sought is rather to arrange their work so that they will be usefully employed; to give them an efficient, functioning machine.

Above all things, I should say, Mr. Hoover is interested in a man or a mechanism employed to capacity. That is why he made for himself through all his working days in private life the special job of restoring "sick mines." He took over mining plants that were not working to capacity, that were not organized, and made them produce. He applied the same instinctive bent and interest to the Department of Commerce and made it a fruitful, producing, functioning department of the Government. I say this not by way of praise but by way of appraisal. I think not even political enemies have denied that the Department of Commerce was entirely remade and its usefulness increased. As President, Mr. Hoover hopes to do with the other nine departments and with all the independent establishments what he did with Commerce as its secretary.

He has thought a long time about this job which he now approaches. He has been talking about it from time to time since 1921. Indeed, not the least significant and interesting aspect of most of the President's present-day actions and policies is that they have been long matured. He has been sitting at the center of government since 1917 with his mind alert and his eyes open. He had seen the presidency from the inside for eight years before he came to the White House. He has watched the machinery of government at work. When he was put in charge of the machine he knew its defects, and he had ready in his mind definite plans for remedying them. In terms of modern industry, Mr. Hoover served an eight-year shop apprenticeship before he was made foreman.

He has a fundamental objective, and I can give it in his own words:

"Now, the purpose of all these things—the reorganization of our transportation, the improvement of the coal industry, the reorganization of the Federal Government, the development of the Colorado River, and the hundred other constructive problems which lie before the American people—is not the mental exercise of debate, it is not the profits that may be made therefrom; it reaches to the fundamental purpose of government. This is a nation of men, women and children; not of factories or machines. Where we can increase the productivity of the American people, where we can decrease the waste of expenditure on their behalf, we will have increased their standards of living, and we will have thereby created the soil from which grow the finer flowers of civilization."

What President Taft said of the whole Federal Government machine is still true:

"This vast organization has never been studied in detail as one piece of administrative mechanism. Never have the foundations been laid for a thorough consideration of the relations of all of its parts. No comprehensive effort has been made to list its multifarious activities or to group them in such a way as to present a clear picture of what the Government is doing. Never has a complete description been given of the agencies through which these activities

are performed. At no time has the attempt been made to study all of these activities and agencies with a view to the assignment of each activity to the agency best fitted for its performance, to the avoidance of duplication of plant and work, to the integration of all administrative agencies of the Government, so far as may be practicable, into a unified organization for the most effective and economical dispatch of public business."

Dr. William F. Willoughby, director of the Institute for Government Research, who has given patient and closely applied study for years to this problem, goes on record as saying:

"The administrative branch of the Government has had a development analogous to that of a rambling group of buildings composed of successive accretions of wings, additions, sheds and outlying structures, each erected to meet a specific need, but not designed with any reference to the production of a harmonious assembly of buildings. In large part, the Government has entered upon the performance of new activities in response to the solicitations of existing services which desired to extend the scope of their operations. In many cases the only authorization for such work is to be found in the appropriations granted for its performance. The distribution of duties among the services, and, to a certain extent, the grouping of services departmentally, has been almost a matter of chance or at least one not made in pursuance of any carefully thought-out plan. At rare intervals, when provision was being made for new departments, something in the way of a more logical grouping of the services immediately involved has been attempted. At no time, however, has the Government ever attempted to take stock of all of its activities, the distribution of these activities among its several services, and the grouping of those services departmentally, with a view to bringing into existence a thoroughly harmonious and efficient organization."

A brief sketch of the history and growth of the principal executive departments, prepared by the Joint Committee of Congress which last looked into the dismal swamp, exposes vividly the tangled, disorderly growth of the agencies bearing the resounding title, The Executive Branch of the Government of the United States.

Following the adoption of the Federal Constitution, the first executive agency created by Congress was the Department of Foreign Affairs, which was established by the Act of July 27, 1789. The War Department, with jurisdiction over both military and naval affairs, as well as over land grants to veterans for military service and the Government's dealings with the Indians, was established by the Act of August 7, 1789, and the Treasury Department by the Act of September second of the same year. The office of Attorney-General—the forerunner of the Department of Justice—was created by the Act of September 24, 1789; and the President's cabinet was originally composed of the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Treasury, heads of the three executive departments, and the Attorney-General, who was legal adviser to the President and the department heads.

By the Act of April 30, 1798, creating the Navy Department, the number of executive departments was increased to four, the new department taking from the War Department jurisdiction over naval affairs, including naval pensions. For more than fifty years the organization of the executive branch of the Government remained on substantially this basis. A temporary Postmaster-General, however, had been provided for by an Act of September 22, 1789, and by the Act of May 8, 1794, a general post office was established, to have supervision over postal affairs, with a Postmaster-General in charge. But this establishment was not then recognized as an executive department and its head was not originally of cabinet rank. It was not until 1829 that the Postmaster-General was admitted to the cabinet, and the Post Office Department was not established on its present footing until after the Civil War.

The first important reorganization of the executive branch of the Government occurred in 1849, with the establishment of the Interior Department by the Act of March third. The new department was intended to be the home department—as its name implies—to have jurisdiction over strictly domestic affairs coming within the scope of the Federal Government. To it were transferred from the four existing departments—State, War, Treasury and Navy—the Government's activities relating to patents, public buildings, pensions and the accounts of officers of the United States courts, as well as those relating to the public lands and to Indians. The head of the department was of cabinet rank from the beginning.

As above noted, the office of Attorney-General was created in 1789. This officer, always a member of the cabinet and the legal adviser of the President and his department heads, was also charged with the conduct of all litigation to which the Government was a party before the Supreme Court. By Act of June 22, 1870, Congress established the Department of Justice and placed the Attorney-General at its head. The purpose was to centralize the legal work done on behalf of the Government. Two years later, by the Act of June 8, 1872, the Post Office Department was formally established, of equal rank with the other executive departments.

The next executive department to be established was the Department of Agriculture, which had its inception in the growing desire of the farming, stock-raising and horticultural interests of the country for the active support and help of the Federal Government. The Act of May 15, 1862, had created an establishment independent of any executive department, known as the Department of Agriculture, with a Commissioner of Agriculture at its head. This officer, however, was not of cabinet rank. Twenty-seven years later, by the Act approved February 9, 1889, Congress established the Department of Agriculture as an executive department, providing for the office of Secretary of Agriculture, on equal footing with the heads of the other executive departments.

An important realignment in the organization of the executive branch of the Government came in 1903, when Congress, by the Act of February fourteenth, created the Department of Commerce and Labor. This was in recognition of the growing interests of trade and industry in the Government and the desire for the separate treatment of the special problems arising in these fields. The following services were transferred to the new department from the Department of the Treasury: The Lighthouse Board, the Lighthouse Establishment, the Steamboat Inspection Service, the Bureau of Navigation, the United States Shipping Commissioners, the Bureau of Standards, the Coast and Geodetic Survey, the Bureau of Immigration and the Bureau of Statistics. The Department of the Interior contributed the Census Office, and the State Department the Bureau of Foreign Commerce. Three independent establishments—the Department of Labor, created by the Act approved June 13, 1888, the Fish Commission, and the office of the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries—were also incorporated in the new department.

The Department of Commerce and Labor was in reality a compromise of two propositions recommended to Congress, the one for a separate department given over to the general idea of fostering and encouraging manufactures and commerce, and the other for a similar organization to represent the interests of labor. Labor was never satisfied with the Department of Commerce and Labor, and, largely as a result of its representations, Congress passed the Act of March 4, 1913, which effectually split the Department of Commerce and Labor into two separate executive departments—the Department of Commerce and the Department of Labor. The Department of Labor

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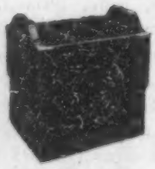
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was given jurisdiction of the Immigration and Naturalization Services, the Bureau—formerly the Department—of Labor, and the Children's Bureau. The other services under the Department of Commerce and Labor were given to the Department of Commerce.

Establishments independent of any executive department have been present in the administrative organization of the Government from the beginning. The first one of importance was the Post Office Department, whose head did not enter the cabinet until 1829, and which did not become in name an executive department until 1872, as has been noted. The Smithsonian Institution was created by act of Congress in 1846, under the terms of the will of James Smithson, an Englishman, who, in 1826, bequeathed his fortunes to the United States to found at Washington, under the name Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the "increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." The Columbia Institution for the Deaf was established in 1857 under the management of a board of directors. The so-called Department of Agriculture was created as an independent establishment in 1862. Following the Civil War, the Act of March 21, 1866, created the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers and provided for its administration independently of any executive department, although the Secretary of War was ex-officio a member of its board of managers. The Soldiers' Home had already been established, after the war with Mexico.

The growing dissatisfaction of the country with the spoils system of filling Federal offices led, in 1883, to the passage of the Civil Service Act and the establishment of the Civil Service Commission. The Interstate Commerce Commission followed, under the Act approved February 4, 1887. The Bureau of Labor, created as a subdivision of the Interior Department by the Act of June 27, 1884, was made an independent establishment by the Act of June 13, 1888, under the name Department of Labor. It was not, however, an executive department, and its head was not a member of the cabinet.

The period from 1913 up to the entry of the United States into the war with Germany, however, witnessed the origin of an additional number of establishments independent of the executive departments. Prominent among these were the Federal Reserve Board, created by the Act of December 23, 1913, to have supervision of the new Federal Reserve System; the Federal Trade Commission, established under the Act of September 26, 1914, to take over from the Department of Commerce the function of investigating and checking unfair competition in interstate trade; the Council of National Defense, established under the Act of August 29, 1916, to make dispositions for the impending entry of the United States into the European war; and the Shipping Board, established by the Act of September 7, 1916, to regulate carriers by water engaged in interstate and foreign commerce and to encourage and assist the development of an American merchant marine.

Other independent establishments of less general importance created in this period were the Bureau of Efficiency, originally set up as a division of the Civil Service Commission under the Act of March 4, 1913; the Board of Mediation and Conciliation, established by the Act of July 15, 1913; the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, created by the Act of March 3, 1915; the Employees' Compensation Commission, established by the Act of September 7, 1916; the Tariff Commission, created by the Act approved September 7, 1916; and the Federal Board for Vocational Education, established by the Act of February 23, 1917.

There you have an outline map of the dismal swamp and most of its floating islands.

President Hoover cannot do anything about it unless he has the assent of Congress. He cannot get that assent without an active, interested public opinion supporting him. He is willing to do all the work if we will let Congress know we think it should be done. Don't you think we might show that much interest in what concerns all of us? We pay for all this mess, you know.

OUT-OF-DOORS

(Continued from Page 70)

season, when the powerful elemental instincts of love and jealousy control the behavior of these fine animals. The hunting season is also on in the autumn, so that, what with disposing violently of rivals, getting married, and all the time standing an excellent chance of being shot, a buck really lives in a high degree of excitement. The hunting season occurs at the time when a stag is most readily killed; for not only are the forests bare but the stag himself, because of the urgency of the mating instinct, loses much of his natural wariness, which is his true safety. It is at this time that park keepers have to beware of bucks; and in the wilds, bucks seem much more intent upon following their inamoratas than in considering their own safety.

If in flight, a deer presents a difficult target, even broadside-on. Perhaps the difficulty is due to the curious undulant rhythm of his leaps. A good rule is not to try to follow the deer with your gun, but to wait and let him darken your sights. After a friend of mine had missed several easy shots, he gently complained to me thus: "I held right on that buck. But he just jumped right over the shot."

Whether a deer has been struck can generally be told—but not always. Aside from the conclusive matter of his going down at the shot, if he blunders badly, if he changes his stride violently and in a cramped way, if he flattens his tail against his haunches, he is probably badly hit. But I have seen all these signs fail many times. I have seen a stag give no evidence whatsoever of having been touched; yet, after two hundred yards of superb running, he fell dead with a bullet actually in his heart. The careful hunter will never admit missing until he has looked for blood signs. But these, though they indicate a wound, do not always indicate its nature. If running in company with other deer, when wounded, a stag commonly separates.

In stalking the whitetail or in standing for him at the head of a drive, the hunter who really knows deer nature always has the best chance. He does not have the psychological handicap of being obliged to overcome amazement before he can shoot. If it is a case of a snap shot or none, of course the hunter should shoot. But in nearly every case in which deer are missed, the trouble comes because the sportsman shoots too soon or too jerkily. He may wait deliberately, but he shoots hastily. A buck has a peculiar gait in running, but he does not commonly go at high speed, being given to alternate fits of high bursts of speed and the laziest kind of lagging. He is an expert lurker, and it is an impossible thing to lurk swiftly. If possible, let your buck lag and lurk before you accept your great chance.

Every experienced stalker knows the stag's habit of standing for long periods absolutely soundless and motionless, so that he melts into the quietness of the forest background. It takes keen and practiced eyesight to identify a motionless, silent, living thing. "I looked at the thing ten minutes," a hunter told me, "and then decided it was a stump. When I took down my rifle and moved a step forward, off jumped a ten-point buck. I never got another chance at him."

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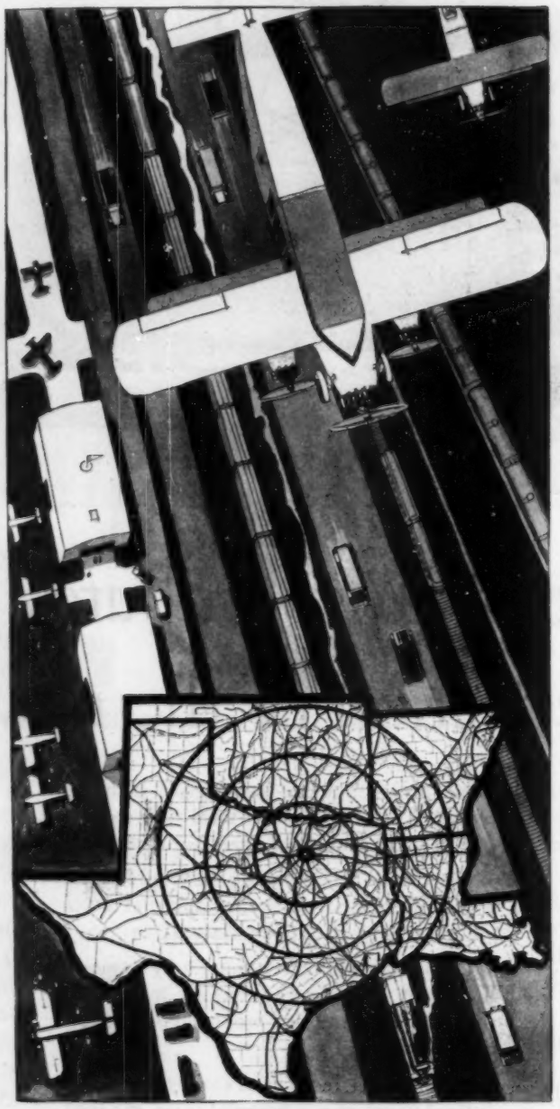

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This report also contains valuable market data; distribution maps showing retail outlets in twenty-two important lines; and a list of concerns having branches in Dallas. It is a veritable distribution hand book for the busy sales or general executive.

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THE GOOD OLD TIMES

(Continued from Page 27)

good old times were far less amenable to discipline than they are today. On one occasion the senior class at Dartmouth petitioned for a two days' leave of absence "for a hunt." They were refused, but twenty went without leave, and it was probably for fear of an uncontrollable outbreak that a distracted faculty was forced to reinstate them without discipline, on a mere promise of good behavior. This undergraduate practice of declaring a moratorium on all academic business must have been fairly common, for the faculty minutes of Franklin College—Athens, Georgia—contain repeated references to it. They declared one on March 4, 1853, because it was impossible for them to attend the inauguration of President Pierce, another on April 30, 1855—"for no other reason," Prof. E. M. Coulter tells us, "than because the weather was fine"—and one more on April 1, 1859, for reasons that can be deduced from the date. The manner in which the undergraduates took the bit in their teeth is evident from another entry, which shows that all but five of the senior class at Dartmouth deliberately absented themselves from examination.

We occasionally still hear lurid accounts of bottle day and breakage at Yale. They are played up just because they are the last sporadic manifestations of a dying old custom, the "bread and butter riots," which originated as a protest against the unsatisfactory conditions at commons which have now fortunately disappeared at New Haven as elsewhere. Where such stupid little fracases appear in the colleges today, it is only because they are kept weakly alive by a small group of unruly, overcollegiate underclassmen, whereas in the older times they seem to have enlisted the active interest of nearly all students in the college. Undergraduate opinion—certainly that of upperclassmen—is now turning against these rarer outbreaks of boisterous collegiatism, which were far more frequent half a century ago than they are today.

One feature of college life in the older days may be said to have completely disappeared. This is the attitude of ill will and hostility toward the faculty. In 1819 President Messer of Brown, with a pathetic sense of aggrievance, sent the following plaintive note to a parent:

> Your son since his return has thrown a stone through the window of one of the tutors, and has put into his bed a shovel of ashes, though the tutor had given him no Provocation nor did even know him.

It was, alas, quite typical, since offenses of this sort and worse were far more numerous in the good old times.

When Boxing Was Elective

Like the factory windows of Vachel Lindsay's poem, tutors' windows were always broken. The only thing that eased their lot in this regard was that they rather expected it. That was why Prof. Nahum Hiram Wood used to go about on patrol carrying an umbrella, for experience had taught him that the undergraduates would pour buckets of water or refuse on his head. Sometimes such conduct resulted in serious bodily injuries, as when, for instance, a professor at Mercer College in Georgia was dangerously wounded by a student, and when President Alonzo Church and Professor Charles McCay of Franklin College suffered serious wounds and bruises at the hands of six drunken seniors one night in 1840.

This conspiracy of the undergraduate against his teacher extended through the entire section of the country covered by the colleges. Nowhere could we expect to find learning pursued more seriously than in Illinois College on the frontier, yet Charles H. Rammelkamp, its president and historian, reports that the spirit of discipline was totally different from that of our day. The student aimed to make the professor's life "as uncomfortable as possible, and practical jokes upon members of the faculty seem to have been the chief aim of student frolics." There, as elsewhere, some of it may have been an attempt on the part of the student to ease his own hard lot, but Mr. Rammelkamp, perhaps correctly, is inclined to believe that it happened because college athletics, that great safety valve for superabundant student energy, were unknown. We are told further by the same authority that "personal encounters between fellow students, which today are of such rare occurrence, were then somewhat common." Cases of discipline for intoxication were frequent, and swearing was a widespread vice. This is the more significant when it is recalled that 44 per cent of these students entered the ministry.

Cannon-Ball Rolling

Just how they made life uncomfortable for the faculty we may gather from an account by the late Andrew D. White, that distinguished diplomat and former president of Cornell. He had attended for a time a little church college whose special boast it was that "owing to the small number of its students, it was able to exercise a direct Christian influence upon every young man committed to its care." In this seemingly sheltered and favored spot it was, he tells us, his unhappy privilege to behold a professor,

> an excellent clergyman, seeking to quell hideous riot in a student's room, buried under a heap of carpets, mattresses, counterpanes, and blankets; to see another clerical professor forced to retire through the panel of a door under a shower of lexicons, boots, and brushes, and to see even the president himself, on one occasion, obliged to leave his lecture room by a ladder from a window, and on another, kept at bay by a shower of beer bottles.

Most rooms had fireplaces, and the occupant often kept a cannon ball, which was heated in the embers and then placed on a skillet to radiate more warmth. In every one of the older colleges these cannon balls were perennial sources of trouble, and bowling them down the corridors against the doors of the tutors was the favorite indoor sport. The game consisted in rolling the ball first while it was cold and having the tutor rush out and bowl it away; then to heat it and crash it against his door again, in the hope that in his wrath he would come out and again pick it up.

With such cannon-ball rolling went other amusements of like sort: "horning"—the blowing of tin horns on all occasions, even in lecture rooms—cap snatching; the shooting of firearms, which had to be restricted, and which probably still persists only in the "poler's recesses" at places like Princeton, where, in the evening during examination periods, when the bell strikes the hour, for five minutes undergraduates fire pistols out of their windows as a relief from their labors. Smoking men out, burning brimstone in keyholes, and "salting the freshmen" by placing salt and water on their seats, were forms of humor much affected.

It was a fairly regular thing to drive cows or horses up a flight of stairs and stable them in recitation or, if possible, tutors' rooms, and we are told by the historian of Dartmouth that an instructor, on reaching his desk, occasionally found it occupied by a skunk.

It would, of course, be unfair to collect horrible examples ranging over a hundred years and give that as a true picture. For this reason, before closing the chapter, we shall pick only one brief period—1841–1843—and give without comment snapshots of life at Dartmouth, Yale and Princeton. To see it in perspective it should be remembered that enrollments were very much smaller, and that in the year 1841 Dartmouth graduated seventy-six, Yale seventy-eight, Harvard forty-eight and Princeton sixty.

A vote passed by the faculty at Dartmouth on November 27, 1843, throws light upon a type of undergraduate malefactor of those days:

> Whereas Sophomore Warren appears, from evidence, to have been the leader of a party of students, in disguise, who broke open a citizen's house, threatened the inmates with death, and finally, not proving successful in gaining possession of the house, threw large stones through the windows and doors to the manifest danger of the lives of those within; whereas the said Warren is reported to have carried a loaded pistol on the night of the above-mentioned attack, and whereas the said Warren, though put upon strict probation for his misdemeanors, still persisted in a course of dissipation and secret violation of college laws, such as frequent participation in convivial entertainments at a public inn, the keeping of ardent spirits in his room, and feasting upon stolen fowls which students had fattened in the college building, and other violations too numerous to mention, therefore voted that Sophomore Warren be and hereby is expelled from college.

In those days commencement occurred in the last week of August or the first week of September. The regular term time, therefore, included the Fourth of July, and it is interesting to note from the letter of a Princeton undergraduate of 1841 what happened there at this celebration of our national holiday. It tells us that the students had gathered a great heap of old barrels for a bonfire.

> Round this fire about one hundred of the conjubilant students had a grand dance, singing "Ha Jib-a-long, jib-a-long-a Josey" in the most inspiring and ridiculous manner. . . . The voice of Boker—George H. Boker, later United States Minister to Russia—rang loud and clear above those of his fellows. The bell now rang for the students to go to their rooms and, the Faculty coming out to enforce obedience to their orders, about fifty of the students set off together and finished the celebration with a grand race around town, with the Faculty at their heels, for which quite a number have been suspended.

In this same year, at Yale, Tutor John B. Dwight, a grandson of the first President Dwight, one night, as in duty bound, attempted to stop a fight between sophomores and freshmen. The group of sophomores reassembled to renew the fray and young Dwight tried to quell the disturbance. In the dimly lighted campus of those days he attempted to draw a young sophomore into the light to identify him, when the sophomore, drawing a dirk knife, stabbed him twice in the thigh. An infection evidently set in and young Dwight died a few weeks later as a result of his wounds.

The Glorious Fourth

It would be unwise to make hasty deductions even from such records of the time. It is, to be sure, fair and necessary to conclude that cases of insolence, rudeness, violence and rowdyism were more frequent among the students of the older days. In the past twenty-four years, among two thousand students I have never heard of a single case in which an undergraduate in any way molested or annoyed any one of the many instructors who now with impunity live in college dormitories. Only once in four or five years is it ever necessary for a disciplinary officer even to speak to an undergraduate because of anything resembling unbecoming conduct in a classroom. In spite of all that has been said against them and all the criticism of their manners, on these counts they are decidedly better behaved. Some credit is due, but we must not give it all to the colleges or to the undergraduates.

Anyone who has lived through the past fifty years in America can, if he looks back with an open mind, understand what has happened. He has merely to compare a Fourth of July celebration of 1890 with the one of this present year of grace. Even forty years ago the coming of the Glorious Fourth was dreaded by parents and was a nightmare to the old, to the ill and to the less robust. The din was continuous, and

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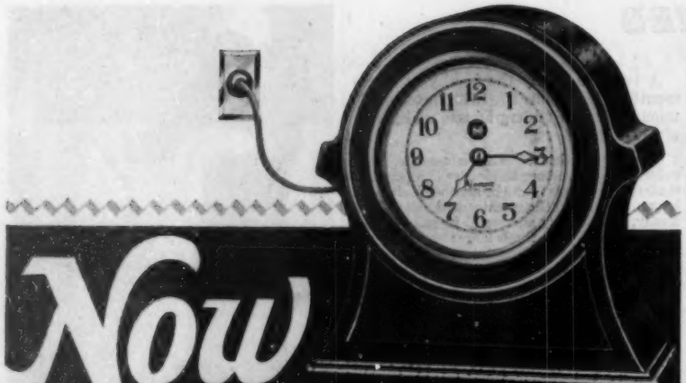

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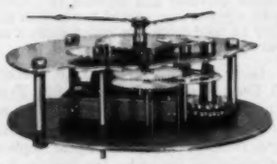

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every young American felt in honor bound to cause louder detonations than his neighbor, and firing was carried on in the streets under the noses of the horses. Anyone who did not live through it and who will consult a newspaper of any July fifth of the nineteenth century will be amazed at the chronicle of fires, runaways, serious and fatal accidents.

College in Comfort

We are in this respect a much more sensible, a better disciplined, a much better behaved people. We are less boisterous. We are, let us hope, less rude and inconsiderate. That age of the cannon cracker and the horse pistol has passed. And though it would be a mistake to wash the undergraduate white as wool, as a cross section of normal American youth, amenable to the trends of public opinion, he has participated in that general improvement. With the alleviation of nearly all of his real grievances and hardships, he represents today, and should be expected to represent, since he is privileged and since he is somewhat better educated, something slightly higher than the mean of American conduct for his age level. When he fails to do this, it is not because he is collegiate or sophisticated. It goes deeper and is more serious. He has, from inherent lack of character or training by parents, brought with him from home or has somewhere acquired those bad manners which in his case it will probably take more than a college education to cure.

In that mythology which grew up about the colleges, the decade from 1890 to 1900 occupies a pivotal position. It was assumed that in this period college life and customs came into finest flower and that it marked the end of the Good Old Times. It is for this reason that the decade is quite generally referred to by alumni as the "Golden 90's," a sort of halcyon Indian summer of the golden age. It is true that college life and college customs still thrived, but the inevitable changes were beginning to come in. Up to this time the professor of Greek and the professor of belles lettres had frequently been returned, superannuated missionaries. They were dying out and being replaced by the more modern, better trained, and, from the undergraduate's standpoint, more approachable and companionable type of university instructor. The pinch of poverty, still so noticeable in the days of Gildersleeve and Northrop, was less painfully evident and, possibly under the influence of the more liberal atmosphere of the state universities, the grip of puritanism upon college tradition was relaxing. Obnoxious regulations were beginning to disappear. Required daily chapel, which had once been held at 6 A.M., was moved to 8 or even to 9:30, and in many cases was formally abolished.

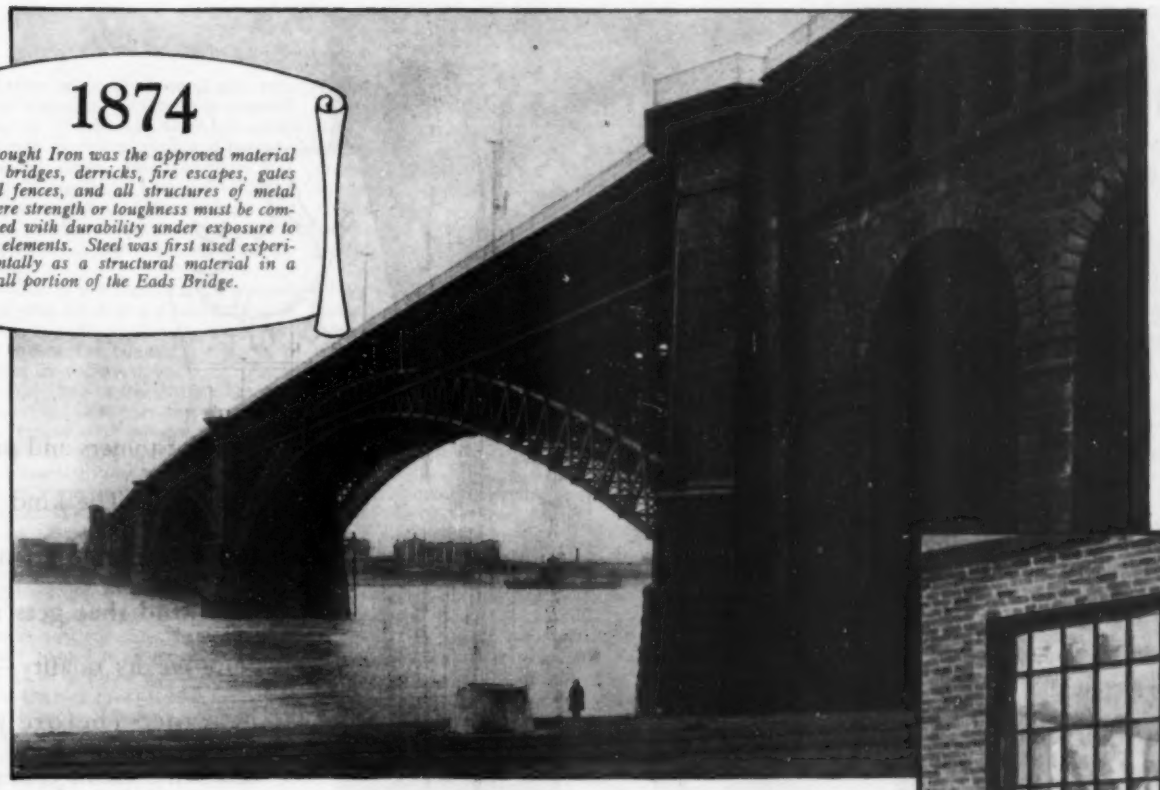
It was at this time that the first of the beautiful collegiate Gothic dormitories began to appear upon the American campuses. Blair Hall, the first at Princeton, dates from 1896. They were much more comfortable and livable, but this very fact brought new problems. With the increasing numbers, it became difficult to check up on all undergraduates, many of whom now began to come primarily for the life. That old rigorous control over residence was impossible, for we had been too poor to take over the English system of quadrangles with a single entrance and a porter at the gate and, now that we were financially able, we still continued, perhaps unwisely, to build isolated dormitories. Clubs and fraternities became more luxurious and important and began, in the mind of the undergraduate, to compete for that loyalty which he had once given exclusively to the college. Under this looser system, week-ending began; though for a time the strength of college custom and the charm of campus converse acted to stay it. Life was more pleasant, particularly for the idler. It is quite proper to speak of that decade as golden, only once more the perspective of the old graduate is wrong. The 1890's were not the end of a golden age, of those Good Old Times we have come to believe in, in spite of all the facts. They were golden only in comparison with our poverty-stricken past and the dismal conditions under which undergraduates had suffered and against which they had revolted and rebelled for well over a hundred years.

Not the Man He Used to Be

Any careful comparison of the present with the recent or more remote past makes absurd the conception that there was once an undergraduate Eden which we have now lost. Life on a college campus always offered its opportunities and temptations, as it does still, and its general curve followed the line of our country's changes. As we are more prosperous now, so are the colleges. This, too, carries its own dangers with it, but one could succeed or fail there in any decade. Blind enthusiasts for the past can only remind us of that group of gray-bearded New Englanders who, we are told, had gathered about the stove in the little post office at the crossroads, and were bemoaning the regrettable changes and universal degeneration round about them. "Even Deacon Jones," added the postmaster, "isn't the man he used to be." The approving squire summed it all up when he concluded sadly, "No, and he never was." So it is with the college undergraduate. It is true that in many respects he is not the man he used to be. The record seems to indicate, however, that he never was the man whom the overrueful old graduate imagines him to have been.

DRAWN BY CARL ANDERSON

Willie, Who is Under His Teacher's Eye in the Front Seat, Presents Her With a Large Bouquet of Flowers Every Morning



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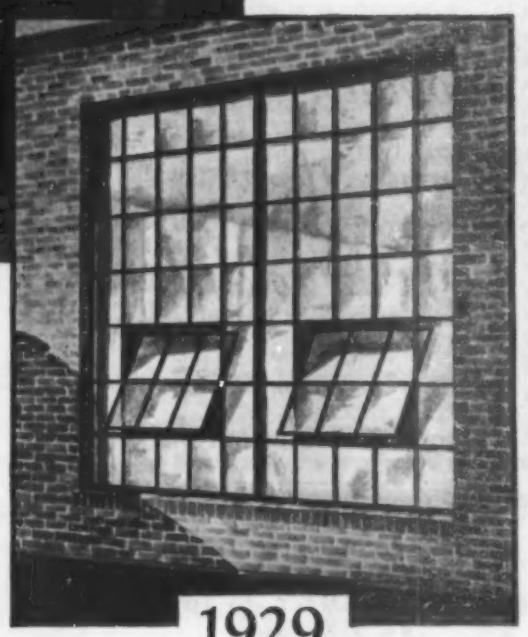

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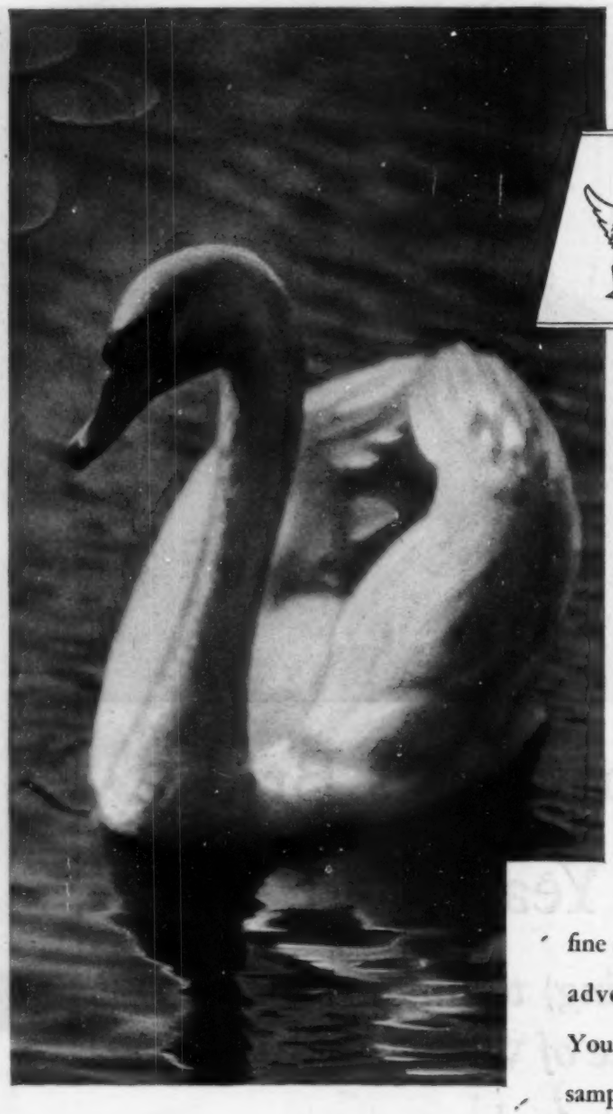

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ENDS OF THE EARTH

(Continued from Page 53)

morning when we stepped out of the tent, the village was gone. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. It had been there last night right enough; a dozen yurts and perhaps five hundred sheep. Now the place was bare. The Mongols had been so frightened by the strange ball of light suddenly appearing in the desert that they had packed their yurts and left with every man, woman and sheep.

Superstition is a Mongol's middle name. Anything that he does not understand is attributed to some supernatural agency. By this means the lamas—priests—keep their power over the laymen.

Sometimes this superstition becomes most annoying. Last year, in a part of the desert where we were working, there had been no rain for some time. Shortly after we left, torrential downpours swept away half a dozen yurts pitched at the bottom of a steep bluff. The priests had to have an alibi for such a calamity. We were it. Because those foreigners dug bones there, said they, the gods are angry and produced the floods!

Again rinderpest had taken a dreadful toll of cattle near one of our fossil deposits. The lamas blamed it all on us. They refused to let us continue work there. But I persuaded the high priest to visit our camp. After three drinks of brandy I showed him twenty-five dollars and asked if he didn't think the gods could be appeased. He pocketed the money and agreed that it might be done. But he particularly stated that it must be a secret between us two. The gods would be annoyed, said he, if I mentioned it to any of the other lamas!

Urga, the city of the Living Buddha, is one of the most interesting places I have ever seen. Coltman left us there to return to Kalgan. At that time—1919—it was as free as air. We could come and go without restriction, as though we were on the open plains.

Today it is a far different place. Since the Russian Soviet took Outer Mongolia under its protection Urga has become a city of suspicion. It is difficult enough to enter, heaven knows, but to get out is even worse.

Demons

Every person, stranger or resident, is a potential spy and is watched accordingly.

Both my wife and I were fascinated with the bizarre medieval life of Urga. It was like a pageant on the stage of the Hippodrome. When a dozen wild nomads in flaming red, yellow or purple dashed at full speed down the main street, it seemed that we must be present at some special celebration; that this barbaric spectacle could not be the life of every day.

At that time Urga numbered about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, but fully fifteen thousand were lamas. The Living Buddha, who ranked only after the Dalai and Tashi Lamas of Tibet, was the actual head of both church and state. Now he is dead and I saw his mummified body in a very sacred temple which I had entered by a ruse. Then he was old and blind, but he had been a gay bird in his day. The stories of his revels with a few chosen spirits were the talk of Urga.

I visited him in his palace beside the Tola River. An amazing place it was, filled with Western inventions gleaned from mail-order catalogues of America. The Living Buddha ordered a motor car to be brought from Peking. He seldom rode in it, but had much amusement by attaching a wire to the batteries and giving worshiping pilgrims an electric shock. They thought that they had been especially blessed by the Living God!

My wife and I pitched our tent on a beautiful green lawn beside the river. It would have been a charming spot except for the dogs which swarmed like ants about the city. Thousands of them maintained a continual roar around us all through the night and day. Huge black mastiffs they were, savage as wolves and always starving. It was worth one's life to pass through the meat market at night. We never ventured away from camp without a club or pistol.

The Mongols do not bury their dead, but throw them out to be devoured by the dogs, wolves and birds. Almost every day some corpse was dragged down to the river from the lama city. One was left within a hundred yards of our tent. It took just seven minutes for a pack of dogs to tear it into a dozen pieces. It was not a nice sight.

My wife and I nearly met a horrible death from these same dogs when returning from Mongolia. We were camped for the night at Turin, a great mass of jagged rocks not far from a desert monastery. It was a starlit night and we did not bother to pitch a tent. Our sleeping bags were spread side by side near the car. I had placed two rifles between us on the ground. One was my 6.5 millimeter rifle; the other a tiny .22 caliber repeater I had used for killing birds. The usual chorus of barking dogs sounded faintly from the monastery, but I thought nothing of it. During the night my wife was restless and at two o'clock sat up suddenly, wide awake. In the moonlight she saw a pack of fourteen huge dogs stealthily circling about our camp. As they closed in she screamed. Half awake, I grasped the first rifle my hands touched and fired blindly. It happened to be the .22 repeater. The tiny bullet caught the huge leader in some vital spot, for he sank in his tracks, stone dead. As the pack swept by I fired twice more, hitting two other dogs. Instantly there was a bloodcurdling chorus of yelps and growls as the wounded animals were devoured by their ravenous comrades.

I never knew where the bullet struck the leader. I dragged him far beyond our camp and the next morning all that remained of his carcass was a few bits of bloody hair. Had my wife not waked at that very second we would never have lived to see another day.

Every family and every caravan owns a dog. They are encouraged to be savage. God help the person that comes near a Mongol yurt unannounced. Often a particularly vicious dog is kept in a wooden cage and only allowed free at night to range the compound.

I have had six or eight very narrow escapes from being killed by dogs during my ten years in Mongolia. One night as I rode into Urga on horseback, four dogs attacked me. One leaped for my stirrup leather, another for the pony's tail and a third caught him by the fetlock. As I reached to draw my rifle from the scabbard the pony kicked wildly, rolling over one of the hounds. Instantly the others were on their injured companion, tearing him to bits.

From Urga my wife and I went southward into the grass lands. Our equipment was carried in three carts; we ourselves rode ponies. For weeks we camped from place to place, trapping small mammals, collecting birds and antelopes.

Real Sport at High Speed

Shooting gazelles from motor cars is butchery. Hunting them on horseback is sport. We would ride over the plains, scanning the country from every rise, until antelope were sighted; then ride quietly toward them, gradually edging nearer until they began to run. Almost always they would try to cross in front. With a yell I would be off at full speed, standing in the stirrups, rifle free. Jumping ditches, among treacherous marmot holes, down into valleys and out again, wild with excitement. Then suddenly checking the pony, I would throw myself off and begin to shoot. That was real sport. The marmot holes made it exceedingly dangerous and the antelopes had much the advantage. They could run twice as fast as the best pony. All I had was a high-powered rifle.

My pony, Kublai Khan, loved the sport. He was just like a hunting dog. Often he would see gazelles before we did and would toss his head restlessly, wild to be off. I could shoot from the saddle or right under his nose while he stood quietly. When we came up to the dead antelope, he would nuzzle it proudly, as though he had done it all himself.

It is not easy at first to shoot a gazelle going fifty to sixty miles an hour at three hundred yards. But it comes with practice. Suddenly you will get the knack, learn just how much to lead the animals, and the rest is easy. For the first fortnight I averaged one antelope to ten cartridges. By the end of the season I had cut it down to one in two.

My wife and I lived much on game. Sand grouse and bustard varied the diet of antelope; sometimes we could buy a sheep from the nomad Mongols. It was a free healthy life and we were very happy. I was learning the country and its ways, talking with wandering Mongols about the far-western desert, studying the physical problems of transport and maintenance in the arid reaches of the Gobi. All I learned made me more certain that this was the chosen spot for the new conquest of Central Asia; the place where I could stake all to lose or win on a single play.

We were seldom far from the main Kalgan-Urga trail in the northern grass lands. With our carts and ponies it would

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The Gobi Desert

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Contest closed midnight, July 15th, and an unbiased board of judges selected the winners as follows:

CIGARETTE SMOKERS

First Prize—$200—Mr. G. W. Taylor, 86 Queen St., Halifax, N. S., Canada; Second Prize—$100—Mrs. Myrtle VanderHorst, Big Creek, Calif.; Third Prize—$50—Mr. H. W. Morton, 6020 35th Ave., Kenosha, Wis.; Fourth Prize—$25—Mr. K. F. Blystone, 925 Highland Ave., Greensburg, Pa.

CIGARETTE SALES PEOPLE

First Prize—$100—Mr. Charles J. Schiesser, 1031 E. Superior St., Duluth, Minn.; Second Prize—$75—Mr. David Roshman, 709 S. 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Third Prize—$50—Mrs. Ida Biggs, 314 Grand Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.; Fourth Prize—$25—Mrs. Laura McCown, 3206 29th St., Tampa, Fla.

135 other cash prizes, amounting to $875, have been awarded to winners of the fifth and sixth prizes—a total of 143 prizes amounting to $1500. Checks have been sent to winners and all contestants have been mailed the full list of names and addresses of the prize winners.

Luden's, Inc., Reading, Pa.

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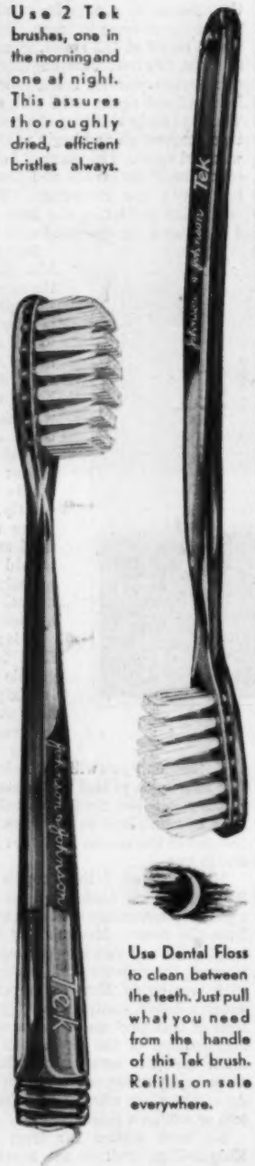

Use Dental Floss to clean between the teeth. Just pull what you need from the handle of this Tek brush. Refills on sale everywhere.

Though Tek's snow white bristles and modern, pastel handles will "sell you on sight," don't throw away your old brush—just yet. Keep it until you have used Tek twice a day for one week. Wait until you have felt for yourself how easily Tek cleans because it fits every curve, all bristles in action every stroke. Wait until you have experienced the stimulation of Tek's long, resilient bristles as they exercise health into your gums automatically with each brushing stroke.

Then go back to your old brush. One minute with it will be enough. You'll decide once and for all to use only Tek. The brush that fits will win. For the children, Tek Jr. Product of Johnson & Johnson, world's largest makers of dental and surgical dressings.

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The Modern Tooth Brush

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NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U.S.A.

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have been impossible to go into the desert. There was neither enough feed nor water. Camels alone could be used there. But that made little difference, for we were gathering a superb collection of mammals and I was getting the "feel of the country."

Early in July we wandered back to Urga and from there went north into the great larch forests. In less than twenty miles from the city we were out of the plains fauna into the Siberian life zone. A wilderness of virgin forest swept over the mountains, inhabited only by moose, elk, roe deer, bear, wild boar and lynx. Capercaillie, black grouse, hazel hens and ptarmigan were abundant in almost every parklike opening of the forest. In contrast to what we had left, it might have been another world.

Far up in the wilderness, in a secluded river valley, we found a Mongol village and a strange old hunter. Tserin Dorchy was his name. I bore a message to him from a Mongol duke, but that would have made precious little difference had he not liked us. Of all human beings I have ever met, he was the most independent. His word was law in the village. But our mutual love for sport soon put us on a friendly basis and we were accepted as welcome additions to the valley's community.

Born to the Saddle

Our main camp was a mile above the village and always some of the Mongols were at the tents. Immediately I had to assume my usual rôle of doctor. All sorts of diseases were brought to me for treatment. Tserin Dorchy's wife presented a baby with a case of eczema, and before the month was out I had the kiddie well on the road to health. A wandering lama had ridden into the village shortly before our arrival. He had been saying prayers for all the community invalids, but none of them were better for it. When my treatments began to have beneficial effects, he stole all my glory. I think most of the Mongols were convinced that the foreign medicines really did the work, but they were too superstitious to admit the fact openly. Anyway, whenever one of my patients showed signs of recovery the lama collected a fee. He was a rich man as lamas go, in the way of sheep, boots and clothing, before we left the valley. He never offered to split fifty-fifty with me either. But you couldn't have dragged him away as long as we remained.

One thing saves the lives of many Mongols, and that is sunlight. They live out-of-doors most of the day, and the thin population, even in the grasslands, breeds few germs. When the interior of a yurt becomes too dirty even for them, they simply shift it a few yards to another spot.

This for the summer. Winter is the time when trouble comes. Then it is too cold to stay outside and usually a wall of dung is constructed about the yurt to act not only as a store of fuel but as a windbreak. The house is seldom shifted in the winter. The children become unbelievably hardy. I have seen three or four year old babies, stark naked, playing about in a bitter wind when I was shivering in a fur coat.

The kiddies are taught to ride when they are hardly able to walk. Often they are tied on horseback. If by chance they fall off, such an accident evokes no sympathy. At five or six years they are herding sheep or camels and doing it amazingly well.

I believe that the present-day Mongol is equal in endurance or very nearly so to those of Jenghiz Khan's time. The weak have not survived. Of course, there are not so many of them, but the hardship and privation which they can endure upon occasion is little short of superhuman.

With all their faults they are distinctly a likable people. Good sportsmen, ready to try anything once, brave, strong, self-reliant, excellent fighters, magnificent horsemen. They possess so many of the characteristics which Anglo-Saxons admire that we have many points of contact. Most of all, the Mongols have a sense of humor. They are able even to appreciate a joke upon themselves, which is more than many of our own people can boast.

Independence is perhaps their most distinctive characteristic. Their way of life upon the plains has made them supremely self-reliant, and to acknowledge a master, either individually or as a nation, is abhorrent. Witness the political changes of the last two decades, when they became affiliated first with China, then with Russia and back again. Each change was brought about because the greater power had become intolerably domineering. They hoped that, by switching to the other neighbor, relief might come.

I was continually impressed by the similarity in the customs of Mongolia and those of our own great West during the early days. Like conditions bred like habits. Hospitality is a law of the land. Time after time I have ridden up to a yurt, hobbled my pony and gone inside. A place about the fire was made for me as a matter of course. Taking out my little wooden food bowl I dipped into the common pot and was given tea. Always they spread my blankets in the best sleeping place farthest from the door. In the morning there was no thought of payment. I have done the same thing for dozens of Mongols at my own camp.

Our ponies often slipped their hobbles and strayed during the night. Many times they were brought back by natives who had found them miles away. They would expect as much from us. It is a law of the land to inform every traveler if a well or spring is dry. To be caught without water may mean death.

Horse stealing is as great a crime as murder. Death is the only punishment. The few Mongol soldiers in Urga were kept to enforce such laws. If a man reported the theft of a pony the soldiers took up the trail, following it for days or weeks if need be, and seldom returned without their man.

In those days—1919—the Mongols were still using one of the most horrible forms of punishment of which I know. A prisoner was placed in a heavy wooden coffin about four and a half feet long by three feet wide and as many high. He could neither lie down nor sit erect. In this cramped position he might stay for days or weeks or even years, according to his sentence. Through a round hole six inches wide in the side of the box food was passed—when the jailers did not forget it! In the prison I saw a dozen coffins, and all were occupied.

Safe From Protection

One of the inmates told me that he had been there five years; his was a life sentence. At first he used to be taken out every week for a little exercise, but soon his legs and arms had atrophied and he could no longer walk. Still he lived. Many coffins on the street corners contained men who had committed minor crimes. They would remain inside for perhaps a week or two and could be given food by anyone who wished. I saw one poor fellow in a box whose legs and hands were tightly manacled as well. Fortunately, this punishment was abolished in 1920. The last time I visited the jail in Urga I saw a pile of old coffins in a corner of the yard and none in use.

Our days in the northern forests passed all too quickly, for they were very happy days. It was a paradise for small mammals and I caught dozens of new and little known species of voles, shrews, wood mice, rats, picas, squirrels and hares. Moose, roe deer, wapiti, bear and wild boar were among our larger game. We lived like veritable children of the woods, shooting in the morning and late afternoon, eating and sleeping when we would, careless of the weeks that passed.

On August the fourteenth there came the first touch of frost. Valleys and forest had been bright with masses of bluebells, forget-me-nots, and dozens of other wild flowers, but then they quickly began to droop and

(Continued on Page 225)

UNBEATABLE VALUES

IN HANES UNDERWEAR FOR EVERY SEASON IN THE YEAR!

Why pay more or accept less?

PICK OUT your favorite type of underwear—as made by HANES! As soon as you put it on, you'll want to tell the world you've found the world's most comfortable underwear. After months of wear and wash-days, it will look the same, feel the same, and fit the same.

If you wonder how HANES can give so much underwear comfort and service for the money, you should see it made—should know something about the remarkable buying, manufacturing and selling methods of the P. H. Hanes Knitting Co. This nationally known organization operates one of the most modern and complete groups of mills in America. It spins its own cotton for every knitted garment. For more than a quarter of a century it has endeavored to make the very best men's and boys' underwear that can be made, and to price it so low any man will be convinced that in no other underwear can he equal HANES values.

The Gold Label Elastic-knit Lightweight Union Suit on the man in the picture is a fine garment for the changeable weather of autumn and spring. It is the ideal winter garment for men who work indoors. In many sections where weather is never extreme many men wear it for work and play all year round. For really cold temperatures there is no greater comfort or protection to be had than that given by HANES Red Label Elastic-knit Heavyweights. There's no scratch in the fleecy cotton—never a bind, bunch or wrinkle. Because every HANES knitted garment is *knitted, not cut, to size* and is carefully measured and finished in every detail. That goes for boys' and children's garments also.

Ask your dealer to show you the complete HANES line. If you wear summer-weights all year round be sure to see the HANES SAMSONBAK Athletic Union Suit of madras and broadcloth and the smart HANES Shirts and Shorts. Remember that your own special style is waiting for you *and a new deal in comfort and economy*. If your regular store hasn't trade-marked HANES Underwear, write direct to P. H. Hanes Knitting Co., Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

Men's Gold Label Elastic-knit Lightweight Union Suit—only $1.50. Red Label Lightweight, $1. Boys' age 2 to 16 winter underwear, from light to extra heavy, only 75c to $1. Men's heavyweights—$1.25 to $1.50.

HANES SAMSONBAK Athletic Union Suit of madras and broadcloth. Patented "tug-of-war" belt. Just $1.

HANES Shorts in white and smart new colors. Shirts of rumbed cotton, mercerized cotton (Durene) and rayon. 50c to $1 a garment.

HANES Winter Underwear for men embodies five famous points. Only $1.25 to $1.50 according to weight. Shirts and drawers also.

HANES Merrichild Waist Suits for boys and girls age 2 to 12. Only 85c.

HANES UNDERWEAR

FOR MEN AND BOYS — FOR EVERY SEASON

HANES TRADE MARK

THIS BOOKLET tells how to get the utmost in dress-value and satisfaction out of footwear, regardless of personal preferences in price and patterns. For a free copy, write to *Executive Advertising Committee, 14th Floor, 260 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.*

SHOES MARK THE MAN

FOR CORRECT DRESS as well as correct fitting consult shoe merchants who display this emblem. This advertisement is one of a series sponsored by the combined Shoe, Leather and Allied Industries collaborating with the National Shoe Retailers' Association.

What, no SHOES?

FORMAL SHOES LOOK BEST with formal dress. Certainly there can be no exception to this rigid rule of etiquette: strictly "formal dress," plain-toe footwear of black patent leather should be worn with tuxedo or full evening dress.

Not the mere discomfort of stony streets, but the stony stares and the sting of ridicule are what you'd fear the most in a fix like this. Worn-down, shabby or even inappropriate shoes hurt your pride and your personal appearance in the same way. People may not grin and point, but they certainly do take notice of the shoes a man wears! When you dress, choose your shoes as carefully as your tie.

SPORT SHOES LOOK BEST with clothing comfortable and appropriate for out-of-the-city recreation. For general playtime wear men are offered unlimited range of choice in special footwear that's smart and practical, including new blue-and-white shoes to be worn with flannels at Southern resorts this winter.

PLAIN-PATTERN SHOES (high or low-cut) look best with conservative clothing. Shoes of any smooth-finish leather (black or tan) look best with smooth-finish fabrics. Don't wear heavy shoes of "doggy" design with plain, fine-textured weaves.

Among well dressed men, the basic axiom of good usage in footwear is this: *the best and most useful shoes for you are those various TYPES of shoes that go best with the clothes YOU wear and the things YOU do.*

FANCY-PATTERN SHOES LOOK BEST with woolly fabrics. Brogues and other standard fancy patterns go well with heavy suits, heavy weather or high old times in the open air. Novelty patterns go best with youthful togs and young ideas.

BLACK SHOES LOOK BEST with dark clothing, with blues and all but the lighter shades of gray. High shoes are optional and are preferred by many men during the winter months. Wear black shoes *always in the evening.*

TAN SHOES LOOK BEST with trousers of the lighter shades, with all the browns, *and in daylight.* For reasons of style, common sense, and comfort the heavier weights come into vogue with the felt hats and heavier suits of autumn.

SHOES MARK THE MAN

(Continued from Page 222)

wither. Blueberries and currants were ripe. By September first it was freezing hard each night. Still we lingered on, loath to leave that wild free life. Snow drove us out in mid-September and we crossed the plains again to Kalgan. Coltman's house was the first we had been in for many weeks, and that night we could not sleep. The walls oppressed us; we missed the kiss of the night wind on our faces. Unrolling our fur bags, we carried them to a grass spot in the courtyard and there slept happily till morning.

Harry Caldwell, the tiger-shooting missionary, with whom I had hunted in South China, was waiting in Peking. Almost immediately he and I started northward for the rugged mountains of the Sino-Mongolian frontier for bighorn sheep and wapiti. Eight magnificent argali, including a world's record head, four wapiti, six goral, ten roe deer and two wolves and scores of pheasants, partridges, quail, ducks and geese were our bags for eighteen days of actual shooting.

We were the first foreigners to visit the region for six years, because it was infested with bandits and the Chinese authorities would give us no passports. Our base camp for sheep hunting was only five miles from the ancient Mongol city of Kwei-hua-cheng. When the governor found that Harry and I were actually shooting in the mountains he was frantic with fear that we might be killed or captured. He sent an officer to pray us to go away. We categorically refused, for there were no bandits.

Then he said he must send soldiers to accompany us into the mountains every day. That was not so good, but there was nothing to do. The governor must "save his face." Four of them arrived in full uniform, carrying a flag and bugle. We announced that they must be ready to go before daylight. Hardship Number One, for Chinese are late sleepers! Our first morning out Harry and I set a terrific pace to the foothills. After going a thousand feet straight up in the roughest part of the mountains, the soldiers were absolutely exhausted. They simply could not go on. I suggested that they descend to a tiny temple at the base of the peak and await us there. The idea was a life-saver. Down they went to spend the day sleeping peacefully in the sunshine while we did our shooting. At night we picked them up and returned to the village. This farce went on every day during the time we hunted in that vicinity. The governor's "face was saved," the soldiers had a fine rest and we got good shooting.

Ready for the Big Job

One soon finds out that in China there is a way of getting around almost everything. They are the greatest compromisers in the world. If the outward form is observed and no one loses face, you can get away with murder.

When we returned to Peking in mid-November I took account of stock. The seven months' work had brought a collection of fifteen hundred mammals, all from a region that was virtually new to science. That was important as a tangible result to the museum authorities and my friends who had helped finance the trip. But the really vital thing was the knowledge I had gained of Mongolia as a theater of work for the great expedition of my dreams.

Professor Osborn had prophesied that the Central Asian plateau would prove to be the place of origin of much of the mammalian life of the Northern Hemisphere. It was immaterial where we made our first attack.

Mongolia was a part of the indicated region. I knew its physical problems fairly well and had a very clear-cut plan for the whole work. Every detail was in my mind, for its conception had been gradually developing since my first expedition to the wilderness of Northern Korea in 1912.

I was in the prime of life physically and mentally, with a good background of Oriental experience and unbounded enthusiasm. The time had come to strike. I was to discover whether or not I had the ability to sell the expedition to the trustees of the museum and to the public. It would require a lot of money—a quarter of a million dollars at the very least. The museum, I knew, could give but a small fraction of that amount from its regular funds, no matter how keen they were for my plan. Financing it would be up to me. Also, I must personally attend to every detail of organization, equipment, personnel and general publicity. It would be a fairly big job, but I was confident because I believed so completely in the value of the work; because I had prepared myself so thoroughly; because every detail was so clear in my mind; but most of all, because I wanted to do it so intensely that I was willing to make any sacrifice. That, to me, is the greatest secret of success. We rented the house in Peking, stored our furniture and sailed for America in January, 1920.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Andrews.

Making Music Safe for Democracy

"IT'S not fair!" declared the symphony-concert announcer, in a melancholy barytone. "I give my public the best music, modern and classical; my delivery and erudition are beyond criticism; yet look at the result—I have half a dozen applause letters, and you have half a bushel!"

"All your own fault," said the football announcer; "too high-hat; too gloomy. You gotta play up the human interest more, and sell your audience the idea that a good concert isn't necessarily painful. Lots of folks wouldn't mind listening, if you'd kid them along with snappy description, and break up the continuity more in the long plays. This muezzin-call-to-prayer approach makes them feel that maybe it's a game to slip something over on them, like forcible feeding or petromortis, and bang goes the defense mechanism. Say, I'm free tonight. I'll take over the rest of this concert and show you. Okay? . . . Fine; gimme the mike. . . .

"Now, folks, the intermission's over, and everybody's set for the second half of the big tone poem, Metropolitis, by the young American composer, Frank X. Proschai. It's one of the crucial struggles of the season, and believe me, the fight will be even harder than it was in the first half. The society people are coming back to their boxes, all ready to root for the home-town players, and the big crowd is feeling peppy too. Now the boys are coming in, and I'll switch the mike a moment and let you hear them warming up with a little practice. . . . Now they are in formation, ready for the signal. . . . Here's the play! . . . Gee, that was a run! Folks, Chick Bloovitsky just made a sensational run on the trombone . . . and I do believe there's a first down in the double bass! . . . Oh, boy! I'm pretty sure the oboe player was offside then, but there's so much noise I'm not certain. . . . Wait a minute and I'll see. . . . No, it was the clarinet, but nobody was penalized. Now there's a big struggle on, and I'm going to let you listen in awhile; the boys are certainly mixing it up! Do you get it? . . . There, I guess you'll be ready to rest your ears a moment after that. The quarter's almost over, and we're all getting a big kick out of it. . . . Honestly, the strain is getting on everybody's nerves, and quite a number of people have gone out. Really, folks, it's a wonderful composition, and the score features fire sirens, motor horns, vacuum cleaners, machine guns, riveting machinery, and other symbols of life in a great city. . . . After a brief pause for announcements, I'll let you in on the grand finish; and I warn you, it's going to be some strain on the little old auditory nerve!"

And the next day the musical director of the station was swamped with applause cards and letters.

—CORINNE ROCKWELL SWAIN.

H·I·T *of the* S·E·A·S·O·N

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Why not? These are *Planters Salted Peanuts.* Big Virginia Peanuts. Wholesome. Delicious. *"The Nickel Lunch."* Sold only in the glassine bag with MR. PEANUT on it. Buy a bag every day.

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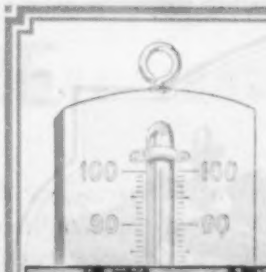

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Simply-built, dependable, quick-acting, Francisco is America's standard auto heater. Its patented construction insures more heat, better carburetion, easier starting. Prices, $3.50 to $10.00. Extra for the new Dual-Outlet model, which sends a stream of summer heat to both front and rear compartments. Your dealer will recommend the genuine Francisco.

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I want to drive a warm car this winter. Send me the full facts on Francisco Heaters.

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Famous Feet

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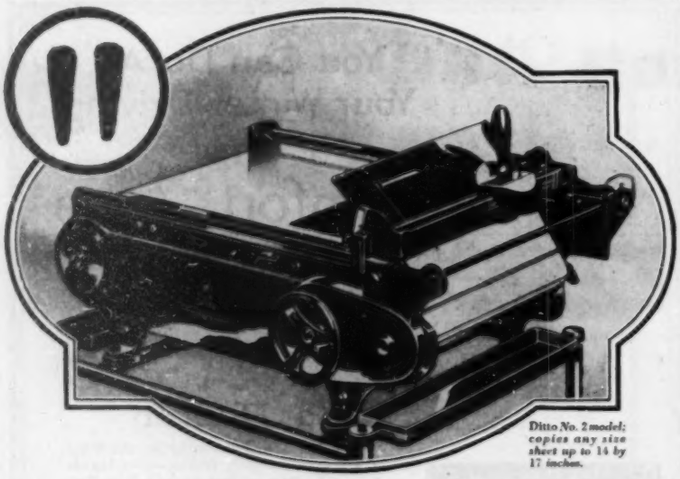
Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN



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THE MANIFESTO OF A GOLF REBEL

(Continued from Page 33)

who merely play it, coupled with the boys on the pay-us end—a large and growing class. Is it a pastime? Or is it a formularized, technicalized, standardized, heavily taxed, burdensomely and often insuperably penalized medium for the exploitation of the proficiencies of a few experts, under the guardianship and fostering care of managers, directors, theorizers, ball shorteners and general Citizen Fix-its of the sort who, in America, grab off any chance they can find to run things and have grabbed off golf to a dictatorial fare-you-well, incited and supported by golf engineers, golf gardeners, golf suppliers and the long list of those who make their livings out of it?

Well, when we began to play golf in this country back yonder in the 80's and the 90's, we thought it was a game, a pastime. Now look at it. I do not know how many golf clubs there are in this country. There are four in this locality, of which the farthest is within fifteen minutes by car from the place where I am writing, and one right across the fence. This is a not thickly populated community, but in a beautiful and agreeable section of California, which may, of course, account for this number. Based on population, one golf course would serve the needs of the peninsula whereon I live; so, perhaps, there are more golf courses here than would normally be required.

Anyhow, there are four in this comparatively small area. And I cannot begin to guess how many there are in the country. A great number, well up in the thousands, no doubt. And players? There must be millions of players—several millions. Are these several millions all expert golf players? Are they reasonably expert? Or are they poor players, speaking in terms of par golf? Ninety-five per cent of them are poor players—players to whom breaking an honest 100 is an event. Do they make the green with two shots on any five-hundred-yard hole? They do not. They are lucky to be on in 4, and usually take 5 or 6.

As I said when discussing golf in a previous article, if you could get a hundred thousand American golfers, the men who support the game, the run of the golfing mill, on a large level space and make a test, it would be discovered that of this hundred thousand, 95,678, to be exact, would rank as players who could not shoot less than 95 in any honest round; and of these, 83,624, speaking precisely again, would find themselves at, just under, or considerably above a hundred strokes.

A Leisurely Stroll

Did these golfers want their golf course lengthened from 6000 yards to 7000 and on up to 7500 yards? They did not. Did they stand for the lengthening of their courses, both old and new, to meet the requirements of the highly proficient golfers in their clubs—the experts and the professionals? They did, and they jolly well paid for the jobs too. Do these golfers, now accustomed to the lively ball, want the lighter and larger ball, thus penalizing their games again and expanding their scores? They do not. Will they stand for the lightening and the enlarging of their ball? Undoubtedly.

Personally, I do not give a hoot whether they make the ball as big as a tomato or increase its liveliness until it resembles a Mexican jumping bean. I do not think golf is as important in the life of any man as these golf architects, managers, writers and agitators seek to make it. I do not think it is important at all, save as an exercise of sorts for persons who need mild exercise.

Indeed, as an exercise, in real terms of exercise, it is extremely mild. The usual golf course is now about 7000 yards long. That is close to four miles. Throw in another mile for zigzagging and looking for lost balls, and so on, and that makes five miles. The average time taken in playing a game of golf is three hours. Consequently, the golfer walks across the sward at the rate of a mile and two-thirds an hour, with many resting spells, and swings his arms a hundred or so times. That's hot exercise, isn't it, when walking at three miles an hour is too slow to come under the head of real exercise?

However, it has its values in dragging out men who would not get out-of-doors otherwise, but that is by the way. As I was saying, I do not give a hoot what they do with the ball, and I refuse to consider the game either as a science, a serious occupation, a study or a noteworthy avocation. My opinion of golf is that it is a good enough game when it is played for the fun and sociability of it, and all serious-minded, fussy, technical, mean-tempered, self-conscious, Alibi Ike golfers are anathema to me and my kind. Of course, the lie improvers, the caddy corrupters, the stroke forgetters are out automatically. These are the lads who cheat at solitaire, and you'd be surprised to know how many of them there are.

The Last Words in Golf

It is the temperamental golfer who is the pest of the links, and temperament means vanity. These are the birds who make a rite out of putting, and demand cathedral stillness on the tees when they are making their fancy maneuvers previous to topping their drives, and want to slay a caddy if he happens to take a long breath when they are preparing for a stroke, and so on.

I know a golfer who is the head of a big business and a most successful man, who says he cannot putt on a green if there is a ball in the cup dropped by a player who made his putt ahead of him. The ball must be taken out before he can function with his putter. Think that over. And consider the sort of mind that cannot concentrate on so simple a thing as hitting a golf ball with whatever club the situation demands unless everybody within a hundred-yard radius is frozen to rigidity and muffled to absolute stillness.

Golfers who play golf for fun and not for the preservation and protection of their vanity and the justification of their egotism manage to last to the next hole without explosion if a competitor makes a three when they have taken six or seven. With them, a topped ball is a topped ball, and not a tragedy. However, all sorts of golfers play golf, but a good many sorts do not get a chance to play with those who look on golf as a pastime and not as a ritualized performance.

What I do object to is the patronizing assumption by these golf overlords, professionals, expert amateurs, propagandists and others on the receiving, instead of the paying, end, that they are the last words in golf, and that what they say and what they do must be the rigid schedule and program of the game—that when they announce the courses must be longer, the courses must be longer; that when they say there must be more traps and bunkers, there must be more traps and bunkers; that when they insist the ball must be bigger, the ball must be bigger, and so on, down to the sort of pants a player must wear to be a correct golfer.

What I do object to is the messing into what was once a fine pastime by all these golf engineers, and architects, and rule makers, and theory spouters, and scientific hooey slingers, and people who capitalize the game into a living for themselves, and so on. They have got a golf jargon now that sounds like an exposition of the Einstein theory, and if there ever was a simple pastime that was swamped, submerged and suffocated by the plague of professionals, golf is it. Bridge is another, by

(Continued on Page 229)

The ENGINEER looks into the FUTURE

WHEN the clock hands meet at midnight he is still at work . . . dreaming over streets and structures he will never live to see. He toils behind the scenes of great civic enterprises, the unsung prophet of comforts and economies which will bless the lives of generations as yet unborn.

Yet the engineer must contend with the fantasies of idealists, the rhetoric of demagogues, the lobbying of propagandists. He must check every contingency of the future against the facts and figures of today. He must bring the cool wisdom of science to every choice of methods or materials. He must properly appraise the "tremendous trifle"—the all-determining detail. Such a detail, for instance, as the kind of pipe to be used for underground gas and water mains.

The engineer who looks into the future specifies pipe which will long outlast the streets under which it is laid. He must guard against the heavy expense of tearing up thoroughfares for the replacement of short-lived pipe. And for *proved* long life he chooses cast iron pipe—for he knows there is cast iron pipe in use today which has served for more than two hundred and fifty years. Every engineer knows that cast iron pipe has served a century or more in leading American cities. That it is the *longest* wearing pipe being used for gas or water mains today. That cast iron pipe can be laid *and forgotten*. And that these facts hold great importance for the future—the decades which will bring staggering traffic difficulties, more costly street structures, greater tax burdens.

Civic minded taxpayers, conscientious public officials, shrewd city planners are listening attentively to the engineer who looks into the future, who is insistent upon the importance of the proper choice of pipe for gas and water mains. The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association is assisting with information on the use of cast iron pipe for water, gas, sewers, road culverts, and industrial needs.

This information is supplied for the asking. Address: The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thomas F. Wolfe, Research Engineer, 122 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

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Look for the "Q-check" symbol stenciled in white, as shown below. It is the registered trade mark of The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association and identifies Cast Iron Pipe made by the leading pipe founders listed in this advertisement.

CAST Q IRON

CAST IRON PIPE

Smartness ..

has a new name

Hosiery authorities endorse Durene for the tops and feet of women's stockings and for the entire fabric of men's and children's hose.

Durene's ability to absorb moisture of active little bodies, coupled with its wearing and easy washing qualities, has prompted many manufacturers to produce children's undergarments of Durene.

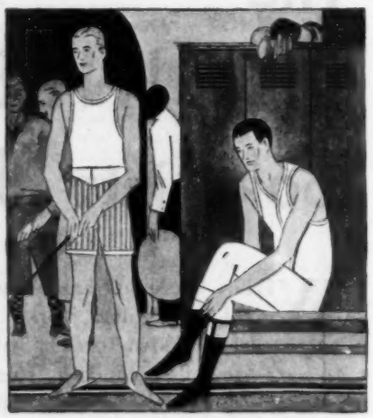
Smart, attractive, new underthings of Durene in various types and styles are being offered by the better stores NOW. Durene launders easily and does not require ironing.

. . . DURENE is here! Safe, lustrous Durene. Strong, durable Durene . . . Elastic, moisture-absorbing Durene . . . Durene that is scheduled to fit into more of your needs than any other fabric you've ever known! So read this announcement carefully and KNOW *Durene . . . better!*

DURENE is the name of a specially processed yarn made to certain high standards of quality. But it is also the name of a wide variety of fabrics woven or knit from this yarn by manufacturers throughout the country.

Durene represents the highest quality obtainable in fine cottons—only one out of every twenty-five bales of cotton grown can meet the standard established for Durene. The name Durene on a garment—or hosiery—or anything is your identification mark of quality.

Durene with its soft, lustrous finish is strong, durable, elastic, moisture-absorbing—and as washable as any garment that was ever laundered. It offers the very qualities you want in underwear for men, women and children—the very qualities you want in hosiery for men and children—the very qualities you want in the tops and feet of women's stockings. Hosiery authorities, underwear authorities—practically ALL endorse Durene. They KNOW what its qualities mean in long-lasting satisfaction—in comfort and in HEALTH!



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Smart new underthings and hosiery of Durene, styled to the last clock-tick and sensibly practical, are sold now by most stores. Ask for them by name. If your dealer is not yet stocking them, write us mentioning his name.

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This is the label that identifies undergarments and hosiery of soft, lustrous, moisture-absorbing, long-wearing Durene. Look for the Durene label on garments and hosiery you buy.

DURENE

Quality Begins with the Yarn

(Continued from Page 226)

the way, but that deserves, and will get, presently, separate treatment.

There is more blah-blah about the theory and the teaching and the experting of golf than about any other similar subject whatsoever. All there is to golf is to hit the ball. Hit it! Yet there have been evolved a hundred different theories about pronation—that's a fancy golf word—stance, grip, and all this and that eyewash, none of which amounts to a hoot because none is comprehensible or possible to the ordinary golfer which most of us are—to the fellows who want to get some fun out of the game.

I have listened to forty teachers and have read a hundred books and articles on golf, all learned and conclusive as a Supreme Court decision, and what do I find? You watch a golf tournament where the players are the best ones we have. That will be a professional gathering. Practically all these professionals are teachers. All spill about the same stuff into the eager ears of their paying pupils. Then observe them come up on the tee and watch them hit the ball, knocking it out two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards. In a tournament of a hundred professional, teaching competitors no two of those professionals hit the ball the same way or do the same things, nor do any of the expert amateurs.

This Matter of Golf Form

Watch this lad Horton Smith, for example. I saw him hit his second shot fifteen yards beyond a green five hundred and twelve yards from the tee with a driver and an iron, and his stance, his grip, his swing were all outside the pale of any golf teacher's instructions or any golf writer's theories. All there is to golf is to hit the ball. Hit it!

If you, fortunately for your golf, have good coördination between mind and muscles, a sense of timing, and a free play of muscles, you will soon get the hang of it, after you learn how to hold the various woods and irons and find out what they are for, and if you have the important gift of a sense of direction and a sense of distance, which some people have, you will get to be a good golfer. If you have some of these requisites you will get to be a fair golfer; if you have only rudiments of them you will be no sort of golfer at all—merely a dub. Unfortunately, most golfers are rudimentary in these respects. Hence, the prevalence of sixes and sevens on our par-four golf holes. Now and then a golfer emerges who has all these qualities—a Bobby Jones, a Hagen, a Horton Smith, and so on—not to call the sparse roll of the really great golfers we have. Then we get a master. In their line they are virtuosi, like Heifetz, or Elman, or Kreisler with the violin. But consider the number of fiddlers in the world, and the few Kreislers. And consider the number of golfers in the world, and the few Joneses and Hagens.

On guard! I left myself wide open there, it would seem, and here come the rebuttal boys, leaping from the trenches where they valiantly defend and protect this sacred and serious thing we now call golf. "Ha!" I hear them shouting: "That's just it! Of course, there are only a few really great violinists in the world, but what's to hinder the other fiddlers from getting joy and giving it by fiddling up to their musical capacities? The music is to be had, isn't it? And they can play it according to their own capacities. Same with golf. There are few Bobby Joneses, but the links are open and the others can play on them, can't they?"

Sure! They can play on them, just as the fiddlers can play on their fiddles, but the thing the rebuttal boys overlook is that there is every sort of music in the world, from the simplest to the most symphonic, and the fiddler can select according to his capacity. How about golf? The great majority of the golf courses in this country have been made and remade into courses predicated on the expertness of the very best players of the game—the stars—and not designed and built for the capacities of the great bulk of the players. Suppose all the fiddlers there are had nothing but the music that the virtuosi play; the classic, difficult, complicated stuff of the great composers, instead of the wide selection of music they do have, suitable to every grade of talent and proficiency. Then what? There would be mighty little good violin playing in this world.

The golf situation is precisely comparable. The golfers of this country have no wide range of golf courses to play on. The majority of those they have are golf courses suitable to the abilities and the expertness of the star players, laid out with no consideration for the abilities of the great mass of golfers. Our courses are all right for the Joneses and the Hagens and the rest, for they are virtuosi and near-virtuosi. But the average golf player struggling around these courses exactly resembles an average violinist when he essays a prelude by Bach. What is suitable for the masters of his instrument is grief for him.

And now, having embalmed those flies in the liquid amber of my remarks, as Tom Reed said upon an occasion, we shall pay heed, in advance, to the effusive alibis of the golfing magnates and managers, from high to low degree, who have made golf what it is today. There is no protest over the manner in which our golf courses have been penalized for our average golf players that does not meet with the stereotyped response of this effect: Golf is a scientific game. It is played according to certain rules and restrictions sanctioned by custom and experience, and codified by men who have made a scientific study of it. It is the ambition of all golfers to play perfect golf, and our golf courses are laid out with that point in view. If they are utilized in accordance with their design, the result will be golf as it should be played. There are no difficulties presented that cannot be overcome by anyone who can play the game, but these difficulties, hazards, penalties and so on add zest to the game of the good player, while they do, of course, penalize the poor player to some extent.

The Long and Short of It

However, the defenders of the present system continue, every properly constructed golf course should recognize the fact that the man who plays a short game should have opportunities for his sort of game equal in enjoyment to the game of the long players. Therefore, it is the endeavor of all golf-course designers, or should be, to provide opportunities for the poorer player to play his game—that is, to give the short player, say, and the poor player non-penalized opportunities for his shorter strokes, which has been done in many instances.

Furthermore, the alibi boys assert, it has been the experience of the men who have constructed the present long and difficult golf courses that the poor players refuse to take advantage of these opportunities and insist on attempting to play the courses the same way the expert players play them. For example, we find that when short tees are provided, along with the long tees, the poor players play from the long tees, and that they attempt the hardest hazards instead of going discreetly around them, as they can do, if they desire, on most courses. In fact, we believe that the great bulk of our golf players prefer the hard courses.

Also—and this is the good old clincher—if the golf players of this country do not want their golf courses as they are at the present time, why didn't they protest when the plans for making them as they are came before their clubs? Why did they allow their courses to be constructed as they are? Club members have a say in what their club does, and the acquiescence of the majority of golfers in the improvements of their courses shows that the average golfers are perfectly satisfied. And so on, to the limit of justification.

Perfect Links for Indifferent Players

Replying to this passionate defense of our courses, most of which make golf to the average player a task instead of a pastime, let us consider, briefly, the contention that the golf designers have planned their courses so the short player can exercise his short skill to the same extent, relatively, that the long player can exercise his skill, and without being penalized for that shortness. True enough, provided the short player can play the same sort of game the long game of the long player is. But can he? Not once in a thousand times.

The devastating thing about these difficult course makers is their total lack of appreciation of the human equation. They fail to comprehend that not one player in ten thousand who takes up the game can ever be more than mediocre at it. They predicate their golf hazards and difficulties on super qualities rather than on average qualities. They lay out their courses for the very few and think the great many should be content to straggle along in the rear penalized and harassed at every hole, and content, also, to pay for the whole works.

Their strongest point in extenuation is that unless the golf courses are made to suit the expertness of the super golf players there would be no good golf. They say these long and difficult courses are the targets for all golfers to shoot at, and if most of the golf shooters cannot get in the inner circles the fault is not with the targets but with the shooters. That would be a perfectly legitimate argument if it entailed the element of possibility. The truth of American golfing is that there is no possible way for the great majority of the men and women who play golf, and pay for it, in this country ever becoming expert enough to be otherwise than heavily penalized on one of these courses laid out for perfect golf.

It can't be done. Always, and all over the world, because of the peculiar nature of the human elements required to make a

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Corrects constipation. Tones the entire system. Builds up under-weight persons; reduces over-weight ones. In fifteen minutes without effort you receive the benefits of hours of strenuous exercise with this new low priced "Mechanical Masseur." Send coupon for details of both trial and easy payment plan.

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Send descriptive folder and details of free trial and easy payment plan.

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If you have one or two unused hours every day—it makes no difference whether in the morning, afternoon, or evening—would you accept $2.22 for each of them? *That's what we have paid John W. Richards of Wisconsin for representing our subscription interests in his locality.*

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great golfer, golf always has been and always will be a far from perfect performance. Golf ranges, all over the world in the great bulk of its exemplifications, from mediocre to bad, and it cannot be anything else until golf becomes the chief interest of those who play it, with incessant practice, study and constant playing, as it is of the professionals and star amateurs. The experts at it are entitled to a fair share of courses where they can display their skill, but they are not entitled to all the courses.

My contention is this: Give the men and women who pay for and support the game at least an even break. Making up 95 per cent of the golfing public, they should, at least, have a 50 per cent chance at a sort of golf that has some of the elements of a pastime in it, instead of golf that is an exasperation and a task.

As for golf-club members' having the veto power over changes in their courses, and all this and that, the contention is perfectly true, but it is based, again, on the lack of appreciation by the course makers of the human equation and a lack of consideration of the fact that the usual golf-club member has something to do besides attend to golf.

Golf is the business of the men who build these courses, and it is only the club members who have leisure who will serve on greens committees and boards of directors.

Just to Make it Harder

The average golfer pays his money and wants to get golf for it, relying on others in the club to take care of the details. He hasn't time. He is intent on his lawful occasions, and golf is his diversion, not his occupation. Wherefore, the thing is easy for the golf theorists and the golf engineers and the greens committees. The golf-club members could veto it. I admit that. But they do not for these reasons.

Thus, we reach the main point in the alibi, and that is that the poor players like the difficult courses, and gratuitously handicap themselves by using the long tees and attempting the hazards and all thus and so. Now, the truth of the situation is that the average golfer likes to play on a course where he can get a reasonably good score. If he has a chance, there is where he will play. Most of them have no chance. They are condemned to play on their home courses and those roundabout, and on most of these courses the golf managers and magnates have wreaked their most devilish and expensive ingenuity.

Did I tell you about the club I know where some traveling and exhibition golfers of proficiency played four rounds each—sixteen rounds—and all playing their best, and not one of them made a round in the par of the course? No? Well, that happened a time back, and within a month of that time, urged on by some of the boys who utilize golf as a business, the greens committee of that club spent another good-sized hunk of the members' money by putting in fifty-four additional traps. Take that one out and bat it around a bit with your niblick.

The Sportsman's Lament

Every person who is familiar with the activities of the men who control and construct our golf courses knows about similar golf idiocies. They are numerous and ordinary events in our golfing history.

This, then, is the protest of a golfer who became acquainted with golf when it was a game and not a test, a rite or a task. It voices, I am sure, the thoughts of a large number of the average golfers of this country—the golfers who are neither professionals nor star amateurs, and who play the game primarily for the fun of it. It is the truth about what has happened to golf in this country, set down without malice, but with sorrow and regret. It comments on a situation that seems to be getting worse instead of better, and it is, in its way, an exposition of the plague of professionalism and that expert amateurism that impinges professionalism that is the curse of all sports in this country.

As soon as anything comes along whereby we can get a bit of fun and entertainment, we allow the exploiters and the professionals and the experts to grab it away from us. They have even commercialized the playing of the mouth organ and the game of marbles. As we are what we are, there is no escape.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Etc.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for October 1, 1929.

State of Pennsylvania — } ss.
County of Philadelphia— }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared W. D. Fuller, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of The Curtis Publishing Company and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Editor, George Horace Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Managing Editor, None
Business Managers, None

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock.)

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Edward W. Bok, 1320 Packard Building, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Mary Louise Bok, Merion, Pennsylvania
W. Curtis Bok, Trustee under Deed of Trust from Edward W. Bok, dated 4-25-25, 1402 Morris Building, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Beneficiary—The American Foundation, Inc., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Philip S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Trustee under will of Louisa Knapp Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania. Beneficiary—Mary Louise Curtis Bok, Merion, Pennsylvania
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Wakeman Griffin Gribbel, John Bancker Gribbel and The Real Estate Trust Co. of Philadelphia, Trustees u/d by John Gribbel, dated 2-14-27, Real Estate Trust Co., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Beneficiary—Elizabeth Bancker Gribbel, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
George H. Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Estate of C. H. Ludington, Care Girard Trust Co., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
John C. Martin, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Public Ledger Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
John B. Williams, Trustee under Declaration of Trust, February 1, 1929, Narberth, Pennsylvania. Beneficiary—John B. Williams, Narberth, Pennsylvania.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders, and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
W. D. Fuller,
Secretary.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2d day of August, 1929.

[Seal] W. C. TURNER,
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(My commission expires April 1, 1931)

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More than 20 of the leading manufacturers build the Pines Automatic Winterfront into their cars at the factory. Engineers of these great companies have proved in their own laboratories and on their own testing grounds that automatic motor protection is a vital engineering necessity.

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By their choice of Pines Automatic Winterfront to become an integral part of their cars, these leading manufacturers have gone definitely on record that there *is no* substitute for *automatic* motor protection.

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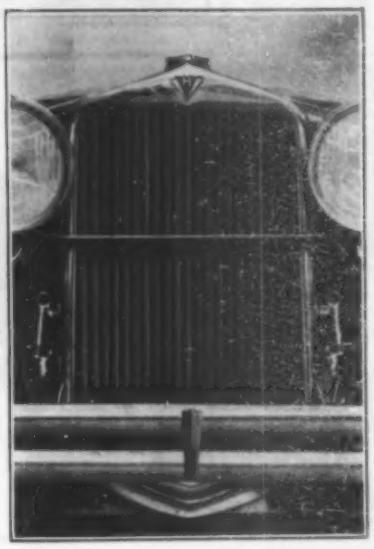

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Authorized Winterfront Service is available through the National Pines Automatic Winterfront Distributing Organization.

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THE velvet hush of a star-studded night . . . . the twilight fragrance of a rose-garden in June . . . . the moonlight silvering slumbrous waters . . . . the desert aglow at dawn. . . .

From them all he drew golden melodies, that still sweep our heart-strings with the tender touch of Youth and Life and Love!

Truly, radio has made Victor Herbert "Minstrel of the Home." And the new Bel Canto Series AMRAD brings him nearer to many thousands.

For this matchless new radio unites rare artistry of line and color with a brilliancy of tone, a delicacy of shading and a dynamic depth of power hitherto unknown. Far-reaching improvements in the application of radio's newest principles give the Bel Canto Series a range of operation, a character of performance and a degree of dependability that make it a *real* life-time radio.

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THE AMRAD CORPORATION
Medford Hillside, Mass.

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THE SYMPHONY
(above)

Beautiful cabinet of art moderne design. Front and sides veneered in highly figured East Indian Laurel Wood, with base rail of Macassa, decorated with inlays of ebony. Inside panel of matched Oriental Walnut Veneer. The Amrad chassis in this set is especially designed for utmost selectivity and sensitivity and has built-in R C A 106 Electric Speaker mounted on a baffle board.

Price $295.00
(*less tubes*)

The ARIA (left)

Beautifully proportioned cabinet of selected butt walnut veneer with African walnut overlay at top and bottom. The inside of this modified art moderne console has a fine figured walnut face in an attractive Gothic design. Uses screen grid tubes and is equipped with the Peerless Electric Speaker.

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(*less tubes*)

The SERENATA
(left)

The simplicity of this beautiful sliding door cabinet sets off the rich beauty of the inlaid ebony, the diamond matched oriental walnut, the curly maple and other fine woods of which it is made. The escutcheon plate and door pulls are of old bronze finish in harmony with the warm brown color of the console. Uses the standard Amrad screen grid chassis with RCA 106 Power Speaker.

Price $245.00
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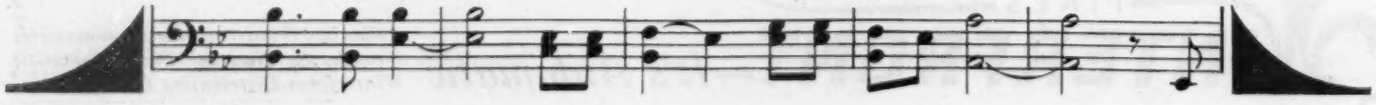
Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

The Amrad chassis, designed for new screen grid tubes in three stages, uses eight tubes including the powerful 245 power tubes in push-pull. Extremely sensitive; simple in operation and selective—with illuminated calibrated dial.



THE MATCH KING

(Continued from Page 4)

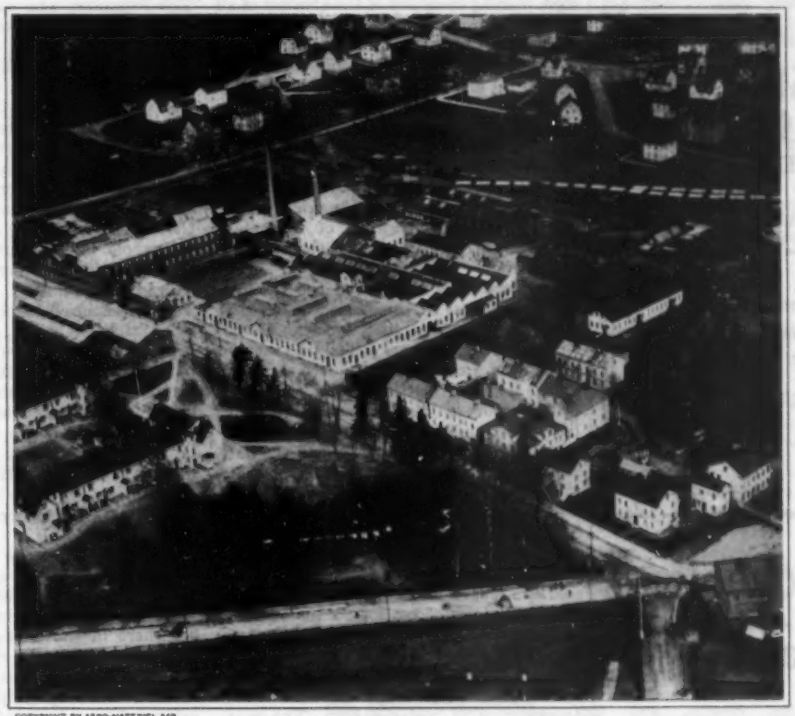
the wooden match box. The Lundströms realized the necessity of providing a practical form of package that would also serve as a distinctive trade-mark. They introduced what came to be the standard match receptacle. It is an inner box held by an outer box, one sliding into the other. This package had two advantages, in that the outer box afforded a firm foundation for the friction surface and at the same time provided a good background for the label.

It was the Lundströms who also created the yellow-and-blue color scheme so inseparably associated with the Swedish match box. They used yellow for the label because it holds ink and will not fade. The blue of the box made a good contrast.

I have before me as I write a box of Swedish matches made at Jönköping fifty-five years ago. In every respect it is exactly like the blue-and-yellow ones sold today by the billion. The tips on the matches are somewhat smaller than the present ones. They were possibly more frugal with chemicals in those days.

The box that I have just described was given to me by Ivar Kreuger, who took it out of the match museum that he maintains in Stockholm. This interesting establishment visualizes the progress of the match and also shows the hundreds of imitations of the Swedish product sold throughout the world. Here are to be seen the 9000 different labels used by the Swedish Match Company throughout the world. Some of them show the kinky heads of African chieftains in gorgeous dress. They are affixed to the match boxes supplied to the subjects of these chieftains. In some savage countries matches, like salt and copper, are legal tender.

The only radical innovation in nearly three-quarters of a century is in the length of the match. You can now get the so-called Christmas-tree variety which is a foot long. It was first used for lighting trees at holiday time. The so-called book match—the kind that you tear off, used to advertise hotels and products—was first made forty years ago, although its wide vogue is comparatively recent.



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An Aerial View of Jönköping, the Cradle and Heart of the World's Match Industry

Uniting for Survival

The mechanical cigar lighter, by the way, now carried in endless coat pockets and vanity bags—it is the invention of a one-armed British officer who wanted to avoid striking a match, so the story goes—has had no effect on match sales.

The Lundströms not only standardized patent, production and package but also pioneered overseas distribution on anything like a large scale. It was achieved through the organization of a limited liability company, in 1858, which took over their entire business and was called Jœnkœpings Tændsticksfabrinksaktiebolag. This jaw-breaker of a name means Jönköping Match Factory, Ltd. The corporation was the first step in the building up of an organization which was to reach the status of world structure under Ivar Kreuger's direction.

At that time the present-day match king had not seen the light of day. His grandfather, Peter E. Kreuger, who started as a timber merchant and then went into matches, had revealed the family flair for consolidation in 1874, by merging three small plants in the little town of Kalmar whence the Kreugers sprang. Ivar's father naturally got matches into his system and built a factory at Kalmar in the latter years of the nineteenth century. A curious fact, which may well be mentioned at this point, is that Kreuger's grandfather, father and brothers all failed to make any sort of success in the business. It was only after Ivar himself had scored in his chosen profession that he turned to the industry which he now dominates.

The first Kreugers were among hundreds who got into the match game. The success of the Jönköping enterprise inspired the construction of scores of factories throughout the country, including the huge Vulcan plant at Tidaholm, with the inevitable result that there were overproduction and needless competition.

There was also a distinct menace from without, and it had its effect upon the ultimate reorganization of the industry through intensive coördination. The Japanese began to get their hooks into markets, especially India, which had first been preëmpted by the Swedes. They were able to undersell their competitors because of cheap labor and low freights from factory to consumer.

The Swedes saw that something had to be done to give the industry cohesion at home and a more close-knit selling agency abroad. In 1903, F. Löwenadler, who had been export agent in London for a group of the largest factories and was himself owner of several, brought about the first of the mergers that eventually developed into the international trust. He combined six of the largest factories, including the Jönköping and Vulcan works, into the Jönköping & Vulcan Match Co., Ltd. This ended the worst phase of the competition and enabled half a dozen of the leading institutions to unite production and at the same time present a solid front to the Japanese in the Far East.

The Jönköping-Vulcan combine began an epoch in the history of the match business. It was not until a full decade had been rounded out, however, that Ivar Kreuger entered the business. We can now see how he approached the hour when he turned to the task for which he appears to have been eminently fitted.

A Souvenir of Havana

Kreuger's boyhood—he was born in 1880—was spent at Kalmar. At nineteen he was graduated as a mechanical engineer from the Stockholm Technical College and spent an additional year studying civil engineering. In 1900, when he was twenty, he came to the United States, the goal of so many of his countrymen. When he landed in New York he had considerably less than $100. Chicago, which had been given world fame through the great fair, attracted him. In a newspaper there he read that a real-estate firm was seeking solicitors to sell lots in a subdivision. He got a job as canvasser and pounded Chicago sidewalks for three weeks, meanwhile availing himself of a course in salesmanship offered by the firm for which he worked. Finally he sold a lot and made fifty dollars, his first earnings.

Kreuger longed to practice what he had learned in college, and was hired as lineman on some work being done by the Illinois Central Railway, about fifty miles from Chicago. Through a Swedish acquaintance he heard that a Chicago firm had the contract to install some bridge foundations at Vera Cruz, in Mexico. With ten other engineers he was employed and sent down there. All but two died of yellow fever. Kreuger was one of the survivors.

He now decided to go back home for a visit, sailing from Vera Cruz. While the boat was in the Havana harbor a little American child fell overboard. Kreuger plunged in and saved her life. For this he received a gold medal. Upon his return home his sister found the medal in his trunk. When she asked him what it meant, he replied: "It is just a souvenir of my visit to Havana."

In this connection is a story which reveals the Kreuger modesty. Although it is running a little ahead of the consecutive narrative, I shall tell it here. In 1927, when Kreuger had put over the $75,000,000 loan to France, thereby getting his hooks into the former copper-riveted French match monopoly, Poincaré bestowed upon him the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. In such cases it is usually necessary for the recipient to send in a list of whatever decorations he holds. When his Paris representative asked Kreuger to enumerate his orders—at that time he possessed half a dozen—he hesitated and then replied: "Oh, yes, I have the medal given to commemorate the Olympic games at Stockholm." He had

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At all good stationery, department and house furnishing stores
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DENNIS
DOUBLE CUSHION
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Saves ½ Fuel
Patented "S" fold gives double spring action. Stops cold air leaks. Makes snug weatherproof seal conforming to all warping, shrinkage and expansion of sash and doors. Spring bronze lasts forever. Strip, nails and directions come in handy sets. Accept no substitutes. Get the genuine DENNIS strip with the "S" fold from your dealer. Or, if he can't supply you we will ship direct, postpaid, with full directions.
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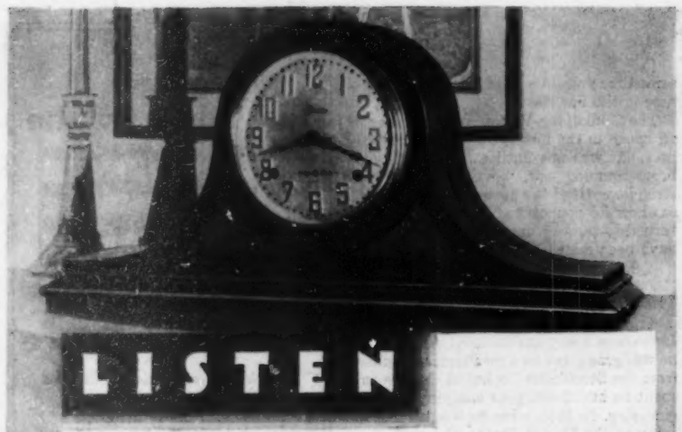

LISTEN

Have you heard it yet? Old world witchery...that is what people call it. Words cannot define its beauty.

Have you heard it yet? Then listen. Listen today. Through your radio receiver it comes, from these radio stations. The mellow, haunting melody of Sessions Westminster Chimes directly from within a Sessions Clock...soft, soothing, lingering.

As you listen, remember that at a nearby store where clocks are sold you can select from a variety of exquisite designs, a Sessions Westminster Chime Clock to perpetuate that charm in your home. Each quarter hour it casts its magic spell. Year after year it records time loyally. And these fine clocks are actually inexpensive. *Twenty-eight to thirty-nine dollars!* If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

Unique Booklet Free

How did Sessions craftsmen do it? The secret is told in the new booklet, *"Old World Witchery."* Secure your copy free. The Sessions Clock Company, Forestville, Connecticut.

TUNE IN ON ONE OF THESE
(See local program for time)

EAST		CENTRAL	
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WBZ	Springfield, Mass.	WORD	Chicago
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		KMMJ	Clay Center, Nebr.
WOR	Newark, N. J.	WDAY	Fargo, N. D.
WIP	Philadelphia	WRBQ	Greenville, Miss.
WPEN	Philadelphia	WEST	
WRVA	Richmond, Va.	KGO	Oakland, Calif.
WWVA	Wheeling, W. Va.	KOL	Seattle
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Please tell me how I may earn money in spare time and win attractive prizes.

Name..... Age.....
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Happy Schoolgirls Earn *Money and Prizes*

NO wonder Mary Carolyn Hurst and hundreds of other schoolgirls are smiling happily these days.

Why, Mary Carolyn earned $58.00 in spare minutes within a few short months, through our pleasant subscription plan. And in addition she won these lovely prizes:

A sports coat for fall good times
A sports watch to wear on hikes
A brief case for school
A bright colored water ball for camp
The jaunty blue-and-gold honor pin

Other fun loving schoolgirls have had experiences like these:

Eleanor Brown earned $6.00 in one afternoon, enough for a new fall hat.

Fern Shoemaker tucked $14.00 in her purse her first month and won a fountain pen and jade pencil. And how grown-up she felt when we started her bank account!

What about you? Wouldn't you like to join this jolly group of earners? The best part of all this is that you, too, can earn your own money, win prizes, and have good times.

Why not take your pencil this very minute and fill in the coupon above. It will cost you nothing to inquire. And you'll be glad you did.

helped to finance the international athletic meet.

In 1902 Kreuger returned to New York and joined the engineering staff of the Fuller Construction Company. During this period he worked on the Flatiron, Metropolitan Life, and Macy buildings and the Plaza and St. Regis hotels. In 1903 he went to London as engineer for Waring & Gillow. By this time he had become a specialist in structural steel. Waring & Gillow had the contract to erect the Carlton Hotel in Johannesburg. After testing the steel, which was fabricated in Germany, he went to Johannesburg and constructed what was then the wonder hotel of South Africa. A venture as builder and contractor on his own in Johannesburg failed—South Africa was still in the economic dumps following the end of the Boer War—so Kreuger, after a pleasure trip to India and a flyer as contractor in Canada, returned to the United States in 1905. He made a connection with a New York contracting firm which included a share of the profits. During this era he helped to plan and build the Syracuse Stadium, which was the gift of the late John D. Archbold.

All the Matches in One Box

Kreuger now decided to settle in Stockholm. Accordingly, in 1907, when he was twenty-seven years old, and in conjunction with Paul Toll, he started the construction firm of Kreuger & Toll, the name of the concern which today constitutes the principal holding company of the greatest of all international trusts. The highway to this eminence, however, was literally paved with evidences of Kreuger enterprise.

Kreuger & Toll helped to change the face of Stockholm. Imbued with American high-pressure construction methods, Kreuger began what was nothing more or less than a complete revolution in building. He put up office buildings and apartment houses along up-to-date American lines, opened up new highways of real-estate progress, and made himself, in short, a master builder.

In those days he showed the resource which was later to be revealed in terms of world commerce, as this incident shows: One of the first Kreuger & Toll jobs was the erection of a concrete warehouse in Stockholm. The contract imposed a penalty of 5000 kroner—a krone is worth, roughly, twenty-six and a half cents—for each day that the contractors took beyond the date stipulated for completion. Kreuger insisted that a further clause be added, awarding a premium of 5000 kroner for each day that he beat the schedule. The owners cheerfully assented, never dreaming that he would make good. It was midwinter and bitterly cold. Kreuger erected canvas walls, improvised a form of heating for his workers, and kept on the job day and night. As a result, he finished the structure two months ahead of time.

Then, as today, Kreuger had an uncanny appreciation of realty values. The enormous property holdings built up by the match trust throughout the world are a tribute to his foresight. You do not have to ask the identity of construction or ownership of an imposing recent building in Stockholm these days. It is usually a Kreuger & Toll edifice.

During all these formative years the going of the Swedish match industry was not altogether good. The Jönköping-Vulcan combine of 1903 welded only six factories. A number of big plants remained outside the fold. Various efforts were made to consolidate them. In 1913, Kreuger, who up to this time had stood on the match sidelines, entered the fray. He grouped all the independents into a concern which he named the United Swedish Match Factories, Ltd. As a result of this combine, all the match factories in Sweden were now either in the Jönköping-Vulcan or the United groups. One of Kreuger's initial steps was to make the Kreuger & Toll Co. the holding company for the United. At the same time, he converted the original Kreuger & Toll into an out-and-out construction unit, which still functions. It is managed by Toll.

The moment Kreuger got into the match business a new policy dawned. He did for his combine precisely what the Germans did for their industry after the stabilization of the mark in 1924. His name became synonymous with rationalization—which means, in simple language, elimination of waste effort, and close cohesion through the wiping out of obsolete and unnecessary plants and equipment. Small factories were closed down and others modernized and enlarged. The first productive outpost of a chain that was eventually to girdle the globe was established with a factory in Norway.

The outbreak of the World War gave Kreuger his big opportunity. There were two incentives. One was the need of raw materials. Before the iron ring of the Allied blockade encircled Germany, the Swedish match industry depended largely upon the Teutonic laboratories for the bulk of its chemicals, especially chlorate of potash. It had an ample supply of aspen wood from which the match splints and boxes were made, but without tips this was useless. Kreuger therefore set out to make his combine self-sufficient within the confines of Sweden.

The other incentive was far afield. Prior to 1914 the Swedes had overcome Japanese competition in India and the Far East to a very large extent. Conditions were now drastically changed. Ships were scarce and the high seas everywhere a danger zone. The Japanese, who were nearer to India and Asiatic markets than the Swedes and had an abundance of raw materials, once more established an export business.

Although a certain amount of coöperation existed between the two big Swedish match combines—among other things, they made a common purchase of timber—it was impossible to avoid competition in the foreign markets. No one realized the situation more acutely than Kreuger. He felt that the moment had come to consolidate the whole business under one head. In 1917, therefore, he merged the Jönköping-Vulcan and United into the Svenska Tandsticksaktiebolaget—that is, the Swedish Match Company, Ltd. The original capital was 45,000,000 kroner, which was paid up at 200 per cent; thus enabling the company to start with a reserve of 45,000,000 kroner. The Swedish Match Company, together with Kreuger & Toll—mainly the latter—today control the international match trust in all its ramifications.

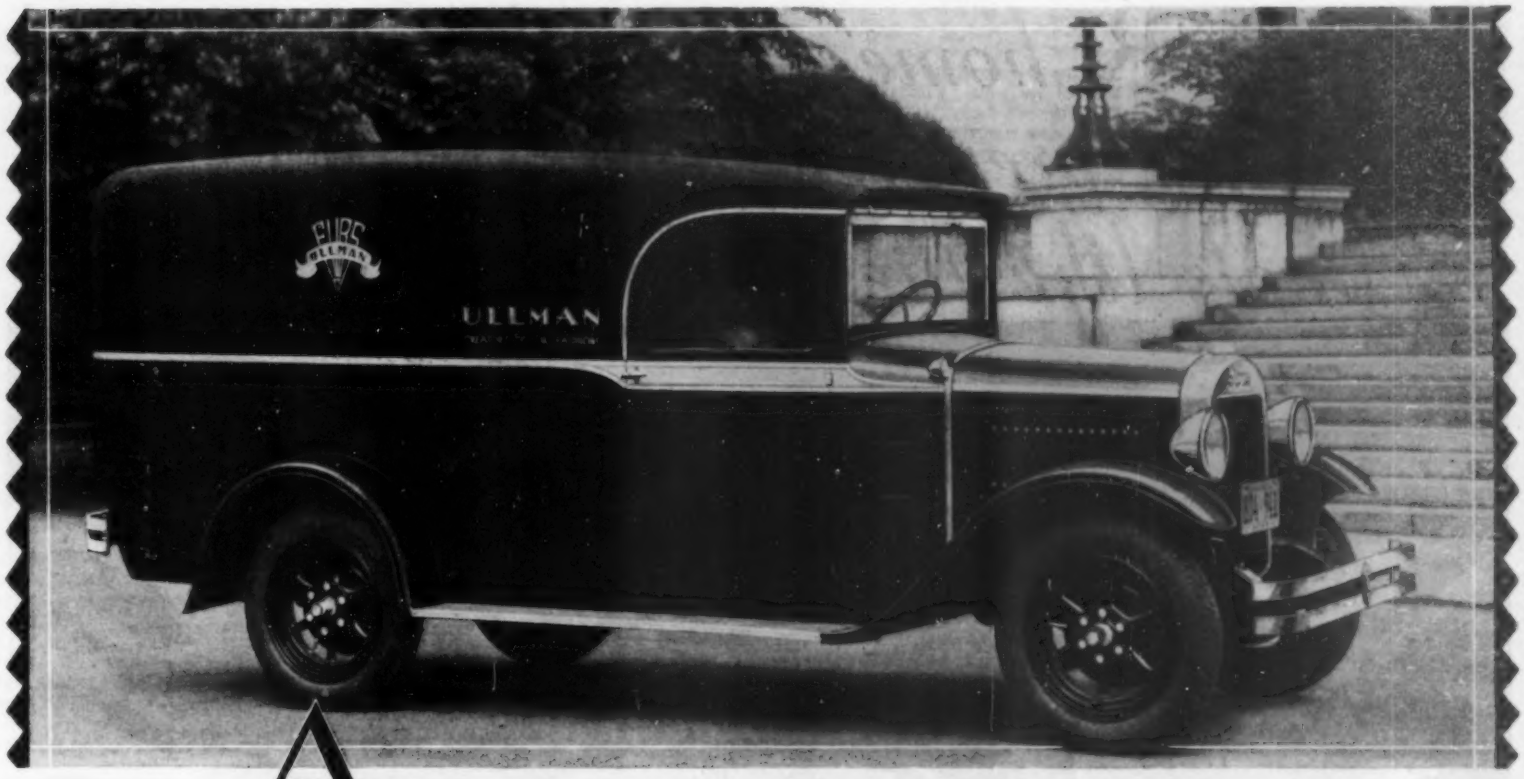
A Product to Market

Before the Armistice was signed Kreuger had completed his self-sufficiency program. His combine owned 100,000 acres of Swedish forests, as well as immense timber tracts elsewhere in the Baltic area. He established a system of reforestation which guarantees a permanent supply. He, furthermore, set up pulp and paper mills, printing houses for labels, power plants and laboratories for the production of chlorate of potash and phosphorus. With subsequent expansion, on both the financing and raw material sides, it represents the vertical trust to the last degree. It is Swedish in the type of industry, European in that it conforms to the cartel idea, and American in the strict vertical sense.

With a consolidated industry, and with himself installed in supreme command, Kreuger had the tools with which to work. But it was one thing to possess technic, equipment, materials, patents and control, and quite another to put the product wherever matches were consumed—which meant everywhere. Moreover, the sale of matches was complicated by tariffs, national monopolies, and various other political handicaps, to say nothing of Japanese and other competition in important foreign marketing centers.

With the end of the postwar boom, money was scarce, and Kreuger needed big money to finance his dream of world match

(Continued on Page 237)



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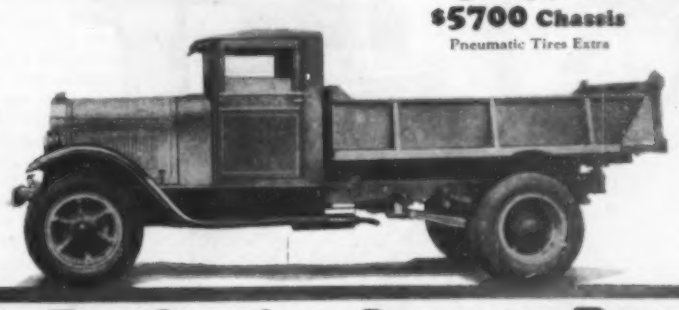
Pneumatic Tires Extra



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In YOUR *home — are the 1095 meals each year prepared with tools like these?*

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Are your kitchen tools of the same type as those your grandmother used? Wasteful of time and energy? Old-fashioned in that they must be operated "by hand"?

Unless *your* home differs from the average, everything in it is more up-to-date than the utensils used for preparing food. Yet more time is usually spent "getting meals" than is required for sweeping, dusting, washing and ironing combined.

Surely KitchenAid, which can do all the work of food preparation better and in a fraction of the time required with tools like those illustrated, is not a luxury, but a necessity . . . a practical economy.

Results are better when KitchenAid is used, because food ingredients are more thoroughly prepared in the initial stages. New and tempting menus are made possible. There are fewer utensils to wash.

The new model KitchenAid . . . sturdy and compact . . . light in weight and easily handled . . . occupying only one square foot of space . . . brings beauty and modernity to your home. Gracefully designed, and handsomely finished in lacquer, it lends the finishing touch to any kitchen. Plugs into any light socket . . . operates at a cost of but one cent an hour . . . and may be purchased on an unusually liberal Household Budget Plan.

A colorful booklet crammed full of interesting and useful information about how to lighten kitchen labor, is yours for the asking. The coupon will bring it to you—without obligation.

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eggs (1 or 10), icings, batters for cakes, waffles, etc.
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vegetables for soups, and purees; pumpkin, etc.
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Chops
meats (cooked or raw), nuts, raisins, figs
Freezes
ice cream, sherbets and other frozen dainties
Grinds
coffee and cereals
Shreds and Grates
vegetables, cheese, cocoanut, chocolate, etc.
Extracts
juice from oranges, lemons, grapefruit, limes, etc.
Makes
mayonnaise, candies, fruit whips, applesauce (without paring or coring)
Chips Ice
Shreds Cabbage
Mashes Potatoes
Creams Butter
All these things—and many more

KitchenAid
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(124)

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Street_____
City_____ State_____

(Continued from Page 234)

conquest. Late in 1919 he went to the Scandinavian Credit Bank and Swedish Commerce Bank in Stockholm and said: "I need 60,000,000 kroner with which to expand the match business overseas. It shows a profit, but I need a big surplus to work with." Kreuger got the money solely upon his personal guaranty. With it he laid the corner stone of what developed into the international match trust within five years.

He made his first objective countries like Belgium, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, and India, where the Swedish Match Company was encountering the heaviest competition. From the start he laid down a definite policy which eliminated the middleman and kept foreign marketing of his product in the control of his own sales agencies, dominated by Swedes. The same rule holds good with the 160 branch factories throughout the world. Every one is under Swedish direction. These factories are able to get by the nationalistic economic restrictions so prevalent since the World War and capitalize a strong selling point. Thus, the matches made by the British subsidiary are labeled "Made in Britain," those by the German, "Made in Germany," and so on.

On the financial side, Kreuger has displayed a wizardry equally marked. His first big deal was in England, where, in connection with Bryant & May, he organized the British Match Corporation. The second sterilized Japanese competition. He amalgamated with the biggest Nipponese company and secured control. By 1923 his sales to British India, which had gone down 2.95 per cent of the total exports during the war, had risen to 37 per cent. They are now more than 50 per cent. This kind of performance was duplicated in dozens of countries. Everywhere Kreuger assimilated competition entirely or made himself master of the situation. The era of monopolies began with the invasion of Poland in 1922.

Kreuger's Insurance Policy

All this demanded an immense amount of liquid capital. Sweden's resources were insufficient. Kreuger now turned to the United States, which had become the great lending power. In 1923 he organized the International Match Company under a Delaware charter with a capital of $128,000,000. This corporation took over the bulk of the Swedish Match Company's foreign assets, interests and financing. It not only began to produce matches here but became a reservoir of capital that flowed out to other countries. Among other things, it supplied the $75,000,000 loan to France. In 1925 Kreuger created the Swedish-American Investment Corporation, also under Delaware charter, which finances and holds many of the Swedish Match ore, realty, paper and bank properties.

Kreuger now had four major corporations. His next step was to weld them into one of the most adroit examples of interlocking financial and corporate control yet achieved. Stated in the simplest manner, the line-up is like this: At the apex of the pyramid is the Kreuger & Toll Co. It controls the Swedish Match Company, which, in turn, controls the International Match, the Swedish-American Investment Corporation, and the hundreds of other subsidiaries. To use his own language, "This network enables the bigger corporations to ease the burdens of one another."

If ever control was securely grounded on the home soil, so to speak, it is in the match trust. The Class A shares of the parent company, for example, are not allowed to leave Sweden. The Class B shares, which were issued to enlist foreign capital, carry only one vote for every 1000 shares. Kreuger regards this as the best possible check on speculative manipulation of match securities.

That Kreuger realizes the responsibility that attaches to this control is shown by what he calls the "insurance policy," which he has written to safeguard the properties. At the same time it contributes to the integrity and permanency of match production.

The first clause in the insurance policy is embodied in the immense iron-ore holdings of Kreuger & Toll. Few people appreciate the fact that Sweden is the greatest of all iron-ore depositories. Lapland alone has an almost inexhaustible supply. Kreuger secured control of the Graengesburg Company, which owns the bulk of the Swedish deposits.

A Typical Swedish Match Worker's House at Tidaholm

The second clause is written with wood and pulp. Kreuger has combined ten of the leading saw and pulp mills into a $75,000,000 corporation which is also controlled by Kreuger & Toll. I have already told of the immense forest properties. Third come the wide realty holdings which, through the Huvudstaden Company, own and operate apartment houses and office buildings in Stockholm, Berlin, Warsaw, Hamburg and Paris. This does not include the sites of the hundreds of factories. In Berlin alone the company owns five acres on the Unter den Linden, the leading thoroughfare of the capital.

The variety of the Kreuger real-estate holdings cropped out in the course of a talk we had about world restaurants. I lamented the decline of Paillards, one of the most famous of the old de-luxe establishments in Paris, located on a corner of the boulevard section; whereupon Kreuger said: "We own that corner." The building is to be torn down and replaced by a modern office building, thus adding a structure to the Kreuger & Toll properties.

Still another asset is the chain of Kreuger & Toll banks. I happened to mention the $30,000,000 loan to Rumania which brought with it the Rumanian match monopoly. Kreuger then said: "We handled that through our Bukharest bank." I then learned for the first time that he is at the head of a chain of banks located in Bukharest, Amsterdam, Stockholm, Berlin, Warsaw and Paris. These banks are fiscal agents for the match trust, but also do considerable outside business which pays the overhead. In addition, they are valuable intelligence centers. Thus all the Kreuger eggs are not in one basket. You can now see what I meant when I said that, unlike Stinnes, he has not assembled an aggregation of unrelated enterprises.

In all this intricate linking up of corporations and productive properties, Kreuger & Toll stands out as the anchor to which the myriad interests are moored. In fortifying this holder of holding companies, Kreuger has realized one of his great dreams, which is to create a sort of universal fiscal entity as well known and as negotiable in New York, London, Amsterdam and Stockholm as in Paris, Berlin, Rome, Vienna or Tokio. He feels that it is a contribution to the new world financial democracy which is one of the constructive results following the great war. This is shown by the fact that the Swedish Match and Kreuger & Toll securities are listed and quoted on more exchanges the world over than any others. Kreuger has made them international financial citizens.

The system of interrelated financing just revealed is peculiarly essential to one phase of the match business, which deserves a section all its own. I refer to the monopolies which the trust enjoys in various countries. Here you have another revelation of the Kreuger ability; this time to overcome one of the most baffling obstacles to the match business.

Trading

This obstacle was twofold. It was expressed in private speculative tendencies—competing factories were often built merely in order to be bought out by the trust—and in political or governmental interference with the industry in the shape of decrees, restrictions and high tariffs, all tending to favor and foster the native producer. Kreuger found a way to get around the handicap.

He realized that many governments, especially those with limited credit facilities, are in constant need of capital. He therefore said: "Why not provide this necessary capital with a loan and get a match monopoly in exchange for it? One will safeguard the other." He was able to bring sound argument to bear. A highly organized match industry guaranteed steady employment for many workers and also provided a continuous revenue to the country from taxation. This taxation, in turn, would pay principal and service on the loan. Kreuger also saw that a match monopoly, as an equity, was even more valuable than a railroad or the customs. It made for absolute control and could not be made the football of politics. This was possible because the loan money is paid in installments, which puts a curb on any sidestepping of governmental obligations.

With this effective selling talk, Kreuger started his campaign, with the result that today he has absolute monopolies in Poland, Peru, Greece, Ecuador, Esthonia, Hungary, Jugo-Slavia, Latvia and Rumania. In every case the agreement is linked with a loan to the government; the life of the loan coinciding with the duration of the monopoly. In some instances, as with Poland, several loans have been made, and they overlap. The trust guarantees to meet the native consumption at a price fixed by a government committee. It redeems existing factories at a joint valuation and installs its own plants, always, as I have already pointed out, under Swedish direction.

The match monopoly has proved to be a fifty-fifty proposition. On one hand, it gives the trust an undisputed business field. On the other, it has enabled governments not only to obtain a standardized

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product but to carry out much-needed improvements with the proceeds of the loans. Greece used hers to repatriate the million and a half refugees from Turkey, Macedonia and Bulgaria; Hungary to compensate landowners for property seized during the communist régime; Estonia to establish a land-mortgage system, and Peru to finance a big irrigation project.

In addition to absolute monopolies, the match trust has many *de facto* monopolies. They amount to almost complete control, and exist in Britain, Germany, Italy, Turkey and elsewhere.

The trust's entry into France not only registered one of the most brilliant of Kreuger coups but disclosed a somewhat different aspect of monopoly penetration. To understand it, you must first know the French match situation as it formerly existed.

Every traveler to France will admit that the twin evils of the country, in a commodity and a service that reach everybody, have been the match and the telephone. Their inefficiency was the inevitable outcome of the government ownership which exists in both cases. The match, in particular, was a constant source of irritation, because it was defective, yet the French regarded it as a precious jewel. To ask for a match free of charge in a French hotel, restaurant or government tobacco shop is the highest treason. France has the most air-tight of all national match monopolies.

Dealing With Poincaré

One reason for the inferiority of the product was that the many government factories were manned by old soldiers who operated antiquated equipment. When a worker was discharged he immediately appealed to his deputy, who had him restored. There was no discipline, due to the invariable political interference with the industry.

Kreuger determined to annex the French match monopoly, and circumstance played into his hands. In 1927 that gallant old war horse, Poincaré, in the face of every conceivable kind of politically inspired opposition, had enabled France to find herself financially. The franc had reached *de facto* stabilization. His goal was actual stabilization and he was willing to make every sacrifice to bring this about. Kreuger capitalized this ambition. He made a direct offer for the French monopoly in exchange for a 5 per cent $75,000,000 loan. Poincaré assented, but he had to invoke official ratification. After a strenuous debate, the bill was defeated in the Chamber of Deputies.

Undeterred by this setback, Kreuger made another proposition, which was to get a monopoly for Swedish match-making machinery in all the French factories, to provide the splints and other raw material, to have the right to export Swedish matches into France under a Swedish label, and to maintain his own selling agencies. For this he renewed his $75,000,000 loan offer. Late in 1927 the Chamber of Deputies approved the deal, and a new match era for France dawned. You can now buy Swedish matches throughout the republic.

The transaction, which was the largest ever entered into between a government and a private corporation, had the usual monopoly or semimonopoly advantages. It put the match trust inside what had formerly been an impregnable stronghold. Poincaré was able to retire $70,000,000 of 8 per cent bonds. The franc was helped on the way to official stabilization, which was brought about the following year.

At this point the question naturally arises: How can one man direct such a ramified chain of finance and production as I have tried to describe?

The answer is in two words—which are "centralization" and "decentralization." The centralization is represented in Kreuger himself. From his office in Stockholm, which you will soon enter, he keeps his finger on the pulse of the vast machine. At his side is a battery of telephones and nearly a square foot of push buttons. Every day when in Stockholm he is in telephone communication with New York, London, Paris, Berlin, Rome, and even more remote centers of his domain. In his brain are conceived the big financial deals and expansion projects. Frequently he puts them over personally. He carried on all the discussions with Poincaré.

Kreuger, however, does not represent a complete one-man show. This brings us to the decentralization expressed in his principal associates, whose offices are up and down the corridor where he is located. He initiates and they execute. Each is a sort of unofficial minister of foreign affairs, in that each has an overseas zone for which he is responsible. In every zone, in turn, is a sort of viceroy, vested with localized authority, who makes a daily report to his superior in Stockholm by telegraph or telephone. By pushing a button, Kreuger can summon the director for the Far East, for example, and know precisely what the situation there is for both production and sales.

I know of no high-placed executive anywhere who reposes quite so much responsibility in his subordinates as the match king, and who gets more satisfactory results. With all of them the progress of the match trust is a fetish. In consequence, he has not only inspired unwavering loyalty but high efficiency as well. The only changes in the Kreuger personnel in the home office during the past ten years have been caused by the retirement of typists who married.

Kreuger has a distinct aversion to being called "chief." He despises titles. The one appellation that he prefers above all others is that of engineer.

You have been given some idea of the scope of the match trust. Let us now make some measure of the man behind it. My first meeting with Kreuger was on the evening of my arrival in Stockholm, when he dined with me at the Grand Hotel. He was due to arrive at eight, and I waited for him in the lobby. As the clock struck the hour I saw a slight man dart up to the desk. At once I recognized Kreuger from his few published pictures. He is alert, quick of movement, and a live wire in every way, as his achievements indicate. He has the Scandinavian cast of face, for he is pale, with high forehead and prominent cheek bones.

Like Hoover, Kreuger rules through pure reason, applying to big industry and finance the same high mental superiority that the American President dedicates to administration and politics. They are both instinctive organizers.

The Label of Taciturnity

In addition to his native Swedish, Kreuger speaks English, French and German fluently, and can make his way in Russian.

That night we talked until midnight, covering a wide range of subjects. What impressed me during that initial contact—and it was emphasized in subsequent meetings—was the scope of his reading. He is as familiar with the English, French and German classics, which he reads in the original, as with contemporary novels and biographies. In an admiration of Cecil Rhodes and Doctor Jameson we met on common ground. It is quite evident that the two great South African empire builders—Rhodes, in particular—have influenced his career. Kreuger has matched the Rhodes geographical expansion with an industrial empire.

Kreuger has the reputation of being a silent man. On one of the few occasions when he talked about himself, he said: "Whatever success I have had may perhaps be attributable to three things: One is silence, the second is more silence, while the third is still more silence." The truth of the matter is that Kreuger is a fluent and interesting talker when there is some occasion for it. The label of taciturnity saves him much unnecessary conversation.

(Continued on Page 241)

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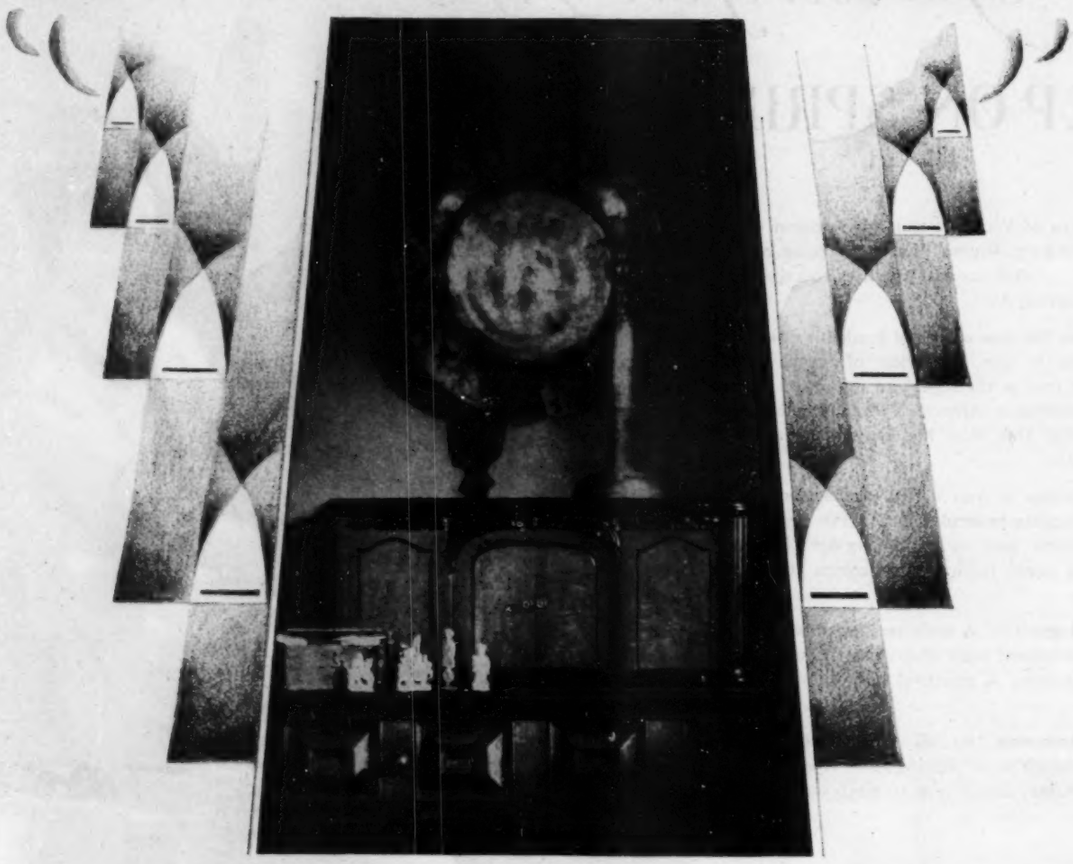

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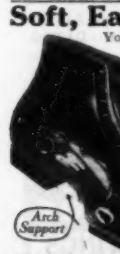

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(Continued from Page 238)

The more I saw of Kreuger the more I realized that he has another trait which marks real leadership, whether in public or business life. Like the late Lord Northcliffe of another day and the Mussolini of these times, he is a-thirst for information. With him, as with all the others of his kind, knowledge is power. It is peculiarly a valuable asset in the match business, which is enmeshed in politics in so many countries.

We did not discuss the match industry during the first visit. We crossed that frontier the next day, when I went to see him at his office. The fine, new, four-story building which houses the nerve center of the match trust is on the Vastra Trädgardsgaten, an old residential street just off the Royal Gardens in the heart of Stockholm.

The moment you pass the finely wrought iron gates you get the atmosphere of some Continental palace. Massive marble columns surround what the French call a court of honor. In the center is a bronze fountain surmounted by a graceful poised figure of Diana, the work of Carl Milles, Sweden's foremost sculptor.

What struck me immediately about the building was the quiet. When I came to know more about Kreuger I realized that it merely reflected his calm. The entire home staff of the huge match organization consists of 150 persons, including secretaries. You scarcely ever see anyone as you move through the halls, and never hear a sound.

Kreuger's office is on the second floor. The color scheme is a soft brown and is carried out in carpet, curtains and woodwork, including two handsome antique cabinets. On the walls hang rare old tapestries. Carved over the door is a torch, symbolic of the match that has lighted the world. Save for the usual blotter and a bronze inkstand, the desk is bare. Papers never linger on its surface. There are no hang-overs in the Kreuger business creed.

From this office Kreuger keeps constant tab on match finance and production. On an upper story of the building is what he calls "the silent room." Besides himself, only one other person—the janitor—has a key to it. Here Kreuger comes to think out his problems. The unwritten law is that when once he locks the door he is not to be disturbed for any cause.

For eight days I saw Kreuger morning, afternoon and evening. Like all busy men, he finds time for everything. It is usually the mediocrity who hides behind that well-known alibi, "in conference."

A Legendary Figure

Kreuger loves comfort. His personal life, therefore, reflects the bigness of his outlook. He has half a dozen places in the neighborhood of Stockholm, and he also owns one of the many islands that dot the waters that surround Stockholm, the Venice of the North. On my first Sunday in Sweden he gave a picnic at his island. The twenty guests were taken out in a shining white yacht, one of the three that Kreuger owns. After we had spent the day amid his flowers and fruits—he had half an acre of strawberries ripe for picking—he said: "How would you like to have some speed on the return trip?" When we went down to the dock we found his speed boat—the fastest in Sweden—and raced back at forty-nine miles an hour.

It is characteristic of the man that he should have apartments in New York, Paris and Berlin. Although he spends very little time in them, they are fully staffed and ready for occupancy the moment he makes an unexpected arrival. What he calls home is an apartment house in Stockholm built around the triplex apartment that he occupies. Needless to say, it is a Kreuger & Toll structure. In his booklined study he does most of his reading. He has an appreciation of fine things, but is not an avid art collector. He owns, however, some fine Rodins and Dutch and Swedish paintings. He seldom accepts invitations to dinner. Business is the god that takes all his time.

Hence, although he is the richest and, after the king, the best-known figure in Sweden, few people know him. To Stockholm he is a sort of legend. It is doubtful if Kreuger himself knows the extent of his wealth. He is said to have one of the largest of European fortunes. From all the estimates made, it compares favorably with the American conception of really big money. Money to him, as I discovered when we talked about it, is a purely impersonal thing. Certainly this quiet, soft-voiced individual who wears the plainest of ties and clothes would never be mistaken for a plutocrat.

Two Kreuger traits must be included in any appraisal of the man. One is that he is apparently without nerves, although his big undertakings show no lack of nerve. There is about him a serenity that has probably stood him in good stead in many a crisis. The other is that the match king never carries a match, in spite of the fact that he smokes cigarettes.

A third characteristic may be added because it shows his policy of preparedness. Kreuger is required to carry on negotiations in many foreign languages. He invariably rehearses the most telling phrases, especially those that deal with finance, in advance. He knows what every interviewer of foreigners learns—namely, that when a Frenchman, for example, talks money, he prefers to do it in his own tongue.

Two Industrial Giants

Kreuger does everything in a princely manner, but without ostentation. Upon one occasion he met some charming American women at a luncheon in Stockholm. The spring had been late and cold, and the Americans bemoaned the absence of flowers on the countryside. Kreuger invited them to one of his country places for tea. When they arrived they found the path to the house lined with rosebushes in bloom. Between luncheon and teatime he had ransacked Stockholm's hothouses in order to gratify the desire of his foreign guests.

Perhaps the best way to round out this estimate of the Kreuger personality is to conclude the contrast with Stinnes. Vision is the one quality that these two strong men share, and with it an aversion to talking for publication. No one realized this more than myself. Here the common traits end.

Stinnes' ambition was to be a colossus astride the European industrial world. To achieve this he assembled a mass of plants, forests, hotels, newspapers, mines, ships, film and motor-car factories. They were not only unrelated but many required individual direction. He was too busy to bestow it. His fundamental mistake, therefore, was that he wanted to run everything himself. Even a superman could not do this.

Kreuger is also acquisitive, but, as you have seen, he acquires mainly to bulwark one activity—matches—which he is able to direct personally. Concentration is one of his strong virtues. Stinnes had no technical equipment. Furthermore, his was a single-track mind, obsessed by mere possession. Had he rationalized his machine in 1922, he could have weathered stabilization. But he believed that inflation would go on forever. Kreuger, on the other hand, is the trained engineer who knows just how far to go. In his creed acquisition is only useful when it fits into his larger scheme of things. Moreover, he knows how to distribute responsibility.

The contrast extends to trait and manner. Stinnes dominated through sheer will, incarnating a ruthlessness which showed in his bearded, brooding face. About him was an obvious consciousness of power. He capitalized a widespread fear of what he was to do next. Kreuger has strength of will, yet is never assertive. He radiates no sense of authority, but you know that behind his almost shy exterior lurks real power.

Finally, unlike Stinnes, he has the genius of compromise. The French match deal

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These *new* Dole Valves are a new application of principles—entirely different, scientifically made, foolproof. Attractive design, beautifully finished in modern, non-tarnishable chromium plate.

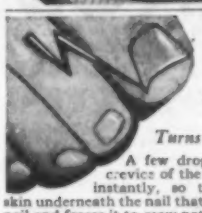
Don't Be a Servant to Your Radiators

Free yourself from radiator troubles—enjoy constant comfort by having your heating contractor install Dole Vacuum Valves *now*. Write for complete information.

THE DOLE VALVE COMPANY
1923 Carroll Ave., Chicago
Manufacturers of Dole Syphon Air Valves (No. 1)—Also Dole automotive products adopted as standard equipment by leading manufacturers.

Dole Vacuum Valve No 2

RED CAT sure H-E-A-T-S! 70° comfort on zero days, quick. $3 to $9. From dealers or garages.
G. A. ROTH MFG. CO.
Hastings, Nebr.



Ingrown Nail

Turns Outward Naturally!

A few drops of "Outgro" in the crevice of the toe nail stops the pain instantly, so toughens the sensitive skin underneath the nail that it resists the ingrowing nail and forces it to grow naturally outward. Thousands of grateful users. Drug stores sell "Outgro." If unable to get it, send $1 to Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc., Dept. A, 578 Madison Ave., New York City.

THE "OVERHEAD DOOR"

Opens Up—Completely Out of the Way
For Garage—Factory—Warehouse. Send for Catalog.
Overhead Door Corporation Hartford City, Ind.

Now YOU can own an Exerciser
$59.50 complete

And a prized possession it will be too—compact, quiet-running, always dependable—and housed in the beautiful new Console. Fully equipped and ready for you to enjoy all the wonderful benefits which come from vibratory massage—reduced weight, increased health and pleasant, exhilarating exercise. See the new Console Model today—at your dealer's—you, too, will agree that it is supreme in quality—and very reasonable in price.

TOWER MANUFACTURING CORP.
122 Brookline Ave., Boston, Mass.

Write for interesting booklet

*Denver and West $64.50. 110 volt 50-60 cycle only. Other 110 volt motors $5 extra.

Tower
EXERCISER and REDUCER
Variable speed—Adjustable stroke

Write—to the end

If you want all the *writing* that any pencil can deliver—keep it sharpened with a Boston. Model L costs only $1. Other models, $1.25, $1.50, $3 and $5. Slightly higher in the West. From any store selling stationery.

C. Howard Hunt Pen Co., Camden, N.J.

$1.00

BOSTON
PENCIL SHARPENERS
Solid Steel Cutters

VENUS
INDELIBLE
COPYING PENCILS

have the smoothest-writing and most durable leads of any indelible pencil. Twenty-four styles—also red and blue for those using COLORED indelible pencils.

EXTRA MONEY
FOR YOU. SELL BEAUTIFUL HERTEL Personal Made-to-Order Christmas Cards to friends, neighbors, business and professional men. Weekly pay—monthly bonus. Full or spare time. Typist made $1000 in lunch hours. Housewife $900 spare time. $10.00 samples FREE!
HERTEL CO., Dept. 1012-B, 318 Washington, Chicago

was only one of many cases that I could cite. He remarked to me that he believed one of Napoleon's greatest gifts was his ability to make concessions. He has no idea of extinguishing opposition in the match trade. In commenting on this, he said:

"I consider that we are fairly independent of such disturbances as strikes, lockouts and fires. There is not a single competitor with sufficient influence upon the different markets to cause us any really serious harm. No market is sufficiently significant to be of importance to us. The reason is that the whole world is our field."

In the course of our talks and walks—walking is Kreuger's only exercise—I was able to get his philosophy of big business. Tying it up in one consecutive expression and employing his own phraseology, it is:

"It is my firm conviction that big business constitutes one of the chief agencies for economic progress in the world today. In order to realize this it is only necessary to look at the wonderful industrial and commercial development which has taken place in the United States during recent years, and which, to a large extent, has been caused by the mass production made possible by the constant growth of the industrial concerns in that country.

"We can, however, also point to the remarkable fact that in Sweden, where undoubtedly the concentration of business into large units has advanced much further than in any other European country, the wages are higher than anywhere else in Europe. This is all the more significant on account of the fact that the majority of the Swedish industrial enterprises are mainly dependent upon export markets for the sale of their products."

Sharing the Benefit of Economy

"The chief test of any business organization must be its usefulness to society and, judged by this standard, it seems to me that big business stands the test. In a broad sense it may be said that big business has been able to effect a general increase in wages and at the same time a reduction in the cost of production. The danger of a trust misusing its position in order to extort unreasonable prices for its products from the consumer is much exaggerated in the public mind. Nowadays public opinion constitutes a very effective protection against any abuse from big business. It must be borne in mind that the larger the enterprise, the greater will be the difficulty for it to conceal any essential facts regarding the conduct of its business.

"With regard to international trusts it may be said that they are under such strong observation and are so vulnerable to public opinion that they cannot afford to expose themselves to justified criticism in regard to their price policy. I consider it to be the primary duty of big business to effect economy in the manufacture and distribution of its goods, and to give the public part of the benefit of such economy, but I consider it only fair that the other part of such benefit should go to the shareholders.

"In addition to this primary duty, there are, however, many other tasks of importance, by the fulfillment of which big business enterprises can render services to society. There is particularly one such task which, owing to the extraordinary postwar conditions, has become of paramount importance. It is that of providing new channels for the capital movements between different countries. The creation of a number of new tariff territories in different parts of Europe, the isolation of two such important countries as Russia and China from the rest of the world, the general tendency toward increased tariffs, and finally, the large international debts caused by the war, have created some new and difficult problems for international financing."

A Hand in International Finance

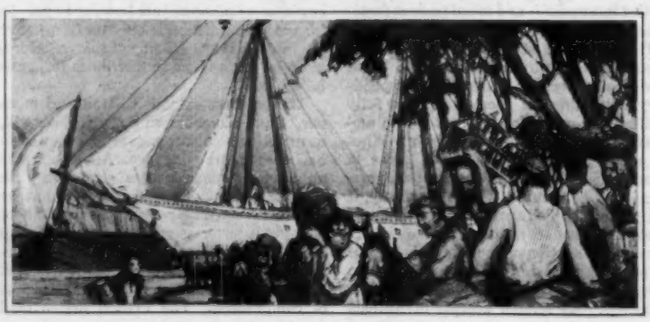
"One of the chief difficulties in the present situation is the fact that the United States, though having a strong trade balance, has become a large creditor nation, with enormous amounts of yearly interest payments due to it from foreign countries. In order to avoid serious disturbances in international trade relations, it is, therefore, necessary for the United States constantly to lend considerable sums of money to foreign nations. On account of the United States being geographically so far away from many of the countries most in need of credits, and because of the many opportunities for attractive investments within the boundaries of the United States, the American public cannot be depended upon to interest itself in foreign fixed-rate investments with the same regularity as was the case before the war with investors in Great Britain and France—countries in which a long-established tradition had created a broad and reliable market for foreign bonds. During a period like the present one, when a constant increase in the market values of domestic shares has made Americans disinclined to buy fixed-rate securities, the old machinery for giving credits to foreign countries is entirely inadequate.

"It is my opinion, therefore, that under such circumstances big business offers a very important complement to the machinery for international financing. Industrial companies specializing in certain lines of business can, in many cases, find opportunities for investment of a profitable, safe, and constructive nature where loans of a purely financial character might be both extremely burdensome to the borrower and unattractive to the lender. It seems probable that during the coming years the activity of large industrial concerns will be a more and more important item in the balance of payment between the different countries. Many leading American enterprises, such as General Electric, General Motors, and International Telephone and Telegraph Company, have already invested large sums in industrial enterprises abroad. Among European companies the Swedish Match Company has played a prominent rôle in international financing of this kind. It has been the effort of the company and its associate corporations to conduct its business on such lines as would be helpful to the international financial situation."

I asked Kreuger to give me his views on big industrial consolidation. His reply was:

"The consolidation which has taken place in different industries has made it possible to standardize industrial products and to facilitate mass production, thereby greatly reducing cost of production and generally, also, the price to the consumer. It is also

(Continued on Page 246)



Your Extra Christmas Fund

Here's How to Get It

Can you use more money, this Christmas, than your Christmas Club check will bring? Of course you can!

Every Christmas, George G. Gault, above, earns an extra, spot-cash Christmas "fund" by acting as our subscription representative in his town. You can do the same, at your own convenience. No experience or capital necessary. This coupon brings you full details. Mail it today!

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452 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Send me full details of your offer.

Name ..... Age .....
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Dog health hints

HERE are three Glover's Medicines that mean much to the comfort and health of your dog. They are scientific products of Glover's Laboratories.

GLOVER'S
Laxative Pills
Guard against constipation and its many resultant ills. Gentle, yet thorough.

GLOVER'S
Nerve Sedative for Fits and Convulsions
Quiets and stops fits from summer indigestion and intestinal worms.

GLOVER'S
Round Worm Vermifuge or Round Worm Capsules
Use either of these regularly to raise thrifty puppies.

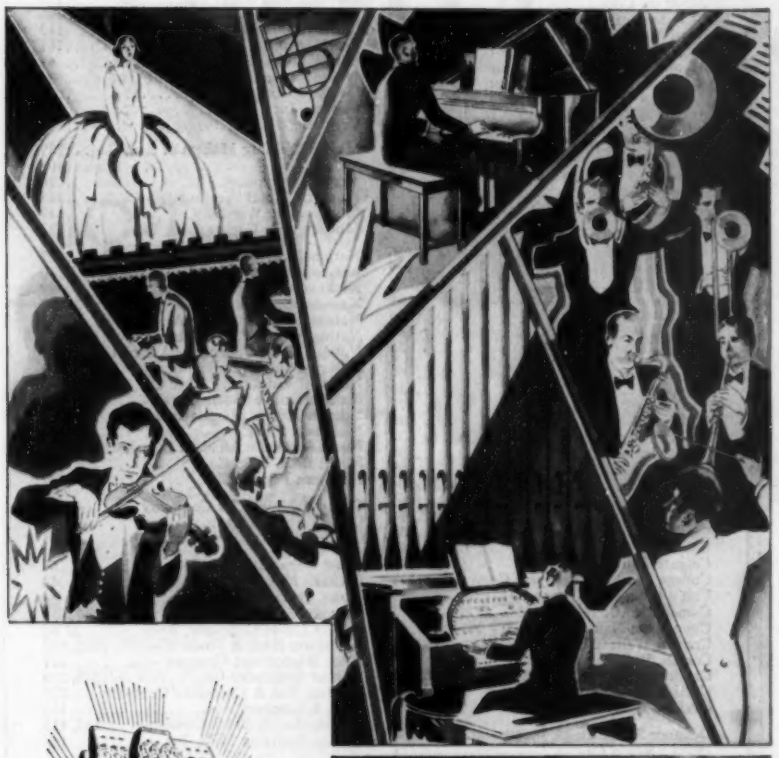
FREE: *Advice by our Veterinarian, also 104 page illustrated dog book.* Address:

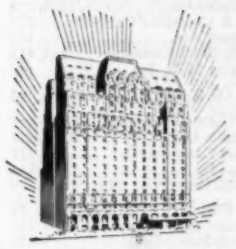
GLOVER'S
Imperial
DOG MEDICINES
119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

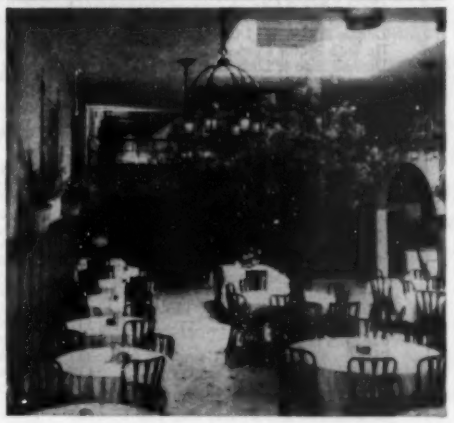
Clark's Famous Cruises
MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE Jan. 29 $600—$1750
New S. S. "Transylvania", 66 days, Madeira, Canary Islands, Morocco, Spain, Greece, Palestine, Egypt, Italy, etc. Hotels, fees, drives, etc., included.
Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N.Y.

RADIO FREE CATALOG
AT WONDERFUL SAVINGS
196 pages of radio bargains. New Screen Grid, all-electric, A. C. Sets in beautiful consoles—also battery operated sets as low as $15.95. Write today.
ALLIED RADIO CORPORATION
711 W. LAKE ST., DEPT. 41, CHICAGO

A NEW TYPE... OF ENTERTAINMENT







Throughout the country, wherever you find public establishments who take pride in their service—from the Paramount Hotel in New York City (above) to Johnston's Cafeteria in Santa Barbara, California (right)—there you are likely to find Capehart entertainment. Look for it!

THE Capehart Orchestrope reproduces music with the *full volume* and tone quality of the original. Programs may be arranged in advance. Any proprietor may offer you just the selections, exactly the type of music you most prefer—classical selections, grand opera or popular airs for entertainment or dancing. Once he has chosen his program, the Capehart continues to play without requiring a moment of his attention.

NOW OFFERED BY...

restaurants, hotels, refreshment parlors, . . . and establishments everywhere, . . . who cater to the public . . .

Once more inventive genius has broadened everyone's opportunity for recreation.

Until now, world-renowned artists and entertainers were scarcely more than a name to all save those who patronize the more expensive places in the largest cities.

But no more! Now the dinner entertainment, the dance music, the concerts which have made the palaces of recreation in New York City famed throughout the land, are being offered by the restaurants, hotels, refreshment parlors and other establishments which cater to the public—*in your own town!*

The Capehart Orchestrope has brought about this remarkable change. It has transformed many a dull, lifeless place into a cheerful amusement center. Indeed, in many towns, it has altered the social life of the community.

Now, in your locality, there is an inviting place to go for "an evening out"—the place that offers Capehart entertainment. One may supply dinner music rendered by world-famous artists. Another may invite you to dance to the irresistible strains of Broadway's favorite orchestras. Still another may provide a quiet, friendly atmosphere of fine music, even though you drop in merely for a refreshing sip.

And they may offer you this superb entertainment without increasing their regular prices. For the Capehart has made the best music possible for all proprietors who could not afford the luxury of an orchestra.

Next Time You Go Out

to dine, next time you plan an evening of recreation or when you seek merely a moment's relaxation and refreshment, *look for the place that provides Capehart entertainment.* You'll find not only greater enjoyment but doubtless better food and better service. For proprietors who install this new type of entertainment are alert and progressive. If you do not find such a place readily, write us and we shall refer you to a Capehart owner nearby.

THE *Capehart*
ORCHESTROPE
CONTINUOUS AMPLIFIED MUSIC FOR ALL PURPOSES

THE CAPEHART CORPORATION, FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

EXPORT OFFICES, 549 West Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois :: Cable, "WILLPLATKA"

To proprietors of public establishments:

The Capehart offers you an opportunity to enlarge the service which you offer. Your patrons will be looking for Capehart entertainment. They will appreciate and reward your providing this new type of music. Sold exclusively through dealers, everywhere. Write us for full details.

66.1% of Tobacco Yello removed from smoke

SMOKE from any cigarette contains Tobacco Yello (Coal Tar).
Smoke from this Drinkless holder has 66.1 per cent of Tobacco Yello removed —no change in taste!

. . . use a

Drinkless "TOBACCO YELLO"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

cigarette holder

A coal tar derivative, *not* nicotine, is the drug in tobacco which has a slight depressant effect on the circulation. This has been publicly stated by a prominent physician. Smokers no longer need swallow or inhale coal tar. The new Drinkless "Tobacco Yello" Holder removes it from your smoke. Impartial tests conducted by one of America's largest Universities show that this holder removes 66.1% of the coal tar (Tobacco Yello) in cigarette smoke.

A Physician has Written a Booklet on Tobacco Yello—Send for it

Don't let Tobacco Yello enter your mouth, lungs and stomach another day. Read what a doctor has to say about the Drinkless "Tobacco Yello" Holder.

Look At Your Fingers

—if you are a cigarette smoker, and see the evidence of Tobacco Yello. Or ask your dentist if smoking stains the teeth. Use a Drinkless "Tobacco Yello" holder for one day, and then look at the Drinkless attachment. You'll find a tarry, yellowish substance. This is the Tobacco Yello that stains fingers and teeth, and enters your system with the smoke. No wonder this holder gives you a cooler, healthier smoke! This is the only holder containing the Drinkless attachment, which removes 66.1% of the tar in cigarette smoke—at your dealer's, $1.

Every $1 genuine Drinkless Cigarette Holder is stamped with the words "Tobacco Yello," indicating that it removes this substance. Be sure the holder you buy is marked Tobacco Yello.

SEE 1930 MODELS of the Drinkless KAYWOODIE Pipe. They eliminate Tobacco Yello from your pipe smoke.

KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, INC.
Established 1851 120 Fifth Avenue, New York

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GETS THINGS DONE

10 TO 50 TIMES FASTER AND AT LESS COST

$75

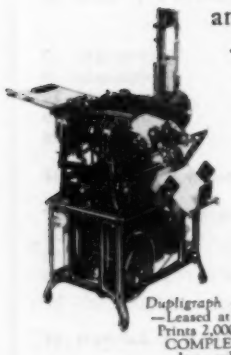
Model H-3 — Prints names, addresses or other data thru a ribbon — 1,200 to 1,800 impressions an hour — other hand-operated machines from $20 to $105. All prices f. o. b. Chicago.

NO business today can afford hand methods when a *machine* will do the work quicker, without mistakes and at less cost.

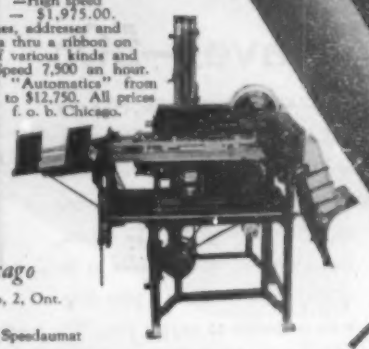
In thousands of concerns, many of them in *your* line of business, Addressographs have replaced hand methods and are doing the work 10 to 50 times faster! Even the smallest Addressographs speed the day's business, get things done on time, eliminate errors, increase sales, reduce expense, add to profits. Names and data are written on a countless variety of forms — statements, ledger sheets, shop and store forms, stock records, shipping tags, pay and dividend checks, collection forms, sales letters, circulars, envelopes, post cards, etc., etc., etc.

Model F-2 — Electric — $365 — Prints thru a ribbon—speed 2,000 to 3,000 an hour. Adaptable to all kinds and sizes of forms and data-writing work. Other electrically operated machines from $275 up. All prices f. o. b. Chicago.

There are small machines for small businesses—electrically operated and automatic models for larger businesses. The range of prices meets any requirement.



Dupligraph — Model *D-3* —Leased at $65 per month. Prints 2,000 letters per hour, COMPLETE with name, address, salutation, date, entire letter and signature. Other duplicating machines from $57.50 to $1,770.00 f. o. b. Chicago.



Model A-4 —High speed automatic — $1,975.00. Prints names, addresses and other data thru a ribbon on forms of various kinds and sizes. Speed 7,500 an hour. Other "Automatics" from $475 to $12,750. All prices f. o. b. Chicago.

Let us show you what an Addressograph will do in *your* business. Mail the coupon for helpful advice and information.

Cardograph — $57.50 f. o. b. Chicago. Prints 1,500 messages thru a ribbon on post cards in an hour!

Sales and service agencies in the principal cities of the world

ADDRESSOGRAPH COMPANY, *900 W. Van Buren St., Chicago*

Canadian Head Office and Factory: Addressograph Co., Ltd., 30 Front St. W, Toronto, 2, Ont.
European Head Office and Factory: London, England.
Manufacturers of Graphotype Addressograph Dupligraph Cardograph Speedaumat

Addressograph

TRADE MARK

PRINTS FROM TYPE

Mail with your letterhead to

ADDRESSOGRAPH CO., 900 West Van Buren Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Please explain how the Addressograph best suited to our needs will help us increase sales and profits, save time, eliminate mistakes and reduce expense.

10-29

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a 1-word advertisement for a new shaving cream:

Listerine

To the many millions who know the tremendous germ-killing power of Listerine Antiseptic, who daily see teeth glisten after using Listerine Tooth Paste, one word is the finest advertisement for this new shaving cream.

That is its name: *LISTERINE*.

In every way it lives up to your highest expectations of the kind of shaving cream Listerine chemists would produce. Brilliantly, they have added glycerine. The effect is new and delightful.

A microscopic film of this cosmetic lubricant protects the skin and relieves the friction between the blade and beard. Instead of rawness and burning, instead of tightness and drawn feeling, your face feels cool and contented as the razor slides the whiskers off.

A pinch of it, three-quarters of an inch or less, brushes up into a soothing cloud of moisture-laden, lubricating lather. With razor friction thus reduced, nicks and scrapes are practically eliminated. And your face is protected by the healing Listerine ingredients.

157 shaves—50c

What's a half-dollar in a man's life, if he can trade it for five months of the finest shaving comfort he has ever known! The big white tube is crammed with 118 inches of cream, more than enough for 157 shaves. So its economy is as obvious as its quality. Please write us if your drug store is unable to supply you. We promptly correct this condition whenever we hear of it.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY,
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE
Shaving Cream

(Continued from Page 242)

evident that big consolidation makes it possible to mobilize raw materials in a much more effective way than if this problem were handled by smaller enterprises."

I followed this up with the question: "Cannot the naval-disarmament idea eventually apply with equal force to big business in removing trade barriers and kindred obstacles to trade?"

This is what he said: "Probably the big industrial organizations doing an international business are the most effective organs for overcoming and minimizing the harm done by trade barriers and kindred obstacles to trade which are so characteristic of the postwar period. The tendency of all these trade barriers is to foster industries in countries where the natural conditions are not favorable, and they therefore cause a distinct loss of economy to the world. With the large international trusts, however, there is at least the advantage that the inventions, technical skill, and experience of one country are transferred to other countries, thus insuring as economical a production as is possible under present circumstances. It can be taken for granted that, when conditions become more favorable for the removal of trade barriers, big business will be very helpful in working for this object.

"International trustification cannot fail to be a strong factor in favor of political peace. This effect is caused not only by creation of strong interests, the economic welfare of which is largely dependent upon the maintenance of political peace, but also by the fact that through the work of the international trusts the business men of different countries are brought into close contact with the economic problems of other nations, which cannot fail to help in creating a better international understanding."

Such is the Kreuger point of view. This silent, unassuming Swede practices what he preaches. To the era of big consolidation he has contributed the most unique, perhaps, of all existing international industrial units and made himself a world business force as well.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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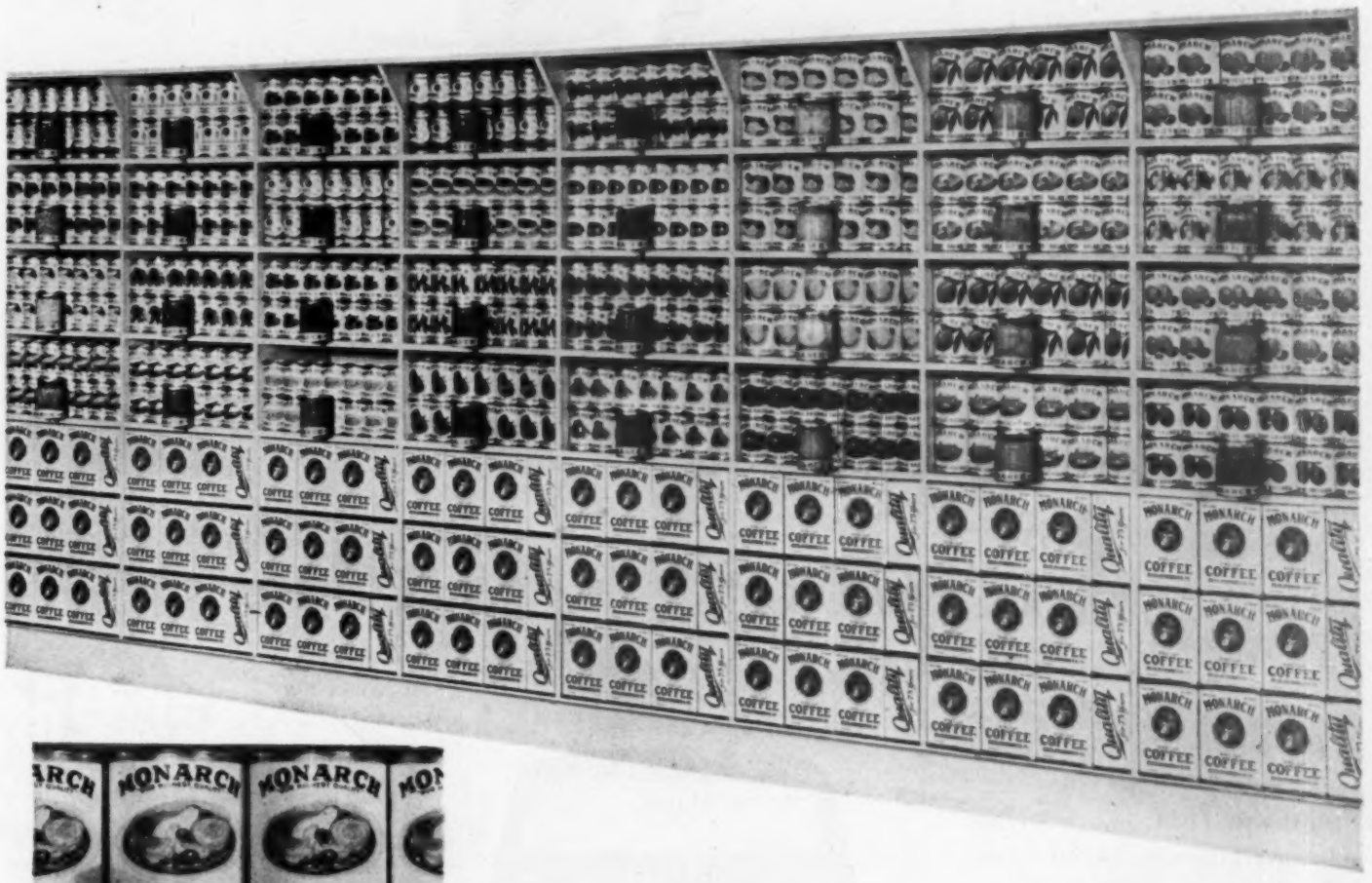

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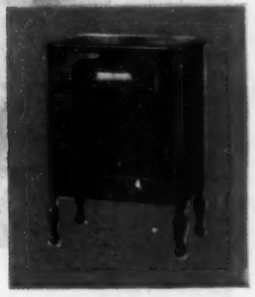

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